FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

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THE DECLINE OF ANTELOPE HUNTING.

It is not so many years since the antelope was the most abundant game animal of the plains and the Western mountains. This was immediately after the extinction of the buffalo, and it is perhaps true to-day. The reduction in numbers of the species has come more from the contraction of its range than from actual destruction of individuals. The time was—and men whose hair is not yet gray can remember it—when the antelope ranged in vast numbers over both the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Indian Territory, Texas, and to the west to and beyond the Rocky Mountains and to the Pacific coast, and their numbers were so great that it may even be questioned whether the buffalo greatly exceeded them for multitude. As the traveler rode along, the prairie as far as he could see was dotted with the white patches of the feeding animals, and only those immediately in his way moved off to some nearby rise of ground and stamped and whistled at him as he passed.

Over all the summer range the species was very abundant and very evenly distributed. If the buffalo covered the face of the plain, antelope were to be seen mingled with them, feeding among the great beasts; if there were no buffalo in the country, the antelope were still there in the same numbers. Hundreds and thousands of them might be seen in a day, not bunched up together, but sometimes singly or in loose herds of from three to fifty. If frightened and started to running, these herds would mingle for a while; but after the alarm was over they would separate again into smaller groups.

At the approach of winter the antelope changed their ground, migrating in loose, straggling columns from summer to winter range. They traveled by established routes, crossing rivers at certain well-known points and using the same passes between mountain ranges year after year. At such special points they were killed in great numbers by hunters. On the winter range, after the cold set in, the antelope congregated in herds of thousands, and these herds kept together until the approach of spring. Hunters used to kill many of them in winter by shooting into the close mass of fleeing beasts so long as they were within range. Of course they wounded as many as they killed. At that season the antelope often perished from cold. If a cold winter rain came on, gradually changing to sleet and then to snow with bitter cold, the animals sometimes became coated with ice and either perished from cold or were so chilled that they fell an easy prey to the hunter on two legs or four.

In the olden time the white-tail deer was the only animal that was harder to kill than the antelope. Perhaps now there are two, the mountain sheep having received an education. The difficulty encountered in killing antelope arose in part from the animal's keenness of sense and its alertness and also largely from the character of the country which it inhabited. This, on the plains, was usually gently rolling and often absolutely flat, so that it was quite impossible to approach the game unseen, and, eyes, nose or ears having told them of the hunter's presence, they were off at once. In the rough foothills of the mountains and the much broken country of the central plateau the task of securing antelope meat becomes much simplified.

It is commonly stated in books that the antelope never ventures into the timber and that it dreads the forest. This is far from true. They are frequently to be found in little mountain parks, and we have seen them feeding among the pines and underbrush of the lofty plateaus of the mountains and among the thick willows that clothed the stream bottoms of tributaries of the North Platte River in northern Colorado. You may find them in such places, but you will try in vain to drive them into the timber. If an enemy is seen they seek the open, where their eyes can be used, for on these they chiefly depend.

And yet they are simple, too, these fleet, wary beasts, and the tales told of their coming to a flag in the early days were true enough. We have seen their inquisitiveness bring them up almost to the tent door in the morning and to within thirty or forty steps of a fire, where a couple of men were cooking coffee at noon. If you were approaching an unsuspicious feeding group and they caught a glimpse of the top of your head, they were likely, if you ducked down quickly and kept still, to trot cheerfully up to the muzzle of your rifle. But those which did this were the young and the simple-minded. An old buck or doe, the leader of a small bunch, was seldom guilty of this conduct. Such a leader at the least warning of danger gave the alarm cry, and bolted seventy-five or one hundred yards to the top of the nearest rise. Here, perhaps, was made the brief pause for a look back which was the only interruption to the rapid flight to distance and safety; but if the first glimpse had really showed danger, there was no pause in the headlong rush. The family scuttled over the innocent hill like so many rabbits—literally *ventre a terre* On the other hand, a young buck would stand about at seventy-five or a hundred yards, and let the tyro pierce the air all about him with harmless bullets, stamping and snorting unterrified, until some ball whistled too close to his ear, when he trotted off over the hill, a little uneasy. There is nothing so foolish as a yearling buck antelope; nothing so alert and wary as an old one.

The sport of antelope hunting seems to be passing out of existence; or if it is still practiced, we hear but little of it. Perhaps most men choose for the objects of their pursuit the larger animals, like elk, moose and caribou—animals which, though larger, are not so keen and wary as the little white and yellow beast whose twinkling feet and long, easy stride so swiftly carry him beyond the range of the modern rifle. Certainly the decay of antelope hunting is not due to the lack of game, for though exterminated over a vast territory which was once their range, they are still found in goodly numbers along the flanks of the mountains and in much of the country grazed over by cattle and horses. In this cattle country we are glad to believe public sentiment now protects these animals, and the females and young are killed only when meat is absolutely needed.

So there must still be antelope hunters, even though they no longer tell us of their exploits. The sport is one that calls for good judgment, hunting sense, patience and skill with the rifle. It should not die out.

BUFFALO FOR NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, it appears, is to have in one of its new parks in the immediate future a herd of buffalo. When we say a herd we do not mean two or three or half a dozen scrubby animals, confined in a tiny pen which barely affords them room to turn without touching each other, but the third largest collection of buffalo in this country, kept in a pasture 150 acres in extent—nearly a quarter section of land. There is here given a remarkable exhibition of public spirit by one of New York's most successful citizens, Mr. Austin Corbin, the president of the Long Island Railroad, who proposes to loan this herd to this city. The herd numbers, we believe, more than fifty.

On Monday last the Park Commissioners of New York city accepted Mr. Corbin's offer and approved a contract to that end. The park department will inclose 150 acres in one of the new parks for the accommodation of the buffalo, and will provide feed for them, reserving the right to introduce deer into the inclosure; the keepers will be provided by Mr. Corbin. Twenty-five per cent. of the increase is to become the property of the park.

The results of the work of the New York Legislature with respect to game and fish interests are given elsewhere. The chief points to be noted are the failure of the State Association bill and the neglect to repeal Section 249, which permits the sale of game the year around.

NEW YORK INDIANS AND THE GAME LAWS.

AN interesting game law case tried at Salamanca, in this State, the other day, turned upon the application of the fish and game laws to the Indian reservation. It appears that on one occasion last winter a Seneca Indian was spearing pickerel on the reservation, when he was threatened by a white man with shooting if he persisted in the spearing; another Indian thereupon drew his pistol and threatened to shoot the white if the white shot the spearer. The diplomatic incident was concluded without shooting, but bad blood was engendered, and a question was raised as to what the Indians had always considered their inalienable right of hunting and fishing on their own reservations without regard to the laws of the State

To make a test of this question, James Pierce, an Indian of the tribe, offered his friendly services, and dynamited a stream flowing through the reservation. He was prosecuted for the act by Game Protector Salisbury, and the case was tried at Salamanca before County Judge O. S. Vreeland. Counsellor D. C. Reilly, in defense of Pierce, contended that while the State exercised jurisdiction over the Indian reservations in criminal matters, it had no authority with respect to misdemeanors, the class of offenses in which violations of the game laws belong. Judge Vreeland, however, in an elaborate opinion, overruled this contention, and asserted that the State game and fish laws must be held to apply to the reservations. Pierce was found guilty and was find $40, with thirty days' imprisonment.

The Senecas are dissatisfied with this finding. They contend that their treaties reserved to them the right of hunting and fishing on their own reservations so long as the sun should shine and the rivers run. It was pointed out by the court in the case at bar that to kill fish by dynamiting is not fishing. Chief John, of the Senecas, has gone to Washington to lay the case before the Indian Bureau.

SNAP SHOTS.

We had a pleasant bit of biography in one of our February numbers recording the angling life of Isaac McClellan, of Long Island, and his cousin, S. C. Clarke, of Georgia, both 90 years old and still fond of fishing. A fortnight ago we printed a portrait giving the intelligent and kindly countenance of Mr. C. L. Stratton, of Tennessee, our long-time contributor Antler, more than 84 years of age, and still a mountain climber. In this present number are printed notes from another correspondent of many years' standing, Mr. J. H. Dudley, of Poughkeepsie, who, if we do not err, is on the further side of 80. In another column is a story of his salmon fishing written for us by Mr. John Mowat, of New Brunswick, whose accounts of handling paddle and rod, canoe and salmon, alone and unassisted by canoemen, are all the more interesting when we remember that the work recounted is that of a veteran 75 years of age. These instances—and we might cull many others from the records of FOREST AND STREAM's columns—illustrate the truth that a love for field and the stream and the pursuits of outdoor life is not a brief and transitory fad, but a deeply imbedded sentiment which does not diminish with the years.

British anglers are competing to-day, May 9, in their ninth international fly and bait casting competition, on Wimbledon Lake. There is an elaborate programme of twenty-five events for amateurs, tackle makers and professionals, the three classes being kept strictly separate. Amateur classes exclude any person "who has ever fished for his living, who has been a paid river keeper, guide, gillie, instructor of fishing, or any person connected with the fishing tackle trade." The event appears to have a secure place in the calendar of the United Kingdom; but on this side of the water interest in angling tournaments has practically died out with the passing away of most of the school of fishermen who promoted the Central Park meets of the '80s.

We referred recently to the demoralizing effects of vermin bounty laws upon the morals of the community, and a new instance has just come to light in an Illinois case, where, as is told in our game columns, certain sparrow killers were convicted of obtaining money from the county treasury on bogus warrants, and the county clerk under indictment for complicity fled to Mexico. The rule appears to be well established that an offer of reward for scalps or tails of vermin sets in operation ingenious schemes of amateur thieves for getting something for nothing, on a scale limited only by the gullibility or the guilty conspiracy of public officials.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ZEKIEL'S REMEDY.

Did you ever feel onsatisfied? A kind o' lurkin' fear
Like nothin' wa'n't a-goin' right upon this mundane sphere?
When everybody's craps and things seemed better than your own,
And every breath of air that blew seemed laden with a groan;
When your wife looked kinder humbly, and the children seemed to be
The orn'erest set of young uns that ever you did see?
Then it's time to go a-fishin'; get out your rod and reel,
And rough it in the woods awhile, and then see how you'll feel.
You'll find that nothin' else will blow the cobwebs from your brain
Like kinder restin' up a spell, fergettin' loss and gain.
Or maybe you like huntin'; then gather up your gun,
Throw all thoughts of care away, and jest go out fer fun;
Fill up yure shells with No. 7, and don't furgit yure pipe;
Kiss the young uns all good-by, and make a sneak fur snipe.
It may be luck's ag'in' you, and you won't git nary one;
But blue devils won't pursue a man who has his rod and gun.
You'll see the trees a-wavin', and see the waters glint,
You'll tramp upon the daisies, and smell the peppermint.
And when the day is over, and you come to camp at night,
You'll wonder how you ever got such amazin' appetite.
The next day is the same again. You fish in lake or stream;
You hear the ducks a-quackin', or you hear the eagle scream,
You hear the squirrel barkin', as he jumps from tree to tree,
And you try to sneak up on him in a hunter's ecstasy.
Way over in another field you hear the cry "Bob White!"
The world seems full of glory; the sun shines out so bright
That you wonder why you had the blues, and what a fool you've been.
This change is wrought by inhalin' of nature's medicine.
And when you git back to your home your wife looks mighty fine,
You think, "I never seed any children that seems to ekel mine."
The craps has been a-growin', will turn out well, you guess,
And your soul goes out in gratitude and quiet thankfulness.

CINCINNATI, O., April 18.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* You ask for the address of the author of "Zekiel's Remedy." If it is a crime, let me off as lightly as possible, on the plea that I am not an old offender. I had just returned from a hunting trip in the wilds of North Carolina, and when I got home everything looked so attractive that I was disposed to contrast my lot with those less fortunate than myself, rather than with the many who have so much more. In a moment of weakness, like Silas Wegg, I "dropped into poetry." Now, however faulty the rhyme or the meter, I claim the sentiment is all right. There is no medicine like the woods for mind or body. I am a busy man, but always contrive for a week or two each year for fishing or hunting, and never fail to come home refreshed in health and spirits. Next to actual experience comes the reading in FOREST AND STREAM what others have done or are doing. There is no other publication so welcome to my home. As long as I can spare the subscription price, keep sending it to my address. CHARLES R. HUBBARD.

UP THE ST. MAURICE RIVER TO WAYAGAMACK LAKE.

SITTING in the library of a house in Montreal (the house occupied by the late Jefferson Davis during his residence in Canada) smoking an after-dinner cigar, my host asked me how large I had known the common brook trout to grow. The dinner had been good, the cigars were good, the surroundings were most charming and soothing, and I was prepared to hear of a big trout when I had told my story and my host came to having his say, for his manner indicated that he was loaded, and I did not much care how big it was, I was prepared to accept it. I said that the largest brook trout, *Salvelinus fontinalis*, of which I had knowledge was a fish of 12lbs. which was netted in Maine by the Fish Commission men when netting blueback trout at the junction of Rangeley and Kenebago streams. I saw a look of relief in my friend's face as I named the weight, and I thought to paralyze him by adding—but I believe there was a trout of this species caught by the Indians in the Nipigon River and certified to by the Hudson Bay Co.'s factor as weighing 16lbs. and a fraction. Anyway, this is as I recall what Charles Hallock has said of the fish.

"What would you say to a trout of 20lbs.?"

"I would say it was a good thing, and should be cultivated."

"But a brook trout of 20lbs. weight has been taken."

"Great Scott! Where? And where are the documents in the case?"

"It was caught in Wayagamack Lake, and I have the documents, as you call them, in my possession."

"Where is Wayagamack Lake, and how do you get to it? Is it public or private water, and do you happen to know if there are any of those 20-pounders left to be caught by a fisherman of the present day if he is seemingly willing to risk his eternal salvation by telling of it afterward?"

"Do not shoot all the charges in your magazine at one time, but take a fresh cigar and let me talk a few minutes and I wi l fill you reasonably full of information on the subject you ask about. In the first place Lake Wayagamack is one of the lakes of the St. Maurice Club, of which I am the president. To reach it take the Canadian Pacific R. R. from Montreal to Three Rivers, change to a branch of the same road and go to Grande Piles, and there take a steamer and go up the St. Maurice River about seventy miles, nearly to La Tuque, and make a portage of eight miles to Lake Wayagamack, on which the club house is situated. As to the big brook trout it was caught by Mr. Colin Campbell, of the New York & New England R. R., now living in Boston, but formerly living in Quebec. Mr. Campbell caught the trout through the ice long before the lake and adjoining territory came into the possession of the St. Maurice Club. He packed the fish in snow and took it to Quebec, where it was exhibited, and afterward his brother-in-law, Sir Alfred Jepheon, put it in the ice box of an Atlantic steamer and took it to England, where it was also exhibited."

"But are you sure it was a speckled trout (*Salvelinus fontinalis*) and not a lake trout (*Namaycush*) or togue, as you call them up here?"

"I expected that would be your next question, and here is a letter from Mr. Campbell, dated Aug. 5, 1895, in which he says there can be no doubt about the species, as there are nothing but speckled or brook trout in the lake, and that he has caught many 10 and 12lb. fish of this species from the lake. The thing to do, however, is for you to go there and see the lake and fish it for your own satisfaction and edification, and I will make up a party and we will start in two weeks from this time."

The conversation I have narrated was the incentive for my trip to Lake Wayagamack, in the Province of Quebec, Canada. About Sept. 1, or to be precise Aug. 31, Mr. W. F. Rathbone, attorney for the D. & H. R. R., started from Albany on the Montreal sleeper, and I joined him at a point on the main line of the road, and the next morning we were in Montreal. Dr. Wm. H. Drummond, president of the St. Maurice Club, had arranged everything for the proposed trip, and we really had nothing to do in Montreal but visit and wait for the next day to come.

Dr. Drummond, Col. J. B. MacLean and Mr. F. W. G. Johnson composed the Montreal contingent, and on Monday morning, Sept. 2, we got a good start; but trouble began before we had gone fifty miles. I had some money in my pocket when I started, but a few miles out I discovered that I had neither money nor pocketbook when I wished to pay for a pool I had bought on the weight of the largest trout that would be caught. We had the smoking compartment of the parlor car to ourselves and I knew the money was in the compartment, and it did not much matter where. Dr. Drummond had retained a box of cigars out of the stores to smoke en route, and when he opened the box it was filled with Montreal newspapers; and later the cigars were found stuffed into the pockets of my overcoat hanging on a hook. The loss of cigars was a serious matter, more so than the loss of money, for money would not buy cigars where we were going, and a drumhead court martial was ordered at once. It was clearly proven that my overcoat belonged to Col. MacLean, that the cigars were of poor quality, made from habitan tobacco, and really belonged to Givadam Johnson, and that the Doctor had made a bluff with an empty box with an importer's stamp on it, and he was fined a bottle of Radnor water and recommended to the mercy of the court. Except that Rathbone was a lawyer I think the Doctor might have been hung for having had his cigars stolen. At Three Rivers we left the main line of the Canadian Pacific R. R. for a branch road which terminates at Grand Piles on the St. Maurice River. On the branch road at Radnor, the home of the Radnor Spring water, we were joined by Mr. John Drummond, who was to act as chaperon for the party until he had turned us loose in the woods. At Grand Piles I was chiefly impressed with the fact that my rubber overcoat weighed about 200lbs., as the pockets were loaded with coal, the sleeves with kindling wood, safely pinned in, and that the body of the coat surrounded an infant saw log. At this point I may say, in simple justice, that during our outing I never found Col. MacLean with a cavil that did not belong to him, and that I never found any other member of the party with anything whatever that did belong to him, except his features, until we got back to what is politely termed civilization. Upon crossing the river at Grand Piles the portage begins which leads to the Laurentian Club. Mr. Parker, president of the club, had sent guides and canoes to meet us, and they were awaiting our arrival to go up river with us. Two young gentlemen, Mr. Boyer, of Montreal, and Mr. Charles M. Taintor, Jr., of New York, with their guides, had also come over from the Laurentian Club to go with us to the St. Maurice Club house, to start on an exploring trip among the little known lakes and rivers of the latter club.

At Grand Piles we were to commence our journey of seventy miles up the St. Maurice River in a new steamer, the Voyageur. This steamer was built to take club members and their guests and baggage nearly to their destination. She was 68ft. long, with steel hull, sheathed with rock elm for protection against possible rocks, and fitted with state-rooms, cooking galley, etc., so that unless one was pressed for time it mattered little whether one reached the portage near La Tuque on one day or another. Secretly I wondered why the steamer was provided with such a powerful engine as I found in her hold, but I found out at the first rapids without asking any questions. This was to be her first trip up the river, and as we had a new guardian for the club property, a cook and belongings, furnishing for the club, and stores to load, it was nearly dark before we started. When we did start, however, the boat was arranged like a bridegroom for a wedding, and the town turned out to see us off. The British flag, the American flag, the French flag and the steamer's flag were flying from various parts of the boat, and the steam whistle answered salutes from the shore until I thought we were wasting precious motive power. The machinery being new, it was thought best to run slowly and tie up for the night when darkness had fallen. Our trip up the river was one continuous ovation from the settlers on the banks. When we came in sight of the first cabin, perched high up above the river on the mountain constituting the bank of the river, and a girl rushed madly out of the door with something in her hand—which afterward proved to be a French flag—and pulled it to the top of an exaggerated barber's pole near by, at the same time a man ran from the field at the side of the cabin and entered the door only to reappear with a gun, with which he fired a salute of welcome, which the steamer's whistle answered as the passengers swung their hats, I thought it was something the Doctor had arranged for his guests; but every blessed cabin along the river had a barber's pole in front of it, and every cabin contained a French or British flag, which was run up at our approach (the British flag was quite as apt to be upside down as right side up, and the French flag was sometimes the flag of the Netherlands and sometimes nothing but a flag), and a gun or two or three, which were fired again and again in welcome. I could not understand why each cabin should support a flagstaff, nor why each flagstaff should be striped like a barber's pole or "singed, streaked and speckled," until I was told that some years before, upon the death of a bishop of the dominant church on the south side of the St. Lawrence River, the people of the diocese were urged to show respect for the good man's memory by placing flags at half mast. Those who had no flags procured or made them, and the forests furnished the masts, and association with the Indians and their totem poles furnished the stripes of colors, and thus the idea spread until the habitans way up the River St. Maurice, north of the St. Lawrence, acquired the flag-pole habit, and a very agreeable habit it is. Tuesday morning, Sept. 3, the steamer started up stream again before the passengers were dressed. We had to ascend three rapids—Manigance, Cuisse and Croche—and each one had pecularities of its own, although they seemed to be unanimous in their desire to keep the Voyageur from going up stream, and, in fact, the first one, Manigance, acted as though if it could have its own way it would send the boat to the bottom rather than permit it to go on its journey up stream. Fifteen miles from Grand Piles the Mekinac River comes in on the right (*i. e.*, it is on the left bank); twelve miles further and the Mattawin River comes in on our left; twelve miles more and we reach Grand-Anse, a little settlement. From Grand-Anse to Rat River, on our left, it is twelve miles, and from Rat River to La Tuque it is twenty-one miles. The Wessonneau River is also on the right bank, and the Little Bostonais is on the left, being the outlet of Wayagamack Lake. The portage for the club house is two miles south of La Tuque, but I am getting up the river ahead of the steamer. All day Tuesday we charged the current and the rapids, when we were not fixing the machinery, and when night unrolled and spread itself over the Dominion we were still several miles shy of where we were to do the heel-and-toe act. No one seemed to mind the delay, as the steamer was well provisioned, the weather was fine, and the river and its banks constituted one grand panorama of magnificent scenery, with sufficient change to keep us wondering what the next bend in the stream would unfold. However, I believe I promised to say nothing about the scenery, as Givadam Johnson and Col. MacLean went up to the falls of La Tuque, which I did not, and they have charge of the scenery department, and will exhibit it in the columns of this journal after I have done my turn.

Wednesday forenoon the steamer dropped anchor opposite the mouth of the Little Bostonais River, about two miles south of the proper landing, and the guide put the canoes in the water to take us up to and around the falls on this stream, and then on up stream to the main portage. The falls are well worth seeing, but I advise any one who may go to the club to take my word for it and get a photograph of them, and disembark at the main portage. If one likes to climb up the side of a house about 150ft. high with no creepers or life insurance, by all means take in the falls, but take along a bag of crude oxygen and pump it into your lungs through a cake of ice, or your breath will set the forest afire before you get to the top. Johnson may not agree with me about this when he tackles the scenery, but the difference may be accounted for when I say he weighs 117lbs. and is agile enough to walk on a ceiling, while I weigh 220lbs. and can sit in a wagon behind a good strong horse all day without getting tired.

From the St. Maurice River to the club house on the lake it is seven or eight miles, depending upon who tells it and whether or not you have a pack to carry. Four miles and a half is by land over a good trail and the balance is by water in a canoe. A road has been cut so that all heavy luggage and stores are taken in by team, the guardian, Joe Mercier, living on the portage, so that he responds in person when invited by the steamer's whistle to do so. We reached the club house by the middle of the afternoon on Wednesday, but our rods and tackle had not arrived over the main portage, nor had the provisions. Rathbone found a sapling with hook and line belonging to the camp keeper, and going down to the landing, he pushed out in a canoe into the lake and hooked a trout in about four minutes' time.

The club house is a substantial and comfortable building of squared logs standing on a slight elevation overlooking Lake Wayagamack. The lake itself is about five miles wide and seven miles long, but so irregular in shape that it has a shore line of about fifty miles. The territory leased by the club contains over 100 lakes. From Little Wayagamack Lake, less than three miles from the big lake, it is only about ten miles to Lake Edward on the Quebec & Lake St. John R. R. The rods and tackle came in before dark, and as soon as I could mount one I went down to the outlet, where the club has two other buildings, and cast in the stream. The fishing was too good, the trout would rise at any fly offered. I do not know how many I did catch, but I killed six, the smallest weighing 1lb., the largest nearly 2lbs., that being my quota to supply the camp with food that night. The fishing in the quick water afforded some sport after the fish were hooked, for there were snags and things to be avoided, but every cast seemed to raise a trout and it was too rich for one accustomed to work to get a fish to rise. The next day I fished in the lake and caught several trout weighing between 2 and 3lbs. each, but had to put most of them back uninjured in the water. It seemed impossible to locate the big ones we were after. My guide, Aimé Beauheu, had fished the lake through the ice in winter and had caught brook trout of 10lbs. weight, but he knew nothing of the fall fishing.

In the afternoon there was rather too much wind for a canoe in the lake and I went down to the outlet stream, as we required fish in camp. Fifteen was my limit and they were caught in rough water in almost the same number of casts. I did try several different flies, but one was as good as another. I saw one big trout in the white foam and fished industriously for him. I have a very good idea in my own mind how much this fellow would have weighed had I been able to put him on the scales, but I could not tempt him. While fishing for him I hooked eighteen trout, which were released as soon as netted. The fish that I killed and the fish I returned would run from ¾ to 2½lbs. each, but they were not what I especially wanted. The next day was Friday, fish day, and Dr. Drummond had given Joe Mercier to me to paddle the canoe. Joe was an old *voyageur* of the Hudson Bay Company, and had lived most of his life among and with the Indians, for his wife was a squaw and had enjoyed foreign travel. During the war in Egypt the British Government had sent to Canada for 600 *voyageurs* to operate the boats in passing the cataracts of the Nile. Joe went over in charge of one of the detachments as captain of a company, and his experience was amusing to listen to; but he said the birches, a few of which were taken along, were of no earthly account except to give the officers in the army a ride through the cataracts. We fished around an island thought by some one to resemble a steamboat, and so called Steamboat Island. There were trout enough to be had, but not of the magnitude I was after. One of 4lbs. was the largest I caught, but my memoranda tells me, which is wholly unnecessary, that I hooked eight trout and lost them. They would stay on but little longer than it required to strike, and why I could not put a hook into those fish that would stay put I have not found out to this day. I hooked and landed trout that would weigh from 2½ to 3lbs., and then put them back in the water, for there was nothing else to do with them after I had killed all that could be eaten. Once I hooked a trout of perhaps 1½lbs. in weight, and played him toward the bow of

the canoe for Joe to put the net under him. He extended his hand to lift the fish by the leader, but I said, "No; use the net, Joe." With a look of disgust he said, "Too small." I explained that I did not propose to have leaders broken by monkey work when I was so far away from the base of supplies, and he must net all the fish. The trout was still fighting, and I was slowly reeling him toward Joe's end of the canoe, when Joe reached for the landing net, plunged it into the water, and lifted into the canoe a fish much larger than the one I had hooked, and in fact my fish was still on and I was using but a single fly. "Joe, where did you get that trout?" "He was following that little trout on your hook and I just lifted him into the canoe." It was a fact, the fish was not hooked and was uninjured, and weighed 8½lbs. I talked with Joe about his life as a *voyageur*, as a moose and caribou hunter, and as a fisherman. I asked if he had caught ouananiche, and he said yes. "Where?" "In Lake St. John, in the Mistissini River, in the Saguenay." "How long have you known of the ouananiche?" "Oh, forty years; since I first went up the Mistissini River on my way to Mistissini Lake." "Do you mean to say you went to Mistissini Lake forty years ago?" "Yes, about forty years." He said it as he might have said that he went the week before to La Tuque to get some tobacco; there was to him nothing remarkable about it, he simply answering my question as he would have answered it had I asked about the Big Bostonais which flows a few miles from his cabin. Here was a man who forty years before had been to the "great inland sea, the greatest fresh-water lake on the continent," and all that sort of thing, and did not know that it was only discovered within a decade. How Hallock would have smiled and Murray questioned had they both been in the canoe that day. It was a sad thing to do, for I had grown to like Joe, but I had to tell him that the lake was not discovered until thirty years after he had been there, and that quarts of ink had been shed to prove it to be an unknown lake. That at least two Government expeditions had been sent out to discover it long after he had visited it, and that only the year before I had met a man at Lake St. John who had just that season explored the lake to confirm its discovery. I asked Joe how he happened to wander to the lake so long ago and give historical annals a fatal twist by anticipating its discovery, and he said he went with a missionary priest and spent one summer on and around the lake, but the Indians were so ignorant they could not be saved and the missionaries gave them over to their own devices and returned to a more profitable field of labor. I think it was Hallock who said a few years ago, during the discussion as to whether the lake was known or unknown, that there was a well-known trail to it marked out by the missionaries, and indicated on a map, fifty years or such a matter before it was discovered in the newspapers, and in this Joe Mercier confirms his statement.

Saturday the wind was too strong for the canoes on the broad lake and I went down to the outlet and caught two trout and put them back in the water, as the camp was supplied with fish for dinner. The weather was perfect for an outing, and the only rain we had was a shower in the night. It was so warm that the black flies had a fall convention on the outlet stream and contiguous territory, and there was not a preventive in camp. At the club house there was not a single fly, nor was there any flies on the lake, but the outlet evened things, as my swelling ears testified. Saturday afternoon I again went down to the outlet stream, and standing at one place on the end of an old log I caught fourteen trout in water that I could command with my line from that one position. The fish ran in size from 1 to 2lbs. I made no memoranda of the fishing of other members of the party, but Rathbone's fishing was about as I have described my own, and the others did little fishing. In fact, on Saturday Johnson and MacLean started with a canoe and two guides and went over the portage to the river, and then up the river to La Tuque, where the Hudson Bay Co. has a post, from which point they proposed to seine the river to Grande Piles, in the canoe. Sunday noon we were on the portage—the Doctor, Rathbone and the writer—headed for the river and the steamer.

By 4 o'clock we were steaming down stream. Now, it is quite a different matter coming down the St. Maurice, shooting rapids, instead of climbing slowly up. Croche Rapids made our hair curl as we went through without a check, and when a few moments later the boat struck a rock it uncurled. We had three pilots on board, and the man who ran that part of the river went below for his supper after we had passed the rapids. When the boat struck she jumped like something animate and struck again, making everything jingle from stem to stern, and on we went like a race horse without a bell being sounded from the pilot house. One of the engineers, we had two, came back and examined the hold to see if we were making water, but the rock elm sheathing did its work so well that Rathbone said, "Hit her up again just to see how far she can jump." I do not think he did not mean what he said, for if I am even a fourth rate mind reader, he meant "hitch her to a post, tie her to a tree or several trees, throw out all the anchors you have got, rope her in her wild career, put hopples on her so she can't buck-jump and let me get ashore, for I am a little cramped from sitting and I would like to walk from here to Montreal."

Since we returned I have known of his saying to about fifty men, in confidence, that when the Voyageur reared up on her hindlegs I grabbed a canvas fender that looked like a life preserver and was ready to obey the command, "All ashore that's going."

It was dusk when we reached the second rapid and we headed up stream and anchored for the night. The next morning we had to wait for the fog to lift before we started, but we got the wood while we were at breakfast and by nine o'clock we were where the river broadens out into a great shallow and the Meckinac comes in. All the rapids and shallows and obstructions buoyed or marked with course signals, and while we were squarely in our course as indicated by the shore signals we went hard and fast into the sand. Of course while we were in this plight Johnson and MacLean came whooping past in their canoe and jeered us from A to izzard in several tongues.

At this point the Doctor rubbed his hands and smiled a satisfied smile as he assured us that everything was going as he arranged it for our entertainment. That no first trip of a steamer up an unknown river was complete without running aground, and except for the expense he would arrange with the engineer to blow out a flue while we were waiting. Rathbone and I signed a round robin which informed him that much as we loved him, and much as we enjoyed the eating and drinking and sleeping on the palatial Voyageur, that we proposed to leave at 11 o'clock sharp, Eastern time, in our private conveyance for a point where we would chance being wrecked in a railroad disaster. Rathbone said his experience had taught him that anything that was dry or extra dry was preferable to water, and in this I agreed with him. We regretted to leave our host behind, and shipwrecked at that, but Grande Piles, Montreal and other places were beckoning to us, and our two guides put a canoe in the water over the side of the steamer at the appointed time, and when we were stowed in it with our belongings we bade the Doctor good luck and farewell and cast off. With two paddles and the current to aid, we went humming down stream and soon after 1 o'clock we reached the station, and that evening the four survivors dined together at the Windsor, in Montreal.

It is many a day since I have so thoroughly enjoyed a fishing trip in all its parts as this one I have only outlined. As I have intimated, the trout fishing was too good, there were too many of them ready to take anything offered in the shape of a lure. We did not catch any trout as large as were taken by a member who visited the club a week before we were there, but had no reason to feel disappointed on that account. An angler is always fishing for the big fish and if he does not get him it offers the best kind of an excuse for his return to seek again for him. The mother of the cook at the club was half Scotch and half Esquimau, who first saw light at a Hudson Bay Co. post in the far north. It was as good as reading a story to talk with her of her experience in the frozen north, and when she told me how good smoked trout were I asked her if she would smoke some for me if I would catch them. She consented, and it gave me an excuse to catch more than I otherwise would have done. Turning the big fireplace in the club house into a temporary smoke house, she did turn out some fine smoked fish. Game seemed to be as abundant as fish. Returning to camp at dusk one evening, a caribou walked out of the water's edge and lumbered away into the brush. Joe told me both moose and caribou were abundant, and the former could be had any evening for the calling. I hope to try the fishing at Wayagamack again this year and perhaps I may get one of the big fellows. A. N. CHENEY.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.—XXI.

Unexpected Visitors.

"WAL, here you be, boy," said Uncle Lisha, "an' I'm glad tu see ye, for it's a-gittin' consid'able ca'julluky aout yender for your milkweed pod. Good airth an' seas! What a snag o' ducks you got! Sixteen, sebenteen, eighteen, nineteen! Yes, sir; nineteen! Jullook o' there, Ann Twine; he's skunked the hull caboodle on us! Le' me see, you got three, an' me an' Jozeff—wal, we hain't caounted aourn yit."

"Poob, dat a'n't notings!" said Antoine, contemptuously poking the pile of ducks with his toe. "A'n't he'll gat honly nanteen dawk in dat crik all to hese'f? Dat a'n't much for do, an' what leetly feller dey was! One tam w'en Ah'll leeve in Canada Ah'll keel forty wid club; yes, seh, an' dey was gre't beeg feller. Yes, seh, dey was geeses."

"Sho, Ann Twine, I guess they was in the aig."

"No, seh, dey was in Canada, sem Ah'll tol' you, an' if you'll a'n't b'lieved me Ah'll goin' tol' you de trute. You see de way of it, he come on stubbly graoun' for pick de hoat was jus' sow, an' he steek hees foot on de mud so he can' pull it, an' den he froze heem fas' 'cause it mos' winter; so den Ah'll a'n't not'ing for do honly knock hees head of it."

"What be you a-tellin'?" Uncle Lisha groaned. "Oats jes' sowed on stubble in the fall! Du, fer massy's sake, lie reason'ble if you must lie."

"O, Onc' Lasha!" Antoine said, in an injured tone. "If Ah prove mah storee you'll a'n't b'lieved it. Haow you s'pose mans was goin' for rembler everyt'ing was happen in hees laftam w'en he happen so meny, hein? It was two tam Ah'll keel forty wid stick, one tam in de spring an' one tam in de fall! Come, le's go on de camp. De patack was mos' all bile, prob'ly, an' de dawk ready for cook. Sam, you wan' save dis leetly feller?" touching the ducks again with a scornful toe.

"Sam Hill," said Joseph, just finding words to express his admiration. "If that 'ere hain't a harnsome mess o' feathers. Samwil, if 'll let me pick them tu the halves, M'ri' 'll be more'n willin' 'at I come, or leastways she'd ort tu be, seems 's 'ough."

"You c'n hev the hull on 'em tu feather your nest, for all me," Sam replied, cringing from a fresh contact with his wet trousers in a way that attracted Uncle Lisha's attention.

"Why, Samwil," he cried, as he laid a tentative hand on one of the legs. "You've be'n in the water. Hes that 'ere mis'able aigshell be'n a spillin' on ye? I allers said it 'ould. I wish 't the dumbed Injin contraption was smashed finer'n a barn fore it draounds ye."

"It never tipped over wi' me yit," Sam protested. "I went int' the water a purpose."

"A-wadin' arter ducks? You tarnal fool, this time o' year?"

"No, I didn't," Sam answered doggedly.

"Wal, then, what did ye for?"

"Wal, if you've got tu know, the' was a leetle shap tumbled int' the crik a fishin' all alone, an' I hed tu fish him aout tu keep him from draoundin', an' it nat'rally was sort of a wet job."

"I wan't c'l'latin' tu scold ye for no sech a thing, Samwil," Uncle Lisha said in a low voice as he laid his hand on Sam's shoulder, "but you'd better go an' dry ye off by the fire." And so they all set forth toward the camp, these two leading the way.

As they drew near it they were astonished to hear the unmistakable sound of female voices, and singularly familiar ones. Sam coming first in sight of the place signaled silence and a halt to his companions, who gathered close at his back, and all stood and stared in wonder not unmingled with dismay upon the unexpected invasion of the camp.

Two women were mousing about, turning their sunbonnets like telescopes this way and that in diligent inspection of every object, now focusing a common center of interest, now separately, in search of new diversions and discoveries. These movements were accompanied by remarks which were not very flattering. The faces were indistinct in the depths of the sun-bonnets, but there was no mistaking the forms, motions and voices of Aunt Jerusha and Huldah.

"I don't b'lieve they've swep' up sence they be'n here," said the first, making a slow inspection of the fireplace and its littered surroundings.

"Swep'?" the other returned, sarcastically. "Why, they hain't got so much as a hemlock broom, I warrant ye, which they might easy enough, for jullook at the cedar a-growin' all araound."

"I know it," Aunt Jerusha acquiesced, "jest as good if not full better, not scatterin' itself so bad."

"An' will you look at that 'ere fryin' pan?" cried Huldah, holding off the utensil with gingerly hands at a distance, yet bringing the muzzle of her bonnet to closer inspection. "I can caount the leavin's o' three cookin's in 't, plain."

"Sam Hill, hain't I glad M'ri' hain't here tu see that 'ere," Joseph whispered, "an acre o' feathers wouldn't caount ag'in' leavin' on 't so; wal, mebbe that's settin' on 't high, say half an acre."

"An' see them pertaters. I'll be baound they're all b'ilin' tu pieces," cried Aunt Jerusha, fluttering over to the pot and peering into it while she blew away the steam. "Yes they be, true's you live. Can't you take 'em off, Huldy?"

"'Taint likely there's no sech a thing as a holder. I da' say they use a bunch o' leaves or a dirty stockin'," said Huldah, rushing to the rescue of the potatoes; "but thank goodness I've got my apron," and she whisked the kettle off, keeled it and set it by the fire in a trice.

"Or mebby tha' hats," Aunt Jerusha suggested, still dwelling on holders. "Jest think on't, Lisher might ha' fetched his luther apron." And Uncle Lisha gave Sam an appreciative dig in the side with his elbow.

Then the two women backed off a little to take a comprehensive view of the scene, making inquiries and responses of, "Did you ever?" and "No, I never," till they fell into a fit of laughter which they were obliged to sit down to finish, while the spectators made a silent exchange of imbecile grins. When the camp inspectors had exhausted their mirth, they discovered the tent and flew to it. Now their heads were thrust far inside in minute inspection, now withdrawn and the muzzles turned to each other with divers nods and shakes of assent and dissent, accompanied by spasmodic movements of their bodies, all of which gave evidence of invidious remarks and indulgence in unseemly mirth. All this was endured in silence by the spectators of the inquest till the older woman began poking at the contents of the tent with a long stick, when Uncle Lisha could restrain himself no longer, but rushed forward and shouted at the top of his voice,

"Hello, you women; what you duin' in there!"

Thereupon the intruders backed out of the tent, and facing about showed the rightful occupants a far bolder front than they could muster, caught as they were in all unseemly ways of housekeeping.

"Why, Lisher Paiggs, haow du ye du?" cried Aunt Jerusha, beaming upon her husband, and Huldah called out heartily:

"Haow be ye, Sam, an' all of ye?"

"Good airth an' seas, is that you?" Uncle Lisha shouted. "Why, I thought you was couple o' schoolgals a-snoopin' 'raound. Wal, seein' you ast, I do' know 's I'm none the better for seein' you, considerin' haow you talk abaout aour haousekeepin'."

"Wal, naow, Lisher, you can't deny but it's a leetle mite thick under the nail," said his wife.

"By gosh, Aunt Jerrushy," cried Antoine, coming to the front, "you was come de wrong day. Dis a'n't aour day for wash de dish. We jes' daown to de lake for see if dere was waters 'nough for wash to-morry, an' we make off aour min' we got for wait till he rise."

"Haow come ye tu come, anyway?" Uncle Lisha demanded. "Sed daown an' make yourselves tu hum, an' tell us 'baout it," and he waved them hospitably to one of the fireside logs. "Aour gal 'll git tea ready tu rights. Come, Miss Ann Twine, you want tu be gittin' aout your sweetcake an' plum sass an' jell, for we got comp'ny."

"Ah'll gat all of it in de pettetto keetly, an' de res' of it Ah'll gat pooty soon," Antoine answered promptly, and began bustling about the fire, heating the frying pan and scouring it with a stone—as he would never have thought of doing but for the presence of the guests. They eyed his movements, but politely refrained from audible comment. Then seeing the ducks, they fell into a poultry-wives' admiration of them.

"My, I never see sech harnsome ducks," cried Huldah, "an' you got all them sence you come here?"

"Why, I got these tu-day, jes' myself, an' I do' know what the rest on 'em has got," Sam answered, and then Huldah detected the condition of his nether garments, and she took him to task forthwith.

"Why, Sam Lovel, what in this livin' world you be'n a-duin' to your trowses? You be'n wadin' int' the river with 'em? An' the water jest as cold as ice. An' you've be'n a-duin' on't every day sence you come here an' got the rheumatiz tucked ontu ye an' the phthisic an' nob'dy knows what all, jest tu shoot a duck. You'll ketch your death jest as sure as you live, for a few leetle mis'able ducks. You shan't never come here again, not if I c'n help it. Hain't it a caution. Naow you go intu that tent an' take right off them trowses an' hand 'em aout tu me an' le' me dry 'em an' you cover up in the blankets till they be. I should think you'd know better an' should n't ha' s'posed Uncle Lisher 'd ha' let ye."

Before Sam could say a word in his own defense he was judged and sentenced, but when Huldah stopped to breathe Uncle Lisha put in a plea for him.

"Naow, Huldy, you quit a scoldin' on him, for he hain't be'n in the water afore sen' we be'n here, an' he went into 't tu save a leetle boy from draoundin'. I guess that 'ere leetle shaver's mother wouldn't wanter hev Samwil scolded."

Huldah's voice shook a little and the look she gave her husband was anything but reproachful as she said:

"Why, Sam, haow 'd I know? You set ri' daown here by the fire an' dry ye an' tell me all about it. Folks hain't half so apt tu ketch cold if they let the' clo's dry on 'em. Le' me fill your pipe for ye. Did you run a turrible reak? Did he come all right? Haow old was he?"

These and many more questions he was called upon to answer as he toasted his legs between whiles of keeping them out of Antoine's way, who as nearly as could be was on all sides of the fire at once.

At the same time Aunt Jerusha hovering about him, intent on motherly offices from which she could not be diverted until Uncle Lisha had shouted at her three times with increasing volume of voice.

"Haow come ye tu come? Good airth an' seas! that's what I want tu know," while Joseph could not find a chance to inquire after the welfare of his father or to ask what message M'ri' had sent.

"What was 't you was sayin', father?" Aunt Jerusha asked at last, yet still giving her attention to Sam. "Haow 'd we come? Why, we tackled right up the waggin an' come along. But we never tol' nob'dy 'at we was a-comin' here. The' 'd ha' be'n objections, no eend on 'em, if we'd ha' tol'. Hedn't you better pull ye boots off, Samwil, an' stick ye feet up on that chunk? An' so you see, Huldy she hed some dried apple 'at she wanted tu trade off, an' we jest fixed it up betwixt us 'at we'd fetch it daown tu Vergennes an' stay over night tu Cousin Chase's an' then come here! An' so we did, an' here we be. Hain't you glad tu see us? You don't act as if you was, not turrible."

"Why, yes, we be tew," Uncle Lisha protested; "but you see, you took us kinder onawares."

"We didn't hev time tu put on aour tother clo's," said Sam.

"Wal, tu tell the truth an' not no jokin' abaout it," said Aunt Jerusha, "we fetched daown all on ye's t'other clo's as fur as Cousin Chase's, an' there they be."

"You didn't never, Jerushy Paiggs," said her husband, incredulously; but she nodded repeated affirmatives and smiled serenely.

"Wal, then, what did ye for? Be you goin' tu sell 'em or be you goin' tu take us to meetin' or a-visitin', or what is 't?"

"No, not nary one," said she, after a moment's enjoyment of her auditors' mystification; "but tu the caravan 'at's comin' nex' day arter day arter tu-morrer. We cal'lated you'd plan tu go to 't, an' we'd go tew, on Bub's 'caount. His gran'pa an' gran'ma's goin' tu fetch him, an' we wa'n't a-going tu hev you 'raound in your ol' ev'y-day clo's."

"Good airth an' seas, if I hadn't clean forgot it!" Uncle Lisha declared in genuine surprise at his forgetfulness of so important an event.

"Seems 's 'ough I did kinder think on 't when you was a-carummuxin wi' that ol' ram," said Joseph; "but I hain't thought on 't sence an' I do' know when afore."

"Forgot it!" Aunt Jerusha exclaimed with mild scorn; "that's a likely story, an' it all pictered aout in red an' yaller ev'ywheres. Anyways, it is naow up tu Danvis even on tu folkses barns, an' ev'ybody's a-goin'."

"On Bub's 'caount, I s'pose," her husband remarked, bestowing a wink upon the company. "I do' know what we'd all du if it wa'n't for that boy."

"I don't nuther," Aunt Jerusha assented heartily. "But it don't signify. "We're all a-goin' an' a-goin' lookin' somehaow. O, you needn't think me an' Huldy didn't fetch aour t'other bunnits," as she detected a quizzical glance at the gingham sun-bonnets. "An' you needn't worry none; we made cal'lations on your not bein' prepared for comp'ny an' laid in wi' the folks where we left aour hoss and waggin tu keep us over night in case you didn't hev spare beds."

"We got feathers 'nough, seems 's 'ough," Joseph said, "but I don't know 'baout the tick, not sca'cely."

"An' we fetched along a loaf o' bread, an' some butter, an' some b'iled aigs an' some quick pickles," Aunt Jerusha continued, casting a doubtful eye upon Antoine's panful of fried duck, "'cause we didn't know but what you might be gittin' short; but I will say it smells better'n it looks. Be ye gittin' dried off, Samwil? They be rael socierable folks where we left the hoss. Larkins is the name—I b'lie' so, an' they 'peared tu be consid'able 'quainted wi' some on ye." She cast a quizzical glance around, ending at Huldah, who shook her head. "Why, good land! what hurt 'll it du? Don' they all know what they done?"

"What in time be you a drivin' at?" Sam asked. Huldah still shook her head and gave at the same time a deprecatory "S-h-h," but Aunt Jerusha persisted in telling her tale.

"Why, nothin', only them folks was a tellin' haow 't an ol' man an' a fat man come there one day with a wil' goose 'at they'd shot, praouder'n tew rhusters, an' come tu it was a tame wil' goose 'at them folkses hed. O, my sakes!" She ended with a fit of laughter in which Sam and Antoine joined as they comprehended the gist of the story, while the heroes of it looked foolish, though Uncle Lisha tried to make light of it by saying,

"Sho, women folks 'll b'lieve anything you tell 'em. That 'ere Larkins 'll lie faster'n a hoss c'n trot. What was that 'ere yarn he tol' you, Samwil?" But he failed to divert inquiry and was obliged to admit the truth of the charge. Yet he was consoled for this humiliation by the admiration that his real wild geese drew forth when he exhibited them, and Joseph's store of feathers were given unqualified praise.

Then Antoine announced supper and the embarrassed hosts led their guests to the repast, which they attacked with no great zest, having seen the cook wipe on his trousers the fork with which he turned the contents of the pan, and use his hat for a holder. Yet they praised what was set before them, while making a meal mostly from the provisions they had brought with them. Then they helped to clear the table and made the dishes cleaner than they had been since their first use here.

After this all the company gathered around the fire, the men smoking, Aunt Jerusha regaling herself with snuff, Huldah unwontedly idle for lack of knitting, while all the latest Danvis news was told and with judicious omissions all the adventures of the camp, and so well did the visitors enjoy their first taste of this life that they decided to lodge in the tent, where a luxurious bed was prepared for them with a double allowance of cedar twigs.

At sundown the north wind died, but the pulse of waves still beat upon the beach in regular recurrence above the slumberous murmur of distant shores. A company of bitterns were performing a farewell rite on the eve of migration, uttering uncouth squawks as they wheeled high above the marshes in awkward gyrations, and frequent flights of ducks were whistling past and splashing into channel and marsh.

The busy air was filled with sounds that were strange to Huldah's ear; the shuddering cry of a screech owl and the sad monotony of the crickets were the only familiar ones among them all. These with the slow wash of waves were the voices that her dreams shaped themselves to, when with a lingering sense of strange environment she fell asleep. ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

Natural History.

SERPENTS AND SENTIMENT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The writer, having already categorized himself as a "back number," is well content to lay aside his much-worn "Faber No. 2," leaving the field of hunting adventure and fishing narrative to younger and fresher chroniclers, whose ready pens and facile art of story-telling are well attested in the bright and entertaining pages of FOREST AND STREAM.

I am moved, however, to arise to a point of order and let fall a few remarks in mild rebuke upon finding my own peculiar domain as FOREST AND STREAM'S "snake editor"—in the enjoyment of which distinction I have some while reposed in honorable retirement—invaded by two of your correspondents in a recent number. These heedless and superficial speculators in snake philosophy, unmindful that the eye of the snake editor is ever alert to pounce upon and demolish any unorthodox theories that may be advanced by novices in this his chosen field, have presumed to reopen controversies that have long since been put to rest by authority.

To come down to particulars, Mr. L. G. Sanford has again conjured up that well-worn spook, the "stinging snake," which was long since exorcised and consigned to the realms of myth. The snake as described is evidently that well-known variety which everywhere bears the unsavory reputation of carrying a most diabolical concealed weapon in its nether pocket—a weapon so well concealed that no one has ever been able to see it.

Mr. Sanford's evidence that this was a real, simon pure stinging snake seems to have been chiefly the snake's general reputation and incidentally the peculiar movement of its tail, which latter, from its suggestiveness, is probably the sole basis for the former.

Mr. Sanford does not allege that he saw the sting, although it would seem that he had every opportunity to verify its existence by ocular demonstration. He inclosed the tip of the tail to FOREST AND STREAM, but the editor does not record that the sting went along with it.

It was most unfortunate that Mr. Sanford should have destroyed such a rare curiosity as a veritable stinging snake; any museum would have regarded it as a very valuable acquisition.

The writer made a careful examination of one of the same species a few years ago, failing to find anything like a sting, or any place for one, as the minute vertebræ extended quite to the tip of the tail.

The proneness of the human mind to accept any marvelous statement as to snake attributes is everywhere manifest, and probably has its origin in the old biblical serpent myth in the garden of Eden story, a myth which was common to many primitive peoples besides the ancient Hebrews. In the experience of our earliest ancestors the serpent was a prominent feature, and from the dread which he inspired was held to be the embodiment of guile. Hence the place assigned to him in all the earliest cosmical myths.

And now comes brother Ransacker in the rôle of an implacable judge, condemning all snakes without discrimination; charging them with a long catalogue of crimes too heinous for condonement; forgetting that the self-same offenses are common in all their enormity to nature's multifarious chain of predatory animals, birds, reptiles and fishes.

Does Ransacker's own pet cat, which purs so innocently and cozily by his fireside, pursue the pretty warbler with less stealth, or devour the helpless nestling with more remorse, or prolong the agonies of the harmless mouse with less needless cruelty than the graceful and beautiful garter snake exhibits when it appropriates to its own private and personal use the repast which kind (or unkind) nature has appointed for it?

Is the hawk more tender than the chicken snake when he bears away in his talons the bird or barnyard fowl, screaming with agony, to be torn piecemeal while still struggling, for the delectation of himself and his family circle?

Is the pike more mindful than the blacksnake of life's amenities when he gobbles up the tender troutlings into his capacious maw, with exultation in his healthy appetite?

Or the lordly turkey gobbler, when he approaches the unsuspecting grasshopper from the rear-ward, has he any regard for the latter's comfort or convenience when he yanks him off the sweet potato vine?

Lastly, when Ransacker himself curtails his wholesome rest, forsakes his comfortable bed at an unlawful hour (in violation of nature's code), shivers through the dawning hours bedrenched with chilling dews, and lies in treacherous ambush for the same amorous gobbler, which he enticeth to his destruction by imitating the inviting call of his love mate—can Ransacker, with a blameless conscience, arraign any one of nature's children for a simple obedience to the law of its existence?

There is an old story, with which most readers are acquainted, that comes down from a time when men and beasts were on a more equal footing and held familiar intercourse, which recites that a certain artist painted a picture of a lion with a spear thrust through its body, and the man who wielded the spear standing triumphant over the lion's prostrate form. This picture he exhibited to a lion, who remarked, "Ah, but let *me* draw the picture!"

The moral of this story is obvious. If the snake could only sit in judgment what a true bill he would find against Ransacker for cruelty, rapine and murder unprovoked, and all the crimes on the calendar, with numberless counts and particulars!

Ransacker, with his mind full of unreasoning prejudice, even accuses the snakes of having "slimy folds!" Now, who ever saw a snake with "slimy folds?" I challenge anybody to produce such a snake. The slimy folds of Ransacker's snake are just as mythical as the sting in Mr. Sanford's specimen. It is a fact most patent to common observation that nature's whole scheme of animal existence presents one boundless field of cruelty and suffering. The whole fabric of mundane life is based upon an endless chain of life's destruction, accompanied with what appears to be needless suffering.

In the whole domain of nature, so far at least as our earth is concerned, man alone is distinguished from all other animals by the characteristic which we call mercy, or altruism, which is manifested in the lower animals in one direction only, and that because life's survival demands it, to wit, parental solicitude for the young.

This distinguishing attribute of humanity is the result of evolution, and exactly marks the development which we have attained above the lower orders of animals. Shall we now place ourselves back on the brute plane, and kill things that can do us no harm, and for which we have no use?

In the whole snake tribe, in this country at least, there are probably 1,000 that are quite harmless to man for every one that is a just occasion for man's resentment on the score of personal insecurity.

It is a matter of regret to me that in this part of the country the snakes of every kind are nearly exterminated, and you may travel a week's journey without seeing one. Most white men, like friend Ransacker, kill all the snakes that come in their way, but the negroes especially pursue them with superstitious and relentless zeal. I have elevated brother Ransacker to a high place in my catalogue of most worthy and entertaining contributors to FOREST AND STREAM, but he should stick to burros and bears and such like cattle, and leave the uncongenial snakes to more sympathetic hands. COAHOMA.

MISSISSIPPI.

OUR FEATHERED FOUNDLING.

AN ambitious fledgeling had flown from the nest before its wings were strong enough to be relied upon; it had fallen by the sidewalk and a sleek cat was there, swinging its soft tail and preparing to spring, while many agitated sparrows of mature age hopped to and fro twittering their friendly warnings. But the little adventurer, instead of finding itself in the cat's maw, was carried to a safe place, to be brought up "by hand."

The foundling is now nearly 2 years old, a veritable urchin with a natural objection to anything suggestive of order, liking his cage best when it is most untidy. At 3 o'clock every afternoon he has been allowed the freedom of our sitting room, and promptly at that hour he pecks at the fastening of the cage door.

When about 4 months old Dick observed some one playing a guitar. Forthwith he perched on the hand that was toying with the strings, staying there regardless of its instability. On the following morning we heard a faint noise suggestive of a canary with a sore throat, trying to exercise its profession. This was the first attempt of our sparrow, who afterward practiced every day, particularly if incited by the guitar, developing a sweet voice. At an early age Dick manifested energy and persistence, never abandoning what he had made up his mind to accomplish.

During summer Dick's cage stood by an open window and soon we learned eleven expressions of sparrow talk with the following meanings: Inviting other sparrows to approach; welcoming them; urging them to remain; a great desire; coaxing; surprise; alarm; scolding; anger; satisfaction; delight. The eleventh expression Dick always uttered when a fly was presented to him.

It was great fun to bring the bird perched on one of our fingers before the looking-glass. He at once became irritated at the mocking image, darted his head forward and pecked at it. Nor did he become convinced that he was deluded when his beak came in contact with the glass, its hardness serving only to exasperate him.

His actions were and are always expressive. One day he went through the movement of bathing in a lot of dry crumbs, and immediately called for food. His action evidently indicated that the crumbs were dry enough for a bath, but no longer fit to eat. His caution has always been excessive, everything being closely scrutinized by him before being tasted. He has always enjoyed refreshing himself in a sand bath, but if the sand was placed in an unfamiliar receptacle he hopped round it many times, making a careful examination. Before plunging in, Dick removed from the sand any piece of rubbish that might have fallen in, carrying it to some remote part of the room. His favorite resting place after bathing was a big yellow plush chair. He likes yellow and pink, but has a horror of goods that are variously colored, particularly if spotted. We put newspapers over the plush chair, but the bird worked its way under, seeking the yellow color. Inquisitiveness always overcame Dick's timidity, and any object falling to the floor was at once examined by him. The moment a closet door was opened the bird would stand on the sill, peering into the dark corners, reminding us of a sage trying to penetrate the mystery of the great unknown.

Dick had a fancy for waltzing, spinning round in an amazing style on any small round spot that he could find, and altogether indulging in as many antics as a kitten.

When our foundling was a year old something happened. The males and females of his tribe flocked about his cage within the window to partake of seed, bread, cake, lettuce, etc. Some entered the room, where they flew about in a state of wild terror and perplexity. We caught several females and put one at a time in the cage to see if the companionship would be agreeable. Dick fought some and others fought Dick, but at last we caught a beautiful birdling that did not screech nor bite, and as she had persistently tried to force her way into the cage, we persuaded her to remain with Dick. He was more than pleased, and has now courted her steadily for nearly a year. We thought there would be a prospect of his winning his suit this spring, and at this very moment we are interested in watching a one-sided love affair.

Loulou is the prettiest and sauciest little sparrow that ever broke through an egg shell, and is very clever too, besides being a sweet singer. At the beginning of winter both birds were determined to build a nest. Nothing in the room was safe from their busy beaks. Dick had a wooden box containing a warm nest which had served him in his infancy. To make him remember this we put him in the box; he came out after a few seconds, his beak full of straw, which he carried to the Loulou. This action he repeated several times, at last bringing two big pieces, that suggested to our mind the ludicrous spectacle of a fashionable beau going to visit his lady love carrying a couple of rafters between his teeth as proof of his power to provide a home.

His protracted and rather dubious suit has somewhat saddened Dick, and he is not always playful enough to please Loulou. Sometimes she says to him: "You are

too slow! Fly! I'm after you!" and away they go, round and round the room. The female bird is so swift in her movements that she seems to be in three places at once. Her excessive independence is painful to Dick's chivalrous character. He tries to condescendingly provide for her, and she, belonging to the order of advanced females, resents this.

Formerly the foundling objected to bathing in water, but this being Loulou's greatest luxury, she has trained her admirer into it.

Miss Loulou is quite a fire worshiper. During the cool weather she acquired the habit of warming herself before the grate, standing on the fender—particularly after bathing in cold water. With her feathers standing out and her wings spread, she first dries herself on one side, then turns to dry the other, bending her small body to and fro in the most graceful manner, so that the heat may reach every part of her skin. This very day—April 27—she is on the fender warming herself for the third time within one hour.

Every evening at dusk there is a contest for a particular spot on one perch. Unless Dick yields to Loulou she sulks and makes him miserable, so that in the end she always has her own way.

Although our bachelor bird is grown up he still insists, when free, upon his friend who rescued him from the cat giving him bread from between his own lips. This he persistently demands, alighting on the broad shoulder, hopping round on the long beard, and taking some moustache in his beak, repeating a cry that distinctly sounds like "pretty Dick!"

The sparrows are not aristocrats, but they are so bright and clever that any one who loves nature must take a delight in studying them.

Since fair spring commenced to smile upon us we have provided our feathered friends with a large family mansion, two stories high and containing a nesting chamber. But present appearances indicate that Loulou is in love with another fellow on the outer side of the netting which is fastened before the open window. She warbles her sweetest lay to him. We shall watch the progress of a tangled love affair. ALICE D. LE PLONGEON.

NOTES ON THE EVENING GROSBEAKS.

BY DR. R. W. SHUFELDT.

AMONG the finest representatives of the big-billed finches we have in this country are the evening grosbeaks. My first experience with these birds was in northwestern New Mexico some ten or eleven years ago. There I collected, with my sons, a good many fine specimens of them, together with skeletons, and made notes of habits, which were subsequently published in the *Auk*, as was also my account of a male and a female of this genus that were captured alive by me and for upward of two years kept in a cage. These were all specimens of the Western evening grosbeak (*Coccothraustes vespertinus montanus*), a now recognized subspecies, although I reported them as evening grosbeaks simply, which was then the only species described for this country (*C. vespertinus*). The Western evening grosbeak, however, had been recognized by Ridgway in 1874 (Hist. N. Am. Birds, Land Birds, I., 449), and it was finally revived by Mearns in 1890 (*Auk*, VII., 246). So all that I then said about the evening grosbeak must now be taken as referring to the above-mentioned Western subspecies.

My two cage birds died eventually, and the taxidermist at the U. S. National Museum mounted them, and they are now in the exhibition cases in the ornithological department of that institution. I have two other fine mounted Western evening grosbeaks in my own private collection that I shot and brought with me from New Mexico; they are especially dark ones selected from a large series. Of these I once made a life-size colored drawing, representing the birds on the partly dead limbs of the red cedar, of the berries of which tree they are very fond. Subsequently this colored drawing had quite a history, for after it was framed it fell into the hands of the Goths and Vandals—children who knew just enough of the value of ornithological plates to be dangerous, but who knew not an evening grosbeak when they saw it, or for the matter of that not five and twenty other American birds—and mutilation was the natural consequence. It escaped final destruction, however, and what unthinking hands can easily accomplish in the way of vandalism an artist can often restore, and this is what I had to do. My picture is now not only restored, but has an account of the aforesaid vandalism appended to it in addition and as a matter of historical interest. A few days ago I photographed this colored drawing of mine, considerably reducing it in size, and the half-tone that illustrates the present contribution was made from this photograph.

There are a number of birds in our avifauna of whose nesting habits we know little or nothing, and in this category stand the evening grosbeaks. I have written to a few of my friends about this matter to gain some idea of our present knowledge in the premises, for personally I have never seen either the nest or the eggs of this species. Mr. L. M. Loomis, who is now doing so much for us with the Pacific Coast seafowl, wrote me back that he had not even seen the species alive, and so knew personally nothing of its nidology. In the meantime comes a letter from Major Bendire, than whom there is no better authority in the country on this subject, and he writes me: "As far as I know there are no fully identified eggs of the evening grosbeak in collections, and in fact there appears to be little if anything known about the breeding range of this species. Somewhat more is known about the Western evening grosbeak's nesting habits, and both Mr. John Swinburn, formerly of Holbrook, Apache county, Ariz., as well as Mr. E. H. Fiske, of Yolo county, Cal., published by Walter Bryant, claim to have taken their nest and eggs. The last record you can find in *Bull. California Academy of Sciences*, II., 8, published in 1887; the former in one of the early numbers of the *Nuttall Bulletin* or the *Auk*. You can hunt this up yourself. As far as my observations go, I question both of these records and take little or no stock in them. I have shot young birds of *C. v. montanus*, but a few days out of the nest, near Fort Klamath in the late summer of 1883, which is as near as I ever came to finding the nest. The Eastern species probably breeds entirely north of the United States, in the mountainous regions, where little or no collecting has as yet been done."

A few days after receiving this valuable letter there came another to me from Mr. A. W. Anthony, an authority who has contributed much to your knowledge of Western ornithology. In his very interesting letter Mr. Anthony says: "I am afraid that the information that I can't give regarding *C. vespertina* would prove far more interesting. However, you are welcome to what little I can furnish. As for eggs, I cannot tell of a single set that I would like to indorse—but they may have a few for all that. Several years ago Mr. Bryant, of Oakland, published an account of a set of the Western race, and afterward told me more of the details; the eggs were shaken from the nest and broken so that none of the fragments were saved. The boy who found them afterward described them to B. from memory, and they were from that data put on record. Bryant, I think, had no doubt as to their being true evening grosbeak, and as I do not at this time recall who it was that found the set, I would not like to discredit the discovery. In Oregon I found the species very abundant about the streets of Portland, making a very agreeable substitute for the English sparrow of most cities; they were remarkably tame, and especially about the streets where maples were used for shade trees were to be found all winter. They were less common outside of the city, but often seen throughout the country until March or April; they then left the city and were rare everywhere, though small flocks and pairs were seen until June or later. The last season spent at Beaverton, eight miles west of Portland, I saw a few until July; they were, as they always are, in the fir growth, very high up in the tops of the largest trees, and would have been overlooked had it not been for their clear, ringing call notes. I did not see a single bird near enough to the ground to shoot. If they bred there, and I think they did, they must have built fully 200ft. or more from the ground in thick firs. This may account for the lack of eggs in collections. If the species was found

EVENING GROSBEAKS.

after July they must have been silent, for I do not recall any after that month.

"There may be even a number of authenic sets among the small collections on this coast, for the species breeds from central California north, and is so common that it would be strange if some one has not found them; but I have not seen much of the species, and know but little regarding it, and nothing regarding any sets that may possibly be in collections.

"Mr. A. M. Ingersoll is much better posted on what is to be found in the collections of this coast and I will question him regarding them. I am sorry that I am unable to furnish so little data personally.

"P. S.—Mr. Ingersoll says he does not know of a set of grosbeak's eggs on the coast. He is personally acquainted with the person who found the set mentioned by Bryant and thinks it is all right."

Now here is an opportunity for work on the part of some young enterprising nidologist, and there is no question but that good, reliable accounts of the nesting habits of our species of *Coccothraustes* stand among other needed desiderata to fill in the gaps existing in the life histories of our North American birds.

A Texas Deer Head.

LANSING, Mich., April 18.—A few weeks ago I wrote you about the antlers of a buck which had thirty-six points. This was called out by a note in FOREST AND STREAM, calling attention to a pair of antlers with twenty-six points. Mr. C. J. Davis, of Lansing, has just returned from a somewhat extended trip through Texas and the Southwest, and to-day he has left at my office a photograph taken by Barr, Main Plaza, San Antonio, of the head and antlers of a common Virginia buck, which is way ahead of anything that I have ever heard of. The head seems to be of about an average size, it is mounted on a long neck, on a shield, representing a huge star, I suppose an emblem of the Lone Star State. The antlers are quite large, and on the shield the number of points is stated to be seventy-eight. I can count seventy on the photograph. It is really a remarkable head. Such a head and such antlers deserve a place among the record breakers of America. JULIAN.

[We have already illustrated this head.]

Soaring Birds.

Editor Forest and Stream:

If Mr. O. H. Hampton will procure a copy of "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge," No. 884—"The Internal Work of the Mind," by Prof. S P. Langley—he will find therein a scientific discussion of the soaring of birds. SEXTANT.

PARTRIDGE DIVING AND BUDDING.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Why is it that none of the numerous writers in the FOREST AND STREAM, who are generally able and interesting, whether sportamen or men who have made birds and their habits a study, has ever mentioned the habit of the partridge (*Bonasa umbellus*) as to diving and budding?

Perhaps the birds are so nearly exterminated that these have become "lost arts;" but hardly.

The diving is done after a fall of light or dry snow, not less than 10 or 12in. in depth. They fly in on a slant, leaving a mark about the size of a man's boot. Their object seems to be protection from the cold, also from the sight of the owl or hunter. But this protection sometimes becomes their tomb, as when the snowstorm is followed by rain and severe cold a crust is formed that all the captive's efforts to escape will be unavailing, unless, as sometimes happens, they burrow or tunnel to a more protected spot, where the crust is thinner, as under the branches of a conifer or mass of clustering vines. But should reynard happen near, the poor bird's fate is soon sealed.

They usually dive in a small clear space near a thicket, and should the hunter approach, the bird, hearing his footsteps, bursts out with a whir, scattering the snow in all directions, and is out of sight before the surprised hunter thinks of his gun, and if he does what will it avail? For we boys of sixty years ago had only Queen Anne's arm with flint locks, and never heard nor thought of wing shooting; in fact, generally shot from a rest alongside of a tree, if nothing better offered. But don't think we got less game than at present, with our double-barreled hammerless, pistol grip, top action, patent fore end and Damascus steel breechloaders; for the game was there and we shot to kill—not for sport.

Another thing that is seldom or never spoken of is partridge budding. This occurs in late winter or early springtime. But objection is made that it is in the close season. Very true; and if that is the reason budding time is not known to sportsmen of the present day, so much the better; for it should be strictly observed for all kinds of game and fish, and more than that, all spring shooting should be abolished by law and in practice.

Having recently returned from Atlantic City, where every morning (except Sundays) the bang! bang! of ducking guns were heard, it became very annoying; but when an examination of the birds killed showed that there were nothing but coots in the lot—a bird unfit to eat—indignation somewhat abated. But still spring shooting is wrong in principle.

When we were boys, some fifty or sixty years ago—more or less, rather more than less—in the days of company and general training, when every one subject to military duty had to meet at a named rendezvous twice each year armed and equipped according to law, which meant musket with iron or steel ramrod and two flints, and knapsack, or be fined, it was not difficult for the boys to obtain a gun from some one to hunt partridges with in the budding time.

The usual time for the birds to appear in the apple trees was about an hour before sunset, and if they were not disturbed they would fill their crops with the swelling apple blossom buds, and be back at their roosting places before dark.

When we had learned of their visiting an orchard, and usually some particular tree or trees in the orchard—for they seemed to like the buds on some of the trees better than others—and the old flintlock having been previously loaded with 4in. of powder, wads and shot, or bits of lead, and secretly taken from the wooden hooks where it was usually kept, we would begin the silent tramp, hoping that no other boy had our knowledge of the situation and had stolen a march on us. If too early and no birds were there, and there was no other party in sight, a hiding place was sought and the coming of the birds was waited for with bated breath and watchful eyes. Sometimes the birds came singly, thus giving time to reload after the first fire. But generally two, three or more came at once, and only one was killed; but it has been said that when several come together, shoot the one on the lowest branch and the others would not fly.

Certainly this manner of killing game was very unsportsmanlike and quite contrary to our present game laws and close season, which have been so tinkered as to be almost unintelligible; but at the time referred to game laws and close seasons were not known nor thought of.

It is encouraging to think our best and truest sportsmen are quite generally opposed to spring shooting and have abandoned it. Would that the head man in our Government was of like opinion, or rather practice, for certainly every man's honest opinion must be, no spring shooting.

POUGHKEEPSIE, May. J. H. D.

A Few Animal Notes.

READING in FOREST AND STREAM of April 18 Mr. N. D. Elting's account of a cat opening the door made me think of one that I saw in New Jersey in an old colonial house, where most of the doors had the old-fashioned thumb-latch. The cat was a tailless Angora and she used to open the doors whenever they pushed the right way.

To-day I saw a peculiar looking squirrel; it was gray except for a streak of red down the back. He had lost 2in. of his tail and what was left was gray. In all respects but color he was an ordinary red squirrel or hemlock squirrel, as some call them.

I believe the red squirrels often lose a part or the whole of their tails in fighting. Probably in being chased by an antagonist, they often get away with their life, but not their tail. I have seen them absolutely tailless, and do not know how else to account for it.

I have repeatedly found chipmunks with a large grub-worm living in their navel, and conspicuous from the outside.

Speaking of intelligence and instinct, I would like to mention the remarkable instinct of our old horse, who always knows when Sunday comes, and on that day turns up the street to the church. All other days he trots along by to the post office. He either hears the church bell ring or else notices we have on our best Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes.

Living as I do on Lake Champlain, there is no doubt in my mind that the smelt lives in those waters the year through, and in that I bear out my friend Mr. B. Bishop. C. D. B.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

WOODLAND BIRD NOTES.—II.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., April 19.—Nature, who is a fickle creature at any time, has certainly shown herself in queer moods this spring. The warm wave which swept over the country has wrought sudden changes in bird and plant life. In spite of the heat on April 18, I took gun in hand and went on a collecting expedition. The winter birds that were so abundant on my last trip have quite disappeared, and their places have been filled by the increasing of our summer residents and regular migrants. The cousins of the chippy, the field sparrows, were very numerous, flying in large flocks on the border of the woods and fields. Among these flocks were many song, chipping and vesper sparrows, and here and there a straggling junco, who, being separated from his fellows, was making his way to his northern home, leisurely.

Immense flocks of bronzed and purple grackles, red-winged and rusty blackbirds, cowbirds and meadowlarks occupied the fields and swamps. Numerous varieties of warblers swarmed in the bushes and trees, but they are so lively and shy that they are very difficult to collect or identify. One of them, however, which was more abundant than the others, and perhaps less shy, was a well-known one, the black and white creeping warbler, whose name describes him very well. He spends most of his time in trees looking for food, but nests upon the ground about the last of May or the first of June, and is a rather rare summer resident on the Sound—only one nest being found (containing young birds) by myself last year. Ascending a small brook I came upon a pair of Louisiana water-thrushes, a bird very interesting to me and very abundant in this neighborhood. This is the most northern part of his range and does not occur further north than Connecticut, as he belongs to the Carolinian fauna.

This thrush-like warbler is one of the strange combinations we sometimes find in nature, being in customs and habits the representative of three distinct families, the warbler, the thrush and the snipe. He is a lover of forest streams and is very seldom found anywhere else, except in their neighborhood. He runs over the miniature beaches and shoals like a true snipe, uttering a peep, peep, bobbing his tail and head with the peculiar teetering motion of the snipe. At times he will fly up into the trees and sing in rich, flute-like notes as a thrush does. His throat is white, breast saffron spotted with brown, back of head, back and wings olive-brown. He builds his nest under the banks of streams or in hollow logs lodged in them, about May 15–30. He arrives in the neighborhood of New Rochelle about the middle of April and returns South the end of September. The Louisiana water-thrush is very rare on Long Island (Chapman), but on August 29, 1895, I saw five birds among a flock of snipe on Bayshore Creek, Bayshore, L. I.; I secured two out of the five. Closely related to this warbler is the water-thrush, like him in every respect, except that his breast and throat are lemon color, and he is only a migrant here, nesting from Massachusetts northward. They pass through here about May 15–20, and return again in the fall.

EDWIN IRVINE HAINES.

Hairy Woodpecker as Flycatcher.

DURING the past week while standing in front of my house I saw a bird fly from the trunk of a tree a few feet and return. At first I thought it was one of the flycatchers, but on walking up within 20ft. of the tree I saw that the bird was a hairy woodpecker (*Dryobates villosus*), and to my surprise it went through the same motion as at first attracted my attention, again returning to the same tree. I saw that it had caught an insect of some kind and after eating it again repeated the performance, only that it flew much further than a rod to secure its prey and alight on the next tree beside the walk. In trying to get near enough to see what it had caught, I frightened him (it was a male bird) and he took his captive to other fields to devour. I have often seen the English sparrow imitate the flycatchers by taking the small moths on the wing, I had never before seen one of the *Picidæ* family in the flycatcher rôle.

In the case of the English sparrow I have often wondered if they caught the moths to eat or for persecution, as they do not seem to know what to do with them after they get them. I once watched a male sparrow for half an hour after he had caught one and the moth was very lively when I took my last look at them.

J. L. DAVISON.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., April 20.

New York Bird Notes.

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., April 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* It seems strange to read in FOREST AND STREAM accounts from Maine telling how the snow is 3ft. deep on the ground when in this vicinity spring has at last got her "grip." Dog-wood and apple blossoms, violets, marsh-marigolds, adder-tongues and many other flowers fill the fields, woods and swamps. Birds are very numerous, as can be seen from the following list, seen during the last two weeks: Purple grackle, robin, song, field, swamp, chipping and vesper sparrows, red-winged blackbird, rusty blackbird, bronzed grackle, flicker, Louisiana water-thrush, black and white warbler, cowbird, barn-swallow (just arrived), bobolink (just arrived), meadow-lark, kingfisher, hermit thrush, yellow-palm warbler, myrtle warbler, towhee (just arrived).

On April 23, I found a bluebird's nest with five eggs and a crow's with six. On walking through Pelham Bay Park to-day (April 24) I was surprised to hear the bob-white of the quail, and upon investigation I found a nice little covey of from eight to ten quail; perhaps they will nest there.

EDWIN I. HAINES.

The Linnæan Society of New York.

REGULAR meetings of the society will be held at the American Museum of Natural History, Seventy-seventh street and Eighth avenue, on Tuesday evenings, May 12 and 26, at 8 o'clock.

May 12—Edwin I. Haines, "The Starlings at Home and Abroad."

May 26—Frank M. Chapman, "Notes on Birds Observed in Yucatan."

WALTER W. GRANGER, Sec'y.

AMER. MUSEUM OF NAT. HISTORY.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the earliest by Mon day and as much earlier as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

IN THE ROCKIES.

CLARK'S FORK CAÑON, Montana, Sept. 18, 1895.—*My Dear Sammy:* This is the first opportunity I have had to send you a few notes since leaving Philadelphia on the 11th inst. As you are familiar with the route taken I won't pause too long in describing the many beautiful places along the line. Still when I consider the many courtesies shown our party I can't refrain from telling you, because I know it will touch a tender spot in your heart, as it will in the hearts of others. First allow me to introduce to you my companions, H. W. H., alias Pop, and N. M. W., alias Judge, both of York, Pa., and genial and companionable Dr. D. P. M., alias Doc, of Chester, Pa. (Doc, you remember, was with me last year in the wilds of Minnesota); and lastly, yours truly, alias Capt. These aliases I will explain to you later on.

Our route lay over the picturesque Baltimore & Ohio Railroad to Chicago, and what a charming ride it is. Almost every spot along it is familiar to me, especially in the bass and trout fishing districts. These things alone are enough to make me use this road, as I have taken many a large and gamy bass from nearby waters in days gone by. The same thing may also be said of the Wisconsin Central road. For the sportsman it is the most accommodating line out of Chicago to St. Paul. They, like the B. & O., will carry, and did carry for us, free of charge, all our camp outfit, dogs and baggage, etc. The trainmen are kind and considerate to dogs and take the best care of them, often dividing their lunch with them. You would be in your element in this State, Sammy, as the bass fishing all along the line of the Wisconsin Central is great.

When we reached Waukesha Doc got mixed up with a bridal party and received a handful of rice down his back and had his off ear nearly taken away with an old shoe; "they mistook him for the groom." I can't understand why this should have occurred, as the groom was a fairly good-looking man.

We left Chicago at 6:05 P. M. and arrived in St. Paul on time, had an excellent breakfast on the train. At 10 o'clock we marched in a body to call on Mr. Charles S. Fee, of the Northern Pacific Road, who was to send us over his road to Red Lodge, Montana. As that worthy gentleman was out of town, we were introduced to Mr. B. N. Austin, the Assistant General Passenger Agent, and a man whom every sportsman traveling in that country should know. He knows more duck and geese resorts than any man in Minnesota. And I desire to extend to him my deepest gratitude and thanks for the many kindnesses shown us. And also to thank him and the gentlemanly trainmen for kindnesses and courtesies extended to us all along the line. They did everything possible for us in the way of putting us on to good shooting grounds for ducks and chickens. Offered decoys, ammunition, etc., etc., and I really believe would have enjoyed killing them for us too. It does make a fellow feel good to have a man open his heart to you as Mr. Austin did to us, strangers and far from home.

We left St. Paul at 4:50 P. M. The ride through Minnesota and the Dakotas was an interesting one; we saw quite a number of chickens along the line, yet I scarcely think so many as last year. The crops through this section were phenomenally large this season and prices next to nothing. One farmer told me he had 1,000 bushels of potatoes and he couldn't get 5 cents a bushel for them, in fact he guessed he wouldn't dig them at all. We stopped over at Dawson for a day's shooting, and Doc and I had one of the most delightful days with chickens and ducks I ever remember having. Pop and Ben were handicapped by having two dogs that were worthless, one being blind and the other lame and deaf. However, they brought to bag about all they saw, fifteen chickens. Doc and I had a very good dog, though a little lame in one foot. However, we had the good luck to come across a slough with two small lakes and it was literally alive with ducks, which probably had never been shot at. No, they were not tame ducks. Well, we had sport fast and furious, having eight and ten ducks down at one time. They would fly from one lake to another, giving us all sorts of shooting. Result of day's work, forty-five ducks and thirteen chickens. Recollections of this day's shooting will ever linger in my memory, not even the landlord's bill can erase it. We left Dawson next morning bright and early, and were glad when we crossed the line into what is destined to become one of the greatest States in the Union—Montana, meaning "of or belonging to the mountains," or in Indian, To Yabe-Shock Up, which translated means about the same thing. "The country of the mountains" is well named. There are many interesting places along the line, among them the different military posts. At Billings we left the main line of the Northern Pacific. Billings is the county seat of Yellowstone county, with a population of 2,600 people, and is situated at the first crossing of the beautiful Yellowstone River. It is a growing town and is the largest wool shipping point in the State. Situated at the mouth of the famous Yellowstone Valley, with an irrigating ditch thirty-nine miles in length, besides Cañon Creek and other streams, and only a few hours' drive from the once famous Crow Indian Reservation, now thrown open to settlement, it offers many inducements to settlers. There are many ardent sportsmen living there too, and foremost among them stands Mr. John D. Losekamp, of whom I shall tell you later. Next morning we left Billings about 8 o'clock over the Rocky Fork and Cooke City branch. It was an uphill pull all the way and a tedious ride, so different from the ride through the Yellowstone Valley, which is one of the most beautiful I have ever had. The Northern Pacific enters this valley near Glendive and runs to Livingstone, a distance of 341 miles. You can't imagine a more fascinating ride, and there is game all along the line.

After leaving Laurel on the branch road Doc was taking in the country from the rear of the car, and in his vain endeavor to attract the attention of a young squaw on a pony he lost his hat. Ben, who was an eye-witness to the proceeding, says he threw it at her. Result, had to buy another at Red Lodge, which town we reached after many delays. Our first break was for the hotel, where we met for the first time our guide, Ed. E. Van Dyke. After dinner we proceeded to view the town. Red Lodge has a population of 1,300, and is built all over the country, without any regularly laid out streets, but houses just dumped down promiscuously. It is principally a coal mining camp, employing about 300 miners, and is an outlet to a rich surrounding country. There has been much irrigating done here, in which Buffalo Bill is largely interested. We pulled out of Red Lodge Tuesday, Sept. 17, at noon, headed by Van Dyke, with the Kid as cook and Lee as helper, saddle and pack horses numbering eighteen. It was a jolly crowd, and an experience new to both Pop and Ben. In single file we took the trail southwest out of the town and began the ascent of the mountains; the sun was warm, the air clear and pure. Oh, what a treat after having traveled nearly 2 000 miles in stuffy cars. Being in the saddle reminded Pop of the time he spent in the saddle with Kilpatrick in the South fighting, though I assure you the animal he rides now is not a cross-eyed mule such as he rode then. Some day I will tell you about that mule as he told it to me, also to what purpose he rode him.

First camp was made on Cold Creek, in the Bear Tooth Mountains, a most charming spot. After unpacking the horses we had our first meal out from civilization, and were ready to turn in by 8 o'clock. Right here is where our lamb-skin sleeping bags came in. Crawling down into them, we lay on the ground and slept with no discomfort whatever.

And shall I ever forget the glorious sunrise next morning. We were at an elevation of about 7,000ft., and looking across the Bad Lands, we had an unobstructed view of mountain ranges 200 miles distant. The whole heavens toward the east seemed on fire.

After breakfast breaking camp and packing horses began, while I proceeded to photograph our first camp.

The trail over the plain toward the west was a fairly good one. On this ride we had extreme thirst and not very copious perspiration. Every stream we came to, and they were numerous, we had to drink. About 1 o'clock we sighted a small bunch of antelope. Dock and Pop tried them at long range and threw dirt all around them; Ben, who was bringing up the rear, also emptied his magazine at a long distance of probably 300yds., and after doing so they immediately turned and ran up an old creek bed to within 50ft. of him. Imagine his disgust. He had no more shells, thus escaping the first meat. Nothing of interest occurred until we reached the entrance to Clark's Fork Cañon, about 5 P. M. The trail here is the worst we have yet encountered, and I assure you we all, that is all the dudes, dismounted and preferred to take our chances on foot, not having had the opportunity to know fully to what extent our horses could go without a tumble.

I give this letter to a prospector who is going into Red Lodge for grub. I shall more than likely send or take the next one to Cooke City to post. Yours as ever,

WABASH.

HIGH CAMP, Rocky Mountain Divide, Sept. 25, 1895.—*My Dear Sammy:* When I last wrote you we were camped in Clark's Fork Cañon. And I believe I promised to describe it to you, if such a thing be possible. It is simply an elysium for the fisherman, and I don't known that I can better describe it than to repeat what Doc has said to me on several occasions. Positively he is Clark's Fork Cañon crazy. Get him started and he talks as follows: "Clark's Fork Cañon! How shall I attempt to describe it? Never did I so acutely realize the poverty of my vocabulary and of language itself as when I attempt to put in words some adequate conception of its majestic beauty. Nor am I entirely a novice in the mountains. I have three times crossed the Rockies. I have seen the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, the Weber, the Yellowstone, the Black and the Eagle cañons, as well as many other mountain gems of the Sierras and Rockies, but here is one comparatively unknown that surpasses them all; and as it suddenly burst upon our astonished and enraptured gaze, such was the vision of grandeur and beauty, we were awed into silent reverence. I imagine—no, I hardly dare impose the task upon those who have not seen it; but if there be a keener and more exalted faculty than imagination, try and exercise it to get some slight conception of this jewel of the mountains. I have seen longer cañons. The Grand Cañon of the Colorado has higher walls, but none combine, all in one, its beauties of form, color and contour.

"The entrance to this cañon from the northeast is through a steep rocky gorge, through which flows the rapid, noisy, crystal river, Clark's Fork." [I can't resist the temptation to interrupt the lecturer and tell you about the glorious fishing we had here, every time we made a cast in any of the pools in this stream we were rewarded with a mad rush, a swirl, a strike, and then the fun began; result, one of those beautiful salmon trout weighing from 1 to 6lbs. Ah, Sammy! you would have been in your element here. To hook one of those spotted darlings weighing 4 or 5lbs. was to live.]

"As we approached the gap in the mountains where the cañon proper began, our attention was attracted by the almost perpendicular wall to our left; soon this became straighter and smoother, until it stood as erect as a house wall, a palisade of solid rock, at the base of which flowed the river. Further on the palisades grew higher, ranging (according to our guide) from 1,000 to 3,000ft. above the base of the cañon. Here we noticed some of the same coloring effect that appears on the famous terraces of the Yellowstone Park, but instead of being localized it ran in broad bands across the face of this gigantic wall of rock; in some places a great variety of color and tints, pink, red, blue, orange, yellow, salmon, brown and white, each tint preserving its originality, but all so curiously and capriciously blended, and on such a beautiful and gigantic scale, as if the parting kiss of some glorious sunset had left the imprint of its rays. Capping this palisade were what on study proved to be conglomerate formations, but which appeared as castles, forts and palaces. If they had actually existed as such, they could not have looked more real and certainly not so beautiful. Terrace gardens, with statuary; bow windows and protecting wings; ramparts, turrets, towers, even moats and drawbridges, all seemed so perfectly outlined through the transparent air that it required a mental effort to convince one that they were not veritable creations of man instead of the decorative work of the Great Spirit.

"Above these weird formations which capped a large part of the palisade was a scattering growth of evergreen trees, forming a fitting frame to the sublime picture, and above these trees, in many places, shining against the azure sky, the eternal snow, a fitting crown for this picture let down from the gallery of heaven. At the foot of the

palisades, so close that they seemed to grow out of it, was the river, here looking green from the shadow, but the water as clear as crystal and as cold as ice. There were at every few hundred feet huge boulders and masses of detached rock formed pools which proved ideal loafing places for the trout, which we knew from experience were there.

"The right wall of the cañon was neither so high nor so perpendicular, but down its sides every few hundred yards came tumbling and falling tiny mountain brooks, some of them piercing the solid rock in their descent and then reappearing. One I recall that had dug for itself a well, and then disappeared. The cañon ends as a box cañon, as if nature had marked this private park of hers 'No thoroughfare.'"

On the right there is a mountain called "Van Dyke's Causeway," nearer the perpendicular than anything I ever attempted to ascend—except an elevator. This mountain, we were told, we had to go up in order to get out of the cañon, and Van said: "Boys, when you get half-way up stop and look back, and it'll make your hair curl." I remained behind, in order to photograph the outfit when half-way up. They started in all right, but before they were one-third the way I could see them, one and all, getting a firm hold on the tails of their horses. Thought I, if those fellows are compelled to do that in order to ascend, with nothing to carry but themselves, what will it be for me, with camera, rifle, etc.? I watched them until they reached the top and disappeared. Then, packing up my kit, I started on the ascent. Before I had gotten half the distance I realized what was before me. How I wished a horse's tail to hang on to, or anything that would lift or pull. I would have to stop on an average of every 25ft. to get my wind. When two-thirds the way had been climbed I heard a stream of water pouring down the mountain side, and on making a sharp turn came in sight of it. How refreshing and cool and inviting it looked! I made an extra effort to reach it, and when I did it was to drink my fill. I don't think water ever tasted so good before. I rested here for fully fifteen minutes, and took my last look at Clark's Fork Cañon.

On reaching the top I found Ben waiting for me. Bookie, my broncho, was getting impatient, as the outfit had gone on to find a suitable place to camp before darkness set in. Then began a ride such as I never had before. Carrying camera and plates was no easy task astride of Bookie that afternoon. He was in a terrific hurry to "catch up." When he finally got quieted down a little I began to take observations, and all along this trail one could have picked up a carload of elk horns and some sheep horns. Here we sighted our first elk. Pop and Van tried to stalk him, but Pop had to fall out, as he couldn't keep Van's pace. Van soon came within shooting distance, but as the head was not a fine one he would not kill the game; the meat, of course, at that time was not good, and it was a written law among us to kill nothing we could not use.

As it was getting late and the pack train restless and tired, we made camp. The weather looked threatening, so we pitched our tent. Snow fell during the night and until about 10 o'clock Saturday morning. Hunted a little, but signs of game were few. Remained in camp until Sunday A. M., when we broke and started on. A most singular thing about the snows in this country—the mountains north, east and south are covered with snow, while those lying in a belt west by south are perfectly bare, no snow having fallen on them.

The wind was blowing a gale. At 1 o'clock we began the descent of another mountain, not quite so steep as the one we had gone up a few days before.

When we reached the creek at the foot of this mountain, we followed the worst piece of trail we have yet encountered. The heavy rains and wind some weeks before had made windfalls and washouts that seemed almost insurmountable. In crossing one bad place I looked back, and Doc was doing a horizontal bar act on an overhanging limb, having been caught under the chin, and to save himself "caught on."

A little further on a huge pine had fallen across the trail and we had to jump it. All cleared it nicely but Ben, and when his horse jumped Ben began to climb the pummel of his saddle. He declares that had it not have had three stories to it he would have had to move out. About 2:30 we came out into one of the most beautiful valleys I have ever seen. Fenced in by nature with mountains almost perpendicular, east and west, with a stream of pure mountain water clear as crystal flowing through it, the spot was most picturesque and lovely. Here could be made one of the finest natural game preserves in the world, and with but little labor and expense. The creek could be stopped easily. It is positively a dream of a place. Already some one has realized the same thing, as it has been settled upon, but the tenant had perhaps become tired of solitude and gone into civilization for the winter. The cabin stands empty and the potato crop remains undug. Wishing to see what the soil would produce, we dismounted and dug a few potatoes. They were as large and beautiful as I had ever seen in any market. It is so quiet here, with not a sound save the rushing waters of the creek, that I have called it Peaceful Valley. Looking back from here the mountains are white with snow, yet not a flake is to be seen here.

At this point we cross the creek, following the trail west by southwest, and pass many cattle grazing. Here and there we find a pond or, as they call them here, lakes. From the grass in one of them jumped two mallards, making noise enough for a bunch of twenty. How I did wish for my 12 guage! I feel quite sure we would have had roast duck for dinner, and I assure you we wanted fresh meat badly. The country passed through after leaving the creek was not much broken. Van tells me these lakes in the spring are full of water and that ducks and geese by the million congregate here for a short sojourn on their way north. Of course it goes without saying that here they are never disturbed. The pot-hunter has not yet arrived, but he will come all in good time.

Should the railroads enter this country, as they undoubtedly will, then good-by to all the quiet undisturbed haunts as they exist now. Speaking of railroads entering this country reminds me that, from observations taken thus far, it seems to me that the most feasible route the Northern Pacific road can take from Red Lodge into Cooke City is up the Clark's Fork Cañon. It is much the better and cheaper route, according to excellent authority. There is also another route much easier than attempting the Park Route; of this I shall write you later on.

About 4 o'clock we again crossed the creek and begin the ascent. On our right is what appears to be a walled inclosure to some great park. The rocks, so perfectly formed in stratified layers or blocks, appear like some master work of huge masonry.

Traveling on now due west, scene after scene of beauty, like some ever-changing panorama, greet the eye. No matter how tired and hungry we are, there is ever something new and beautiful to attract our attention, and for the time both hunger and fatigue are forgotten.

> "I live not in myself, I become
> Portion of that around me; and to me
> High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
> Of human cities torture."

At 5 o'clock we camp in the foothills in sight of old Bear Tooth Mountain, whose summit capped with snow glistens like polished silver. We are fast approaching the very heart of this delightful country—delightful alike to the sportsman, the invalid, the pleasure-seeker, the geologist, the botanist and the naturalist. There are many rare finds here for the geologist and mineralogist. Pop is not feeling well to-night, has a touch of the "rheumatiz," so Doc has brought forth several bottles of sugar pills and a canteen of witch hazel; and while he feeds the patient on pills I rub his knee with the liquid, and he likes it so well that we have trouble to break away. After bandaging the joint with red flannel we put him in his sleeping bag, buckle him in, and in ten minutes you would think a tugboat was laboring to get up stream.

Monday dawned bright and beautiful; broke camp about 9 o'clock; jumped half a dozen blacktail deer just after starting from camp. Moving on, we follow the creek for several miles; saw plenty of elk, deer, sheep and bear sign. I was much amused on this trail. There was a mountain I will call the Sphinx, which seemed to travel as rapidly as we did. I would exclaim to Doc, "Now we have passed by it," when a slight turn in the trail would so place us that the blamed thing was ahead of us again. Honestly, Sammy, I thought we would never get away from that pile of rock; however, a sharp turn in the trail took us away from it for a time.

Camped at 5:30 on the creek. Here Pop had more pills and another bath, with massage treatment. Got an early start Tuesday, as we have a long, hard climb. We are now fast approaching the Rocky Mountain Divide, and which we will cross about 2 o'clock, 13,000ft. high! Sammy, think of it, and wind up here on the divide is blowing a howling gale.

What a mighty scene this is! What a creation! and how infinitely small and insignificant is man. The day is perfect, and from here one can see Pilot Peak, Index Peak, Tower Mountain, Republic Divide, Sheep Mountains, Grand Mountains, Mount Jones, Fremont's Peak, highest in Wyoming, situated on the divide between Wind and Green rivers, whose waters empty into the Missouri and Colorado rivers; Bear Tooth, highest in Montana, in the Saw Tooth Range; Dead Injun, Haystack, and away down in Idaho looms up the Saw Tooth Range. We stood here and felt as though our bodies were entirely too small to allow the lungs to take in all the air we wanted. We simply breathed on in silent admiration. Words could not be formed that would express all we desired to say. As we were getting chilled through we moved on and camped in the cañon or basin over the divide.

We are now in the game country. Will tell you all about it in my next. WABASH.

BIG RIFLES FOR BIG GAME.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There is only one side to this question of cannon vs. pop-gun. Give me the cannon every time. I want a weapon that will get there with approximate adjacency. I want a weapon that will persuade the animal to pause and reflect. A man who would select a .44-40 rifle as a proper prescription for an adult moose or caribou ought not to be allowed to run at large in the woods. He is irresponsible and should be impounded.

It is perfectly feasible for a good marksman to bag his game at 300yds. and even 400, if the conditions of weather, time and place are right, and he has the right kind of gun. I am only a plain farmer of a shooting turn of mind, and I wear rock maple pants that have a tendency to cling to my neck, and I live in a land where the flint-lock blooms and blossoms in perennial youth; but I should, in my humble way, feel a large degree of ante-mortem grief for the unrepentant moose who showed up in front of my .45-85 Martini within that range. But in the case of Cecil Clay and his .44-40 I should not squander any sorrow on the moose. Any tears I had to shed would be shed for Capt. Clay.

Mr. Irland, of Washington, is a rattling good rifle shot, who can disseminate more sudden death in leaden form per minute than any one I know of. He is not driven to the use of artillery for any personal reasons. He is also a man of humane feelings, who has escaped the great American national malady of swelled head of which some of us are victims, and he knows precisely what he is talking about with regard to the effect of various doses of powder and lead upon the structure of moose and caribou. Mr. Irland had a race with a bull moose down here a spell ago for the unpaced flying-start mile record. Mr. Irland was geared to .45-85, but he concluded that the moose was geared up to .45-120, so he has changed his gear to that figure. He also had an argument with a buck caribou which, after receiving four applications of .45 85-325 at a range of 50yds., still stood up and disputed the right of way. Mr. Irland, as usual, had the best of the argument, but the caribou gave the audience a wonderful object lesson in animal vitality.

I wonder if any of our callow friends who shout for the .44-40 ever take into consideration the element of wind to which Mr. Irland refers. There is almost always, even when not apparent to the shooter, some motion to the air, and the bullet drifts to leeward during its flight just as fast as the wind does. The longer the bullet takes to reach the mark the more it will stray from the straight and narrow road that leads to the bullseye. In the mildest of summer zephyrs the .44-40 bullet, besides dropping several feet in going 200yds., will be "wafted" out of its course about 1ft., and in a stiff September breeze 3ft. would not be an excessive estimate. Perhaps Cecil Clay shot his running moose in a gale of wind and thus the bullet drifted to leeward at the same rate as the moose.

It is a mistake to suppose that these knitting needle guns with smokeless powder will not shoot straight. It is true the weapon with the unpronounceable name adopted by the American military authorities has proved to be a failure when tested on the range, but that is not the case with the Lebel rifle, nor the Lee-Metford, used by the French and English armies. In England last year a battalion team of eight men shooting at Queen's ranges (200, 500 and 600yds.) averaged 96 points, which is ahead of any previous record made with an open-sighted military arm. No one would recommend a .30-cal. rifle, no matter what its accuracy and penetration, for killing big game. A dog was shot in this town the other day with two of these bullets, and the next night after that he was able to resume business at the same old stand and howl at the moon in the same old saddening way.

That a great many game animals are missed and maimed every year owing to bad marksmanship cannot be denied. The average city sport is a very indifferent shot, and his so-called guide would miss the Rocky Mountains if he didn't have a tree to lean his gun against. The man who has learned by careful and conscientious practice on the range how to handle a rifle will discount the Indian or the bushman every time. He will assume the easiest available position; he will judge the distance with reasonable certainty; he will allow for windage if the wind is blowing across the bullet's path; he will vary the elevation according to the light; he will hold his rifle plumb and cold; brain and eye and hand will work in unison; he will not flinch at the anticipated recoil; he will aim straight and keep aiming until the hammer falls. He may be a trifle slow, but he is going to place that bullet very close to the right spot. Some years of observation on the range and in the woods have convinced me that genuine skill with the rifle is a certificate of intelligence. No man with hayseed in his whiskers ever won the Queen's prize, or ever will. It is usually a certificate of manhood as well, for the mastery of the rifle calls for patience, pluck and purpose.

Isn't it queer how few of the world's great literary lights, of past and present times, know anything of marksmanship. Scott thinks it perfectly feasible that an archer should be able to "notch the shaft" of his rival at 100 paces in a shooting contest. Cooper sees no difficulty in a man with a flint-lock musket puncturing two potatoes thrown in the air with a single bullet, or shooting eagles on the wing. Even our own Conan Doyle describes the bowmen of the White Company as dropping storks and hawks on the wing at near 100 paces, and as shooting a string of arrows in quick succession in the air, which pierce a stump, one after the other, upon their return to earth. No margin is ever allowed by these worthy annalists for luck or chance or condition of weather. The mighty marksmen of the olden days never missed the mark; never needed a sighting shot as we poor moderns do with our new-fangled weapons; never required more than a single shot to display their utmost prowess; never had to contend against any "bull luck" on the part of their rivals; never had any bad ammunition. The shooting they did, whether with arquebuse or arbalest, longbow or cross-bow, blunderbuss or brickbat, was infinitely superior to any that is ever done in these degenerate days of nitros and knitting needles. Now, if these bright and shining lights of the literary world (the live ones I mean) would only subscribe for FOREST AND STREAM, they might learn something about shooting. They would certainly learn something about literature. FRANK H. RISTEEN.

FREDERICTON, N. B., April 27.

New York Constables as Game Protectors.

PRESIDENT FRANK J. AMSDEN, of the New York State Association, has sent out the following letter to the peace officers of his county, and he advises us that copies will be mailed to all sheriffs and constables whose addresses may be given him by fish and game clubs and others:

My Dear Sir:

As president of the State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, I take the liberty of calling your attention to Section 31 of the Game Laws, which is as follows:

"Section 31. Powers of sheriffs, constables and deputy sheriffs. Peace officers shall have the same powers as are conferred upon game protectors and foresters for the enforcement of the provisions of this chapter."

You will observe that you have the same power in the enforcement of the game laws as game protectors, and your expense and time in destroying illegal devices is a county charge, and your fees as an officer in making an arrest and serving subpœnas, etc., are a town charge, whether a conviction is had or not. I should be glad to explain any matter which you may not understand, and furnish you with a copy of the Game Law and give you any information that you may desire, if you will kindly call at the office or write to me.

Trusting that you as a public officer, charged with the enforcement of the law, will interest yourself in the enforcement of the Game Law, I am very respectfully yours,

FRANK J. AMSDEN, President.

Adirondack Deer.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In your issue of May 2 your correspondent under title of "Adirondack Deer" attempts to be funny. I say attempts, for he does not seem to succeed.

When you have no argument against t'other fellow try ridicule—but don't be ridiculous yourself. Mr. S. quotes from my article, "Meaning by comparatively few that no greater percentage of the living supply than that supply will allow without permanent decrease," and comments: "In other words, he admits that jacking alone would keep the supply down without the aid of other kinds of deer killers." He "admits" nothing of the kind, and the imagination must be badly distorted to see any such meaning. Then Mr. S. proceeds to quote from and comment upon events that occurred between thirty-five and forty years ago, when deer were plenty and hunters few.

No, in those days you couldn't kill a deer with a brass band. If Mr. S. gets one on this trip he will feel satisfied that it can be done now. "Will somebody please explain?" Explain what?

Why the lawmakers should expect to save the deer by making more stringent laws instead of trying to enforce even to a small degree the ones they have had. Well, I can't. That's even harder than killing deer with a brass band. JACK HUNTER.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Fraudulent Bounties for Sparrows.

CHICAGO, May 2.—The State of Illinois has a sparrow law, by which a bounty of 2 cents a head is offered on English sparrows during the months of December, January and February. Some comment before now has been made upon the large amounts this bounty extracts from the treasury without a very appreciable diminution of the sparrow pest, but not until recently has the most interesting development in the sparrow law appeared. Reports from Jersey county, in the lower part of the State, indicate that extensive frauds have been carried on under cover of this act. For the first three years Jersey county bounties ran about even with those of other counties, but during the past two years more than doubled. This year Madison county paid $190 bounty, Macoupin $300, Sangamon $166, Greene $114. Against these amounts Jersey county had $1,050 to her credit, or discredit. It appears that the county clerk paid to one man, Thad. White, $171.16; to Thos. Coates, $158; to John W. Hayes, $125.32; to John B. Carroll, $113 68; to James Rhoades, $104 34; to James Arte, $79.42; to D. Oberlin, $76.06. These seven men claimed thus to have killed 46,388 sparrows. A local paper at Jerseyville, the *Republican*, instituted an inquiry, and an ill state of affairs was found at the clerk's office. At the March term of court indictments were found against White, Coates, Carroll and Clerk Nevins. White and Carroll were convicted of obtaining money on bogus warrants, and given one ten and the other thirty days in jail. Coates was acquitted and Nevins had skipped for Mexico. J. W. Hayes turned State's evidence and gave away the whole scheme, showing that Nevins got 40 per cent. of the orders that they cashed. This delectable state of things is good commentary on what the law can do when it is worked aright. And still we have a few sparrows left.

Shooting Season Over.

The golden plover are up in this country now, but their stay will be brief, and only a languid interest attends the flight. In fact, the natural shooting season is over, and sportsmen who love the gun more than the rod now have their eyes turned on the artificial shooting of the trap. The jacksnipe have gone, and only a few sandsnipe remain. The next legitimate line of field shooting will be at woodcock along about July 1, in this region for the most part. Angling promises to be in great vogue this summer, and the fishing tackle houses here report good sales the past two weeks.

Horicon Club.

The regular annual meeting of the Horicon Shooting Club will be held at the Commercial Club rooms, Fond du Lac, Wis., May 12, at 8 P. M.

"Forest and Stream" as an Educator.

Ahmeek, the gentleman who some time ago criticised the moose head on the cover page of FOREST AND STREAM as not being a thing of beauty, writes again in plaint of another ill he has discovered, claiming the right of an American citizen and old-time contributor to explain how the paper ought to be run—though I notice he doesn't have nerve enough to write to the editor of FOREST AND STREAM about it for fear he should become a marked man. He says he contributes to the paper when the editor is away on his vacation. Ahmeek does not like the uncut pages of FOREST AND STREAM, which he says display an artistic tendency which is to be viewed with alarm.

"If this vicious tendency is not checked," he says, "how long will it be before it prints an *edition de luxe* with gilt top? When may we look for a morocco back and illuminated title page? Are the illustrations to be printed hereafter on Japan paper? Are the horns of the alleged *Cervus alces* to be painted red? Well, I guess not. Not if the plain, common, low-down, or'nery critters that not only buy the paper but believe in it have any rights left. Have you personally had any experience in cutting those cussed edges with a large, ugly knife just tainted with a fat, juicy ham? Have you ever grabbed the thing on its arrival in camp and smeared it all up with a gory dagger fresh from the blood of your s'teenth deer? Have you ever tried to get it in a readable condition so the pages will number consecutively by the aid of a long steel ramrod, model of 1804? Or have you ever tried the picturesque effect of impromptu trimming of the top with an old axe, well nicked along the edge? Well, I reckon not, not often, that is. I suppose no up-to-date periodical will be perfectly happy until it is printed on the inside of a closed bag, but when that era reaches us it will be necessary for the average citizen either to give up reading or to buy a trimming machine listed at about $350. This last would be inconvenient to take into camp. I will not say more on this subject now, but let the fruitful suggestions I have made soak in."

I feel sure the management of FOREST AND STREAM will have Ahmeek's copy of the paper cut for him each week now, for it is the chief function of any leading journal to strive to please. He has already been promised a change in the head of the paper, and if there is anything else required it will, I am sure, be looked into. There are many ways in which FOREST AND STREAM can be opened without putting one's foot into it. It can be opened with a foot rule, or a penknife, or a young puppy, or a pair of scissors, or perhaps, under the rules of the game, with a pair of jacks. There is an infinite variety in all this, which has, I am sure, been well considered by the management in seeking for something new and interesting for each week's issue. Ahmeek admits that he sometimes uses a ham bone to cut the pages with. That is good too, and it shows a versatility of thought which promises much for later years. Does not Ahmeek begin now to see the real, if slightly disguised, purpose of FOREST AND STREAM in coming out with uncut pages? Can he not see the intent to educate the young, interest the middle-aged and amuse the old? Is not this better than advertising a $10,000 prize mystery story exclusively published (by a syndicate), as is the fashion of our daily papers? Cannot Ahmeek now begin to discover a high moral purpose in this which he has sought to criticise? Let him think well ere the edict go forth that henceforward his paper shall go to him in the old plebeian fashion of snug trimmed edges and unsuggestive top. Doth not one rejoice to open a package of sweets, with care unscrewing the top thereof? In his early days, did not Ahmeek's mother lay his plate at table face downward, that he might know the joy of turning it over Have a care, gentle sir, lest thou run foul of the great law of longing, which hath been subtly considered by those who print this the greatest paper on the earth.

Information Wanted.

At table sat certain ones with Omar Khayam, author of the "Rubaiyat of the Dog," and these sought to make sport with him.

"How," said one of these, "shall I break my favorite dog of sucking eggs?"

"In truth," said Omar, "in the language of the cult, that is dead easy."

"How then?" said yet another.

"Break the eggs," said Omar.

Thereupon those others rapped loudly upon the table and declared that he had spoken well. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

MY SIXTEEN-POINT BUCK.

PORTLAND, Me.—In response to your "Relate your Experiences," I send the following incident of my 1895 trip:

Leaving Jack and Charles in charge of camp, located in the Moosehead region in Maine, I started out one Saturday morning to visit my family, then stopping at a farm house ten miles away. I was obliged to turn back on account of the rain, but as it cleared up one hour later I again started out, intending to remain over Sunday and return Monday. I had scarcely proceeded one mile on my journey when glancing up on the ridge I saw a fair-sized doe feeding. Taking hasty aim I fired. The deer made a jump, and followed by a larger one, which I had not seen, bounded up the wood road. I started after her and soon came across a trail of blood, following it until I reached a point in the road where a large tree had fallen across. I glanced over and saw the large doe on the side of the next ridge, and, thinking that the wounded one must be with her, I started across. Seeing nothing of the

MY SIXTEEN-POINT BUCK.

wounded deer, I sent a shot after the large doe, but missed. I then went back and picked up the trail at the fallen tree, and had not gone two rods before I found the doe stone dead. I dragged her down into the trail, dressed her off and hung her up, and then started on my interrupted journey.

After proceeding about three-quarters of a mile I took a sharp turn to the right in order that I might visit an old deserted lumber camp where I had seen many signs of deer. Coming cautiously into the yard, I stepped out in front of the hovel, and glancing down a wood road I saw, about 75yds. away, the antlered head of a large buck. Raising my rifle, I took careful aim and fired. The buck took a step forward just at that moment, and the bullet passed through him a little too far back to drop him. He immediately wheeled away from me and dashed down the road, making a stand in the next turn with head and tail in the air, but was off again before I could get another shot. By examining the trail I saw that he was bleeding freely, so followed him across the ridge down into the swamp, but without getting sight of him. I found it easy work to keep the trail on the ridge, but when I reached the swamp I found it much more difficult and lost the trail again and again. After three hours' work it began to rain quite hard, and having eight miles to go and not much daylight for the undertaking, I had about decided that I would give it up, but noticing that the trail was headed toward the pond, I made a break in that direction, and upon arriving at the shore looked across. I saw the buck standing in the water on the opposite side. I was to the windward of him; he lifted his head as I appeared in sight, but as I was some half a mile away he kept his position. Feeling assured that if I did not disturb him he would not leave the water, and having but two hours of daylight left, I struck out for my destination, arriving there just after dark.

On returning to the pond Monday forenoon I was met by Jack, to whom I pointed out the position on the opposite shore where the buck was supposed to be, and upon approaching the spot we found him there. Having lain so long in the water, his carcass proved to be worthless, but the head was a beauty. While dressing him off we happened to glance behind us on the bank and there stood a moose which seemed as much surprised as we were. We grasped our rifles, but alas, it was a cow, so we let her escape.

Having my limit on deer, I devoted the remainder of my stay in camp to the partridges until Jack and Charles had secured their limit also. The accompanying half-tone is a fair likeness of the buck. F. L. S.

New York Legislature.

[Special correspondence to Forest and Stream.]

ALBANY, May 4.—In the closing hours of the Legislature Senator White's bill amending the game laws generally was killed because it contained a provision that shad nets could not be drawn in the Hudson River between Friday night and Monday morning. This led to the opposition of all the senators and members living on the Hudson River, and so the bill did not pass.

The following Senate bills have become laws: 1398, Assemblyman Cole, allowing fishing through the ice in Silver Lake; 875, Guy, protecting oyster beds; 871, Brown, protecting Mongolian pheasants till the year 1900; 466, Tibbits, accepting as a part of the forest preserve the farm of old John Brown, in Essex county.

These Assembly bills have become laws: 2208, McNaughton, protecting the owners of private fishing ponds; 1728, Messiter, allowing an incorporated game club to act as game protector; 1679, Rogers, providing for stocking private lakes; 1674, Brownell, allowing special counsel to the Fish Commission for prosecutions; 1100, Hanna, extending to Ten Mile River the Hudson River shad law; 1010, Allds, exempting Wayne, Onondaga and Oswego counties from the anti-ferret rabbit provision; 980, Sears, making more strict provisions as to the prosecution of offenders against the game law; 760, Kelsey, appropriating $5,000 for a better water supply for the Caledonia hatchery; 719, Burr, allowing the shooting of deer in Kings, Queens and Suffolk counties every Wednesday in November; 482, Horton, making the close season for fur-bearing animals in Wayne county from May 1 to Oct. 31, but one month shorter for foxes; 193, Ives, appropriating $2,000 to improve Raquette River.

The Malby-Sanger bills, allowing fifteen days each for jacking and hounding, have gone to the Governor.

Maps of the Yellowstone Park Region.

THERE have recently been published by the U. S. Geological Survey maps showing portions of Montana adjacent to the Yellowstone Park, which are of great interest and beauty. The folio of the Livingston sheet shows the northern strip of the Yellowstone Park, north of the Wyoming line, and gives also the geology and topography of the country immediately north of the Park, with some interesting text. The four geological maps of the region are of peculiar interest. The geological work of this sheet was done by Mr. J. P. Iddings and Mr. Walter Harvey Weed, under the superintendence of Mr. Arnold Hague, geologist in charge. The excellent work of all these gentlemen in the National Park is well known to persons interested in the reservation, and Mr. Hague's writings on and deep interest in the Park have done much toward preserving it from spoliation by its many enemies.

Sheets of the U. S. Geological Survey map, showing a portion of the Yellowstone Forest Reservation, which lies to the east of the Park, show part of the Clark's Fork drainage and that of the Stinking Water River. They are called the Crandall Creek and Ishawooa sheets. The topography is carefully worked out and the altitudes shown by contour lines for every 100ft.

The Michigan Goose Flight.

MONROE, Mich., April 24.—Not in many years have there been seen in this vicinity so many wild geese as during the month of April. The wheat fields north and south of Monroe have been regularly visited by large numbers of "honkers" in the early hours of the morning, and the numbers of them which have been slain are reported to have been large—some seven or eight to each gun. B.

New York Game Protectors.

THE Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission has reappointed State Fishery, Game and Forest Protectors S. M. Prouty, of Whitehall; A. B. Klock, of Herkimer; George B. Smith, of Horseheads, and Jos. H. Lamphere, of Weedsport. Carlos Hutchins, of Indian Lake, is a new appointment.

Sea and River Fishing.

DAYS ON THE NIPIGON.

[Continued from page 857.]

WE slept well under the ample supply of blankets provided by Mr. McKirdy, and when morning came we felt most excellent. The cold night did not disturb us in the least, and we only arose when we learned that Joe had breakfast ready. We had some more trout, because we were not yet satisfied—well, we had other good things also that belong to camp life, and we certainly enjoyed them.

The morning was foggy and we did not care to go beyond the heat of the good log fire, so we watched the fog rise up from the waters in front of us. When the sun got up over the mountains in the east we could soon see where to go, and so started out. We had the two canoes manned with the Indians, and they took us all along the shores, then across and back, until we, old fishermen as we were, gave it up, and ordered to proceed up the river. The narrows are perhaps about 600ft. wide, and the water rushes down in a mighty volume to the falls below and on to the lake. Naturally one would suppose that our fish caught would spoil, as they were not salted or preserved in any way. The Indians simply sank them in the ice-cold water of the Nipigon River, and when they were taken out they would be as cold as if taken from an ice box.

The shore to the west was level along the river front for some fifty rods, and the shore was lined with pebbles. Further back it rose into high or lofty hills, covered with immense rock and timber, and the eastern shore was still more hilly from the water's edge. At places along the

river the banks rose 200ft. high, in one solid rock, and at other places still higher.

As near as I could ascertain, there is no way by which a wagon road could be made from the station to the lake without a vast expenditure of money; nor could a steam or sailing vessel go up without a like expenditure. As our camp equipage had again been stored in the canoes, we went up through Lake Maria, and at times cast the fly into tempting places; but Fred, as usual, had good luck, and made himself the butt of our good-natured ridicule by catching a wall-eyed pike of about 4lbs. weight. We certainly guyed him until he gave it back to us for doing the same trick. At the head of the lake we again entered the river until we reached Split Rock, over which we had to walk, while the Indians looked after the canoes and dunnage. The next portage was made at Island Portage, and while the Indians were making it we investigated the waters, and although we saw trout not one of us got a strike, so that when the boats were ready for us we got in and paddled away.

It is not all of fishing to catch fish on one of these trips, and this portion of ours was mostly spent in beholding the wonders of God as exhibited here, and which opened up before us as we passed along. The Judge is skilled in botany and geology, and he instructed us in the different formations of the rocks and their kinds, showing sometimes iron, copper and gneiss, while the fauna was pointed out in its different characteristics, and the mast of the country in its peculiarities of pine, cedar, spruce, etc.

I have found fault with myself all winter and last fall because I did not take a kodac along and take photographs of these different points along the trip, and I promise myself that from this time on I shall provide myself with one even if I fail to take something else. It is a happy article to take with you, and in the event of any extraordinary occurrence you can get indisputable evidence of it and produce as many copies as you wish.

The day was all we could wish, and neither accident nor any unpleasantness occurred to mar the pleasure of the trip. We are now nearing a fall, as is indicated by the roar heard in the distance, but as our Indians do not understand our language, nor do we understand theirs, all we can get out of them is "Cow-win," meaning, as near as I can understand, "Don't know." As it is repeated so often in our hearing we soon commit it to memory and then apply to Joe to interpret.

As we near the rapids on the west side again we learn that we are at Pine Portage and that we have one and one-half miles to carry the stuff overland, and this will cause delay. As we land we find some other people coming down the river, and soon a half dozen white men come in sight with about a dozen Indians, and while we introduce ourselves to the whites the Indians fraternize. I do not recall the names of these gentlemen except one, a Mr. Patrick, a very eminent, prosperous and wealthy merchant of Duluth, and to him my party as well as myself are greatly indebted for the loan of a pair of scales, so from this time on there will be no guesswork in the weight of our catch.

After eating our noonday meal, prepared by the Indians on a part of the level ground on the high land overlooking the Nipigon, we toasted each other, hail fellows well met, and parted, they going down and we up. They had the skins of trout dried and fastened upon birch bark, with branches tied at the corners for frames—specimen catches of the members, taking them home to convince the skeptical. They had said that when we got to Virgin Falls we would get big trout and as big trout as we wanted, so we were in a big hurry to get to the promised land, and to make sure of getting there we turned in and assisted in making the portage.

This seemed to be the hardest portage of all. It took longer, with everyone working, than it did at the longest portage with the Indians alone. Joe seemed to get lazy, indifferent or sick, and it needed all our nerve to drive him ahead. It looked like a "soldier" on our hands, and it required an exhibition of authority to get things moving smoothly again; but afterward, to the end of our trip, no trouble or annoyance occurred. Perhaps it was not intentional on their part, but some of us have seen fishermen placed in such a predicament when out in the woods that the so-called guides would leave and go home, and the fishermen could get home the best way they could. Our Indians told us tales of men hiring them and when on the home trip slipping away down the river to catch a train and disappear and never pay them a cent, and so they have grounds sometimes to fear such a trick may be played upon them.

However, our men got into good shape and all things were taken across without loss or damage, and as our canoes had again been patched and pitched, we started again in dry boats.

At the landing on the north we indulged in fishing above the falls, but not a single trout did we catch; but around the rock upon which we stood while casting plenty of good-sized trout could be seen in all directions. I was well pleased to see at this place plenty of small white silver minnows, which kept close to the rocks and near the top of the water. They looked like small whitefish, and I have no doubt that if we had been able to have gotten hold of one they would have proven to have been the *C. clupeiformis*, of which we afterward found in abundance. Of this we will relate more hereafter in connection with the location and incidents.

Going north at the same time from this point was a reverend gentleman whose name I do not now recall, and who was the president of a college in Iowa. I think his name was Hubbard, and his home Cedar Rapids, Ia. He had one canoe and one Indian to do the heavy work, and he took the bow of the canoe and paddled when on the move, and fished at desirable points where he knew there were good trout. As we stood at his camp he pointed out to us across Hamilton's Pool spots where he said some very large trout had been taken, and that during his stay there that season there had been no one back of the little islands to take any of the monsters who lay there undisturbed by fishermen. I wanted to go over, but the rest said to wait until we should return and then we would all go and get them, but on our way home it was neglected. I hope it will be my pleasure to meet him there again.

At White Chute we got out on land again, and the Indians crossed to the east side of the river and poled the canoes up. We tried casting at this point, but got no fish. When we got above the chute we were in Lake Emma, and we took the east side of the river going north and cast our lines out on both sides of the boat, and then trolled for a distance to see if a trout could be induced to strike; but getting none, we slowly reeled up the lines and began a geological quiz by Judge Fitzsimmons, to the evident edification of the Indians, who stared at him as he explained each peculiarity that we passed. The Indians named him Big Chief Big Medicine Man, and afterward stood in fear of him. I noticed that the head chief always saw that he got everything of the best and everything that was going, so that we too stood under his wings for favors.

About two-thirds up Lake Emma there is a portage of about one-half mile and a camp ground called Camp Victoria. As it was near night and we felt the need of food, we decided to remain here and go into camp, and afterward try the rapids in front of camp. We were getting out of fish, the supply taken at the creek below was now about exhausted, and it was necessary for us to show our skill or fall back on bacon; so to work we went, and after a long time a few fish were caught, but as usual the large one got away.

Fred and the Judge had both gotten bites from monsters, and flies and leaders were both lost in the shuffle; but they saved the rods and parts of their lines, so that repairs can be made. For myself, I was tired and I sought the downy underbrush mattress on the rocky floor and wrapped myself in slumber, sleeping the sleep of the righteous fisherman after a hard day's work, leaving my two companions busily engaged in fishing on the bank in front of the camp.

I had slept for some time, possibly for half an hour, and the woods were resounding with my snores, when I was rudely awakened by screams and blood-curdling yells from the bank. Rushing out undressed, I beheld the cause of the alarm. Our genial Fred came slowly moving up the bank, tugging at his line, and with much effort succeeded in landing a large body on the rocky banks. By this time the Indians had assembled, bearing in their hands large lighted pine sticks, which gave a lurid glare over the spot, and by its aid we found Fred's catch to be a monstrous wall-eyed pike. Going back after the scales, we hung the whale upon it and Fred scored his catch 8lbs. weight. Exhausted by his efforts in providing fish for the camp next day, he sought the fireside with the assembled camp, and then gently slipped away and was soon in the land of nod, and silence came over the camp again.

After breakfast we tried for some of the monsters said to inhabit this particular portion of the river, but for some reason the morning's work was not rewarded by any returns, and as we had to march overland to get above these rapids, we landed at another camp of fishermen and saw hanging upon a tree a monster trout caught the night before. Drawing my scales from my pocket, I took it down and had the satisfaction of seeing it draw down the scales to 6lbs. strong. The owner came out of his camp and greeted us with a hearty, cheerful "Good morning, gentlemen," and we were introduced to Mr. Denby Carr, a most accomplished gentleman of world-wide reputation as an accomplished and taking fisherman, of St. Louis, Mo., who has camped on this point for some years. Then the weight of the fish was the subject of discussion and we tried his two pair of scales, one an American and the other an English make, with the pair I had borrowed.

After carefully weighing the fish we found the weight to be 6½lbs. after having been out of the water about twelve hours. When first taken he must have weighed at least 7lbs. Whether this was the monster that had played havoc with the lines of Fred and the Judge I don't know, but I am satisfied and convinced that these waters contain some monstrous trout and that they don't all get away. Mr. Carr showed us his gut leader, which had been broken the night before by what he claimed the largest trout he ever struck, but it got away. I afterward heard that he got one that weighed about 9lbs.

The sight of this whale nerved us to desperation and that portage was quickly made. We left our camp and equipage in charge of the young chief, and taking sufficient food for dinner we started for Virgin Falls. It was a delightful ride up the river in the bracing atmosphere of the morning, and with the thoughts of catching all the big trout we wanted we were eager to reach there.

Every person we had the pleasure of meeting on the trip north gave us such hopes of big trout that nothing could have stopped us in our desire to get there.

We became aware of the close proximity of the falls by the dull sullen roar, as it fell upon our ears, but we could see nothing beyond the mighty rush of waters that frothed and dashed and sprayed until it looked like a snow bank, but when we reached it the falls showed up in great shape. You do not see them all at once, as it requires a walk up the trail through the woods to see the entire length of them. The portion above the falls proper slants northward for a quarter of a mile and carries the huge volume of water from Lake Nipigon above.

I have heard frequently of fish being so plenty that their fins would stick out of the water, but I never expected to see such a sight, as I deemed it impossible; but I did see and saw often during my stay at the Virgin Falls schools of fish all over the pool below, so thick that you could count the dorsal fins by the dozen. So well pleased were we with the prospects presented here that we quickly shipped both canoes back to bring up the entire camp, and by night we made our home here in paradise—alongside of the falls, with the pool in front as our fishing grounds.

I had secured a small minnow from the stomach of one of the fish taken the night before, and I made up my mind that I would experiment with it, and at the falls I baited with it and made a cast from a boulder that lies at the southern side of the falls, where there is an eddy, and where you can look down into its liquid depths some 10 or 15ft. As the current caught the bait I saw a half dozen trout dash after it, and by jerking it a few inches at a time I had the pleasure of actually seeing one of them swallow my bait. I struck him and the hook caught, and I had pleasure with the entire school until I got anxious to see the size and weight of my catch; so I landed him by the aid of the dip net, and carrying him back a safe distance from the water, hung him on my scales, and saw he weighed 3lbs.—the largest and heaviest trout I ever caught. If my hat got too big for my head I think I was excusable.

I having been so successful, live minnows were in demand, but neither love nor money could get them, so we fell back upon the fly, grasshopper, bugs, etc. In the meantime Fred had taken a stroll all to himself, and had gone up stream some 100ft. away. When he had been there about ten minutes we heard his yell far above the roar of the falls, and thinking he had fallen in or a bear had grabbed him, the Judge and I dropped our rods and ran up to assist him out of his trouble, and when we heard the second yell, louder and fiercer than before, we redoubled our speed and reached him out of breath and puffing like porpoises, to behold him the picture of contentment, with a large trout at the end of his line leaping and dashing in the rapid waters of the falls. The sight was such a glorious one and Fred's face glowed so like the sun with pride and happiness that we forgot to get mad and throw him in. So we left him, retraced our steps and went back to fishing.

The fish we caught were placed in a pool formed by taking a lot of rocks out of the water and making a wall with them out into the river. It was about 6ft. in diameter and 2ft. deep, through which the water flowed constantly. During the day when the sun came out a board or two was placed over the center to make a shade and in this our trout lived. We could stand there and admire the beauties as much and as long as we wished because they could not get away.

As I do not smoke, the Judge would invariably inflict upon me a second-hand smoke by getting to windward of me, and enjoy himself by watching the fumes come my way and seeing me dodge and change position to avoid them; but there came a time when peace and contentment came over me like a dream, and the air became pure and undefiled, and he was gone. As I regained consciousness, I heard a noise down the eastern shore below the camp, and looking up perceived the Judge in one of the canoes coming ashore, and making great ado with his arms motioning me to come to him. I laid down my rod and went down to him, when he asked me for the scales, and in the bottom of the boat lay two monsters—two 5lb. trout as I weighed them upon the scales—and when he danced a war dance upon the rocky shore I forgave him for the second-handed smoke. Nor do I think the Indians felt less reverence for him when he stuck his thumbs in the armholes of his vest and threw his head in the air and walked off, the hero of the hour of that day, and finally of the trip, because none of us came anyway near equaling his catch on the entire trip, either in weight or size. I have the skins of these two fish, and to-day I measured them and found the trout was 26in. long, and half the skin measured at the dorsal fin 5½in. and the tail 5in. wide.

When night came on the clouds began to gather in the east and west and moved toward each other, silence overspread us, everything hushed, and when the clouds came together, apparently right over the falls, the crash of thunder came, and peal after peal until everthing shook; then the rain descended in sheets and the wind drove it into every chink and in every direction. It struck our tent and we flew to the corners and held it down until the rain was over, and then went outside and anchored it down with the largest rock we could find loose. Inside the tent all was nice and dry, but the wet air caused it to feel damp, so a fire was built in front of the tent, and under its soothing influence we soon wrapped ourselves in warm woolen blankets and went to sleep.

J. W. HAGUE.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

NEW ENGLAND ICE AND FISHING.

BOSTON, May 2.—The ice went out of Lake Auburn, Me., earlier than anticipated, but the fishermen were not long in getting ready. There were several electric carloads of fishermen going up to the lake by 6 o'clock in the morning on the first day of the ice being out. The lake was covered with boats and all sorts of rigs. Over thirty trout of good size were taken on the opening day and several landlocked salmon, some of pretty good size. Since that time the lake has been thoroughly fished, and more trout and salmon have been taken than would seem possible, considering that the lake is within a short electric car ride of two cities. It is a fact that the male inhabitants of State of Maine cities and towns are nearly all fishermen and hunters. But restocking and re-restocking is doing much to keep up the supply in Lake Auburn at least.

The ice is out of Swan Lake, near Belfast, Me., and some of the trout for which that lake is celebrated are being taken.

The ice went out of Grand Lake, in Maine, or the Schoodics, on Tuesday last. Mr. D. W. Field, of Boston, received a telegram on Wednesday, saying that the ice is out. With a couple of friends he is off for landlocked salmon, though earlier than he had anticipated. They expect to take their share of fish. It is understood that these fish rise to the fly earlier in the Schoodics than in any other Maine waters. The ice is out of Sunapee Lake, in New Hampshire, and Newfound Lake is clear. But the weather has been most too cold for the fishermen to start off. Still a landlocked salmon weighing 17½lbs. was taken at Sunapee, Monday, according to a letter received by Mr. George D. Appleton, of Appleton & Bassett. Mr. Appleton, with Mr. Arthur Soden, the noted baseballist, put off their trip to Sunapee till Tuesday of this week, wholly on account of the cold weather. Parties for Newfound Lake have done the same. The fishing party for Dan Hole Pond, New Hampshire, mentioned in the FOREST AND STREAM last week, came back without a fish. The weather was too cold and the smelts were not running at all; conditions against the taking of landlocked salmon. Messrs. A. J. Selfredge and W. B. Hastings went to Dan Hole Friday, determined to further try the salmon there. Their success is not yet reported. There has been only fair fishing at Sebago thus far. Mr. John G. Wright came back without a salmon; it being against the law for a non-resident of the State to fish that lake till after May 1. A Portland lawyer took a salmon of good size the second day of fishing and other Portland parties have been successful. Indeed Sebago is fished by people of Maine a great deal.

Mr. D. H. Blanchard is planning for his summer salmon fishing trip. He says that he shall make that trip as long as he is able to go anywhere, and his present hale and hearty appearance would indicate a good many salmon taken from his branch of the Mirimachi. He is planning for a trip to Winnipisaugee with his daughter, undoubtedly the guests of Mr. E. R. Jones, with his family, who has a cottage there. A steamer is used, and the ladies troll for lakers, and the gentlemen—all salmon fishermen—only deign to bait the hooks.

At this writing the ice still hangs in Moosehead and the

Rangeleys, in Maine, and I have met several fishermen within a day or two who have set the 10th as the time when the Rangeleys will first be clear of ice. Moosehead is likely to clear a couple of days sooner; such is almost always the record at least. It is with sadness that it must be mentioned that many of the long-time parties to Moosehead, from Boston, are broken up. I have seen several gentlemen within a few days, once among the foremost to be off for Moosehead when the telegrams came that the ice had gone. They are not going this year. "Our old party is all broken up," they say. Of course there are one or two parties left, but the old days of interest and excitement are gone. I hear that the Produce Party, always heretofore early to be off, will wait a week or ten days after the ice is out. Possibly Mr. W. S. Robinson, president of the Chamber of Commerce, will be in that party this year. I learn that Mr. C. P. Stevens, always first and foremost to the Rangeleys on former seasons, will not open his camp in the narrows of Richardson Lake this season. He has been sick to the extent that he desires to rest fully, and starts for Rangeley Lake this week, where he proposes to spend some time at the Rangeley Lake House. SPECIAL.

BOSTON, May 2.—A letter received from H. O. Stanley, the Maine Commissioner, on April 20, stated that the ice is out of Lake Auburn, Swan Lake and the Belgrade ponds. Mr. Stanley has been fishing in Swan Lake and took eight or ten trout and salmon, weighing altogether about 30lbs. He thinks the fishing opened up better than it has for some years, and says they have been taking many large salmon from Sebago. With just a little more of the same kind of weather that we have been having he prophesies open water in the Rangeleys very soon.

A splendid specimen of a brook trout 8¼lbs. weight, caught by S. B. Gates, of Presque Isle, Me., and beautifully mounted by Crosby, of Bangor, is shown in the window of the Boston & Maine Railroad office on Washington street, this week. It is a product of the Aroostook region, and as such has created some surprise, it being the impression in many quarters that fish of that size were almost wholly confined to the western waters of Maine. The coming season will cause a great change of heart in this direction, as there promises to be a great pilgrimage to Aroostook waters this year.

One of the men who will visit the Aroostook fishing country this spring for the first time is Henry W. Clarke, of Boston. He has gone each spring to the Rangeleys since 1873, but thinks the time is now ripe for a change. His old guide, David Haines, who has been with him for twenty years, will be with him in the new country this time, and together they will go to Atkin's camps at Milnocket Lake. It is Mr. Clarke's intention to explore the region over there pretty thoroughly, and from what he has heard he feels confident of getting some good fishing.

Moses R. Emerson, of Boston, and his friend, Mr. Heald, of New York, leave next week on a fishing trip to Errol, N. H. They have a nice camp on one of the ponds near Errol, and have always been fortunate in getting good trout fishing during each of their annual spring trips. For fifteen years they have fished together, thus affording an example of congeniality not often seen.

The new Portland fishing club, who have a fine club house about three miles from Crockett's, on Sebago Lake, have just returned from a three days' trip which in results was quite satisfactory to the participants. They brought back an 8lb. salmon and several others of less weight, and considering that there were thirty or forty other boats on the lake whose occupants did no better, they felt well satisfied. The party included six men, Chas. Robinson, David Drummond, Samuel Boothby, a Mr. Stevens and two guests from Boston.

Rangeley fishermen will be interested to hear that the new Rangeley Lakes division of the Portland & Rumford Falls Railway will begin running regular trains to Bemis on Monday, May 18. The road is finished now, but it is not yet sufficiently ballasted. It is the intention, I hear, to run a parlor car out of Boston on the 9 A. M. train, which will reach Bemis about 5 P. M. of the same day.

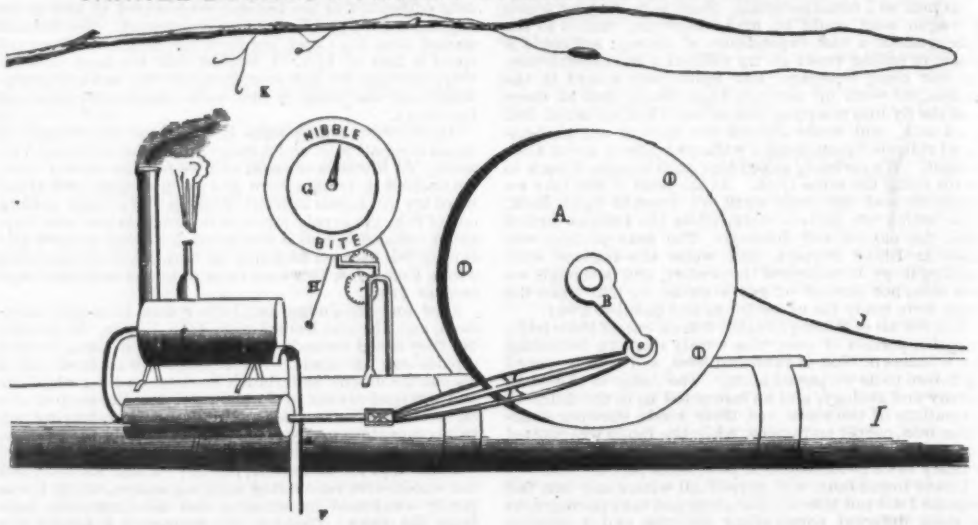
Good shooting grounds near Boston that are open to the public are hard to find in these modern days. Most of the best stretches along the coast line are controlled by clubs or individuals who jealously guard their property against encroachments from outsiders. It is rare that one of these preserves is offered for sale, and when such an event occurs it does not go begging, but is snapped up at once by eager purchasers. Such an opportunity recently came to the notice of T. H. Rollinson and George M. Woodman, of the Oliver Ditson Co., Boston, and it did not take them long to make up their minds to buy. The property consists of a shooting cottage and tract of marsh land in Marshfield Hills. The cottage is on Trowant's Island, and the shooting grounds border on Macomber Creek, the whole tract lying back of what is known as Fourth Cliff. It is said to be the best shooting grounds on the south shore, and both gentlemen feel fortunate in securing it. They are much attached to shore bird shooting, and will have quarters so comfortable at the new place that they can take their families down and spend some weeks there during the shooting season.

The Megantic Club have inaugurated a new method of keeping members in touch with the welfare of the organization. A supper and talk was held at the Copley Square Hotel a few evenings ago, the object being that the directors might inform members what steps had been taken for the benefit and comfort of all who will visit the preserve during the coming season. There were about thirty gentlemen present, all of whom were deeply interested in the subjects under discussion. It is proposed to hold these informal talks occasionally, and it is believed they will do much toward keeping interest alive in club affairs.

Good cod fishing is a pleasure which is anticipated, and better still, quite often found by many of Boston's residents. The fishing usually begins about the middle of May in the waters comparatively close to the city, that is, just outside the harbor; but this year it has started in early and down around Boston Light the boats have been having great sport for two weeks back. No one seems able to explain its premature beginning this spring, but they have all found out about it, and while willing to concede the sport not as scientific as fresh-water fishing, still contend that pulling in the useful cod has charms which cannot be slighted.

Mr. Jas. Bird has returned to Boston from the Cape, where he has been fishing a private stream, and also

YANKEE DOODLE'S PATENT STEAM FISHING ROD.



THE above is a plan of the recent application of steam for the assistance of amateur fishermen, to enable them to take without difficulty the large bass and others of the finny tribe with which the streams around us are so plentifully filled. The application is quite simple, but not the less worthy on that account. We forbear further comment, and proceed to the explanation of the diagram:

(A) The reel with the line (J) which is supposed to be carried to the end of the rod (I). (B) the crank. (C) the connecting rod. (D) cylinder. (E) the boiler. (F) supply pipe. (G) a dial to indicate when you have either a bite or a nibble. (H) pendulum. (I) the rod.

The rod may be held in the hand, or be placed in any permanent position, and the instant some unfortunate tom cod takes a nibble the engine makes half a turn, and when the nibble has grown into a bite the engine puts itself immediately in motion, and the poor victim is landed in the most scientific manner. It may be proper to state that experiments have been made in the presence of Mr. Webster and other gentlemen skilled in piscatory science, and that entire satisfaction was given. K, above, shows an old-fashioned rod, such as were used when we were boys.

Worthington's patent feeding-pump may be attached to this invaluable invention by those who fear an explosion. Price with the pump $75, without the pump $55.—*From Yankee Doodle, 1850.*

Forge Pond on the estate of Eben Jordan. From the latter he got thirteen nice trout. The bass fishing at Belgrade will occupy Mr. Bird's attention next. He will leave for the ponds near June 1, and expects to make quite a stay. It is a favorite place with him, as with many others. HACKLE.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Bass Fishing in Greater Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 2.—During the past week the bass have been biting very well in the lakes and streams of this vicinity, and a number of large catches have been reported. Pawpaw Lake, in Michigan South Peninsula, has sent in some heavy catches, one pickerel of 16lbs. among others, besides many bass. At Fox Lake, in northern Illinois, the catch of bass has continued, and in fact in all the lakes of that series the best fishing of the spring has been going on. The first run on the spawning beds is always the time for the big strings, and then the fishing falls off till warmer weather, to revive for a time previous to the sultry days, when the bass haunt the deep water and only feed in shallow water during the evening and morning. This early bass fishing is frowned upon by other States, but is legal in Illinois, and anglers take advantage of the statute. At this date the spring run of bass is far up the streams and much of the spawning is over with, and fishing this week is not the crime against angling ethics it was ten days ago.

The spring run came very early this year and the stage of water has been such that we have every reason to expect good fishing this season. The Kankakee has been yielding large takes of bass at the old favorite spots, such as Momence and up river from that point. The bass have not been so abundant in that stream for a couple of years as they were the few seasons previous, but it seems that this summer there will be more of them. The Fox River has been marked also by an early and abundant run. At Aurora, St. Charles, Clintonville and McHenry the bass have been up for some time, and indeed the heaviest part of the run is up and gone. George Morrell, who lives at St. Charles, says that he has had some good fishing there. Ed. Rock, a local angler of experience at St. Charles, says that he has made some very heavy catches. He adds that one day last week he caught 263 rock bass at one spot, his boat being anchored near the west pier of the railroad bridge above the dam. I had not thought the rock bass schools had gotten up so high so soon, but everyone of experience with that easy-mannered little fish knows what it means to meet a school in the early spring run. It is simply a question of how many one is willing to take of them. At St. Charles last week also one fisherman caught thirteen big bass, several over 3lbs., in the river above town about three miles. The banks of the river in the town are lined with anglers of the country type, and have been for three weeks, and nearly all of these have caught more or less fish, bass, rock bass and pickerel, with a few, a very few, wall-eyed pike. One man caught three pickerel in the rough water below the dam in one afternoon, all over 5lbs., and one over 9lbs. All the bass mentioned in the above catches on the Fox are the small-mouthed bass.

An Open Letter to Mr. Cheney.

Hon. A. Nelson Cheney, who writes the able and entertaining "Angling Notes" in FOREST AND STREAM, is an authority commanding respect in his field of labor. Yet no man can surpass him in telling a good fish story, and he is noted for his long-suffering patience with people who ask questions. I make bold to hand him, through the columns of FOREST AND STREAM, a letter recently received at this office addressed to him, hoping he will meet the cheerful spirit of inquiry with his customary blandness.

Hon. A. N. Cheney, State Fishculturist, Albany, N. Y.—Dear Sir: When I was in New York recently, I became very much interested in clams, and since my return to Chicago I have imparted some of my enthusiasm on this subject to a few of my wealthy friends, and as a consequence we have resolved to form a club for the purpose of starting a clam preserve. As I know you to be thoroughly well posted on the habits of all our native American game animals, I have resolved to write and ask your opinion on certain matters intimately connected with the success of our experiment, and beg to ask the following questions:

Do you think clams will be good preserved?

Do you think the clam (*Lusoæ luciosus*) can be acclimated at this altitude (35ft. above sea level)?

What are the nocturnal habits of clams? (We do not want them if their habits are bad.)

Would we need wire netting around our preserve, and if so, of what size mesh?

In your experience, have you known the clam to climb trees?

What would you advise feeding the clams for the first sixty days after birth? Would it be necessary to feed them clam chowder after that period?

What is the greatest size the clam attains on this parallel of latitude—*i. e.*, what is the largest one that has ever come under your personal observation?

At what season of year does the clam afford the best sport?

Do you advise placing the eggs under a native hen? If so, what color of hen is best?

How many acres of land would you advise for our first experimental inclosure? We would like to stock the preserve with at least a dozen clams to start with.

In your experience, is it dangerous to the health of clams to go around with only a half shell on? This we ask as applying more especially to the young clams in the cold and rainy weather common in the neighborhood of Chicago in the early spring.

In your experience, how many men would be necessary to night-herd a dozen clams, if proper fencing were afforded about the preserve?

Is there any probability that the clams would increase beyond our ability to control them, and so necessitate governmental action?

Have you found it true that clams gnaw the bark of young apple trees in the spring? We are disposed to consider this assertion as inaccurate. Please answer, to decide a bet.

Do clams hibernate in winter time, or do they prefer the summer?

In case of a stampede of clams, what would you advise to stop the herd?

In regard to the annual migrations of clams, what, in your personal observation, is the greatest range of territory north and south covered, and during what time? (We don't want any guess work here).

What is the largest clam you ever ate?

What is the State law of New York on clams? Would special acts of protection be a necessity in this region? In your opinion would Gov. Altgeld, of Illinois, veto such a law if passed?

Are clams ever indigenous? If you believe they are, what is the reason for your belief, and do you think it can be cured?

Would you blame a clam for being indigenous if it could not help it?

Any further information or advice you can give us in the furtherance of our enterprise in acclimatizing and preserving these interesting creatures will be very much appreciated, and if we meet with success we should be pleased to have you come out and enjoy the sport with us. I am a constant reader of FOREST AND STREAM, and an occasional contributor, and always turn to your column after reading my own stuff. CONSTANT READER.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago. E. HOUGH.

The Texas Tarpon Season.

ROPESVILLE, Texas, April 24.—The tarpon season has opened here. Mr. W. D. Jenkins landed a fish to-day 4½ft. long, and had six strikes besides. Mr. H. T. Drake and son, of Milwaukee, had several strikes this morning, but have not yet landed a fish. F. H.

ON THE METAPEDIA.

Second Day.

UP at 5 o'clock of a lovely warm morning. The pool here looks well. There is a long heavy rapid well broken by rocks at its head and another rapid divides it from a pool called Jim's Pool at the lower end. The water where the rapid enters is about 10ft., very gradually shoaling for 50 or 60yds. At low water fish lie at the upper end of nearly all pools. If the water is high to fair fish fancy the lower end. If the water is very high it is of no use to look in the pools so called for fish. They then take their rest when they do rest in some slack water spot behind a point or eddy. As breakfast was named for 8 A. M. I thought I would try the pool for an hour. I did so very faithfully, with no result except a rascal of a 2lb. trout. I had poled to the landing where I started from. At the far side a huge rock stood above the water, having a current betwixt it and shore. I turned to go ashore when I heard a break over at the rock. Having plenty of time I laid out for another trout, and slipping on a good-sized Nicholson fly (to save my others) anchored a few yards above the rock. I tried casting from both sides, drawing the fly into the eddy, always a good place for a trout, but could get no rise. Becoming careless I threw into the eddy to clear it; I switched the fly into the outside current. It had scarcely struck the water when a grilse sprang clear out after it, a nice one, plump 5½lbs., the heaviest I ever took or even saw in the Restigouche. I soon had him ashore and took him to the house in time to try his edible qualities for breakfast. I then started down stream for the Jimmy pool. This pool is some 200yds. long, a heavy rapid coming into it, with a quarter mile of rapid below it. At its upper end stands a heavy high ledge running half way across the stream. Around this ledge the river runs moderately easy and forms the fish lay at low water; at higher water the fish lie altogether at its lower end. To know just where the fish lie at different stages of water can only be gained by practical experience. If you know it, it saves the angler many hours' weary casting.

I dropped anchor well to one side, 60ft. above the rock. I had just got some 40ft. of line out when a smolt took the hook. I tried to shake the fish off, but did not succeed. I took the line in my hand, putting my rod in its socket, drawing the little fellow rapidly toward me. When within 5ft. a trout struck him viciously, coming at the little fellow on top of the water. At once I quit drawing line, let the big fellow gobble him and turn down with his prize. Not for long though; my turn came, and when I snubbed him I found he was fast. Now this trout was more trouble than enough. I did not want to play him in the salmon lay; I did not want to go to shore; I had no landing net, and did not want to lose him. As the water was only some 4ft. deep at my anchorage, and a bath would not injure me, I stepped out, drew him as close as possible to the shore, taking him off down stream out of the salmon lay, gave him a few minutes' butt, and drew him out. He was a fine fellow, plump 3½lbs., and had the little salmon smolt nearly out of sight. He was a male well advanced; large, black head, vermilion red fins, well developed milt, three-quarters grown. I again got into my canoe and tried hard for a rise, but did not succeed.

The next pool, a quarter mile below me, was called Three Islands. This famous pool, at the lower end of the small islands from which it derives its name, is formed by a very short turn of the river, a heavy rapid running into it at right angles, striking the opposite rocky bank and causing a strong series of eddies to run back on the other side, along which is a fine gravel beach. The pool is short, probably not over 100yds., 25ft. deep at its upper end, gradually shoaling to 8 and 10ft. at its lower end, falling into a fine smooth rapid and which continues more or less rapid and shoal for a mile. An angler not acquainted with the fish lay would suppose the upper end of this pool should help his score; but not much, unless it is trout he is after. Something is wrong. You must take the lower end at any stage of water, and just where the lower rapid begins to draw off the dead water of the pool, often well down in the quick water.

It was now getting late in the day, but the weather had changed and a nice cold northwest wind was blowing, with passing clouds. I took one side of the pool, easily casting to its center. After one drop down a fish came well, but did not touch. As the fly was gradually swimming around in the current I had hopes of him following, and just as the line straightened he again came at the small dose and made no mistake; after a few seconds' hesitation he started for down stream, and before I had my rod in place and anchor up he must have had 100yds. of line and was still going, and it gave me all I could do to paddle the canoe fast enough to keep up with him.

He kept this gait up for a full half mile. I was sure he was foul hooked, but he was solid in the tongue. At last he called a halt in the eddy of a rock, and here got some slack line on me in spite of all I could do with so much line out. The barrel of the reel took it in slowly. I shall have one with a much larger diameter another year. I was now below the fish, and as the current was very strong dare not give him the weight of the canoe, therefore had to drop anchor, with its cable in one hand and the other on the reel handle, giving him all the butt possible. He soon found the pressure was too much for him, took partly across the river and down again. I up anchor, letting the canoe go with the current, and soon found he was getting spasmodic, with a little turn up and a little run down, having the weight of the canoe to hold nearly all the time. Finally I found he would lead, and on a dry beach a few hundred yards below me I landed him high and dry, totally played out. He was a nice male of 23lbs., a little off color, in good condition.

I was now a mile below the pool and where I had left my tent and that indispensable kettle. However, I soon got there and had the tent up while the kettle was boiling, and I had cold lunch and hot tea, promising myself head and shoulders of something for dinner. I went down to the pool on the opposite side without much hopes, and anchoring I was overlooking line, leader and fly, when a fish rose within 30ft. of me, at a point of rock directly below. I said, "Ha, that looks well, we must try to get more closely acquainted." I was considering as to the utility of a fresh fly when another fish showed himself directly opposite, nearly in the center of the river. I postponed the new fly and went for the first fish that rose. After a cast or two I reached his lay, but could not get a move out of him. After a few casts I concluded to change the fly. I just thought, well, I'll offer it for once to the outside chap, lengthening out a few yards so I was sure to reach. I almost think the fish had it before it fairly touched the water. It is not often the angler has this satisfaction. When he does, I think the fish must be near the surface. I was once casting a long line for a re-rise on a fish which had showed; on the back cast my fly touched the water; I could feel it do so just as I made the forward motion, when behold the tip broke, and the line came about my ears without leader or fly. Three or four seconds after a salmon came out of the water with a big plunge, and my man declared he saw the leader hanging from his mouth. No doubt my hook went home that time.

The fish which struck laid quiet for a little. This takes place often if the line is not held too hard; I do not think the fish realizes there is anything wrong until the pressure takes place, although it may be quite close to shore. Not knowing how the fish would act, I dare not leave the canoe. Finally I had to put on the screws, and off he went away up the pool. I was glad of this, for if I could once get him into the eddies he would soon give up. When halfway up, the length of line beginning to tell, he came out of water handsomely. I was now paddling after him, he taking the line as he wanted, until he got up to the strong water at the head. I now went ashore on the smooth beach, he hung in that strong water for a few minutes, took a turn down, and before he ran 50yds. struck one of the eddies, and running up that decided his fate. In five minutes more he was ashore. This was also a 14lb. male fish, a little dark, probably a month in the river.

I was now in a quandary whether I should again try for the fish that had risen or go to the pool above, where I had killed the trout. I was sure there were salmon there. Finally up I went. This is an easy pool to kill in, with nice, easy current. When fish lie at the top they are sure to run down, and up when they lie at the lower end. It is about 60yds. wide and 200 long, and fish lie in one spot 30 or 40ft. in length. I left my canoe below the fish lay, casting upward, so if I could hook a fish from shore I could lead him down without danger of ruffing the pool. Before I got halfway up the fish lay a fish quietly took the hook under water. I at once put on strong pressure; he followed me down quite a bit, and I almost thought it could not be a salmon; but he soon rebelled, going off across the river. Halfway over he came out to see what was wrong; took another few yards of line, and again came out, coming right back to where I stood, the deepest water being on my side, and again was out of water not 15ft. away. Those runs and leaps having started his wind, I saw he was not large, so dealt with him accordingly, giving him butt for all the leader was worth; and it was good for 15lbs., while a 3lb. pull would double up my 14ft. rod. In less than ten minutes of a mean give-and-take fight I drew the fish into a little bay on the shore having some 3in. of water. This was only a 12lb. female, but a bright, clean-run fish.

I now crossed to the opposite side, going up to the rock at its upper end, around which a good current ran, forming quite an eddy. Touching my canoe on the rock to be handy if needed, I stepped out and commenced casting, putting on a new dose. I threw well above me, short at first and lengthening out. I had got some 45ft. of line out without a sign when a fish rose just as the fly touched the edge of the eddy; but it did not touch the fly. I imagined the fish had followed the fly around until it straightened out. I tried for him several times, but it was no go. I then put on a small fairy. No better. I next tried a Jock-Scott with the same result. It was now sundown and I wanted that fish; I lit my pipe and considered. I made two choices, the dose he had risen to or the doctor, so I reserved the dose for the last, putting on the physician. On reaching the same spot he rose before the fly came quite to the edge of the eddy, and went to bottom at once. Not knowing his intentions, I stood prepared to follow if possible, unless he ran through the heavy rapid just above; even then I would have done my best to follow. At once up he came, the line hissing through the rapid water running around the rock on which I stood, and going some 30yds. up to where the white water was tumbling over the rocks, when out he came his whole length and turned completely over. I breathed more freely when I found I still had the fish. He then tried for bottom, a pretty dangerous trick in the rocky bottom, where he now was. About a minute sufficed for him; he could not stand the pressure nor face the music. Down he came, passing me with a rush and with slack line. I sprang for my canoe and dropped my rod in its place with the reel, singing "Haste to the Wedding." I did haste with the paddle, easing the reel some. Nearly halfway down the pool up he came again with a plash, and then went to bottom. I recovered line as fast as the canoe came down on him and passed him, instantly giving him the butt. Instead of going upstream, which I fully expected, he passed me like a flash within 6ft. down and away. There was no remedy; I could not check him without risk, so I had again to paddle. He now made a long run to quite the lower end of the pool, sulking again behind a very large boulder, a favorite spot at a good stage of water, the location of which no doubt he knew. I was soon there, pursuing the same tactics and trying my best to force him upstream, but he wouldn't. He was bound for the sea or the lower pool, nearly a quarter of a mile, and all the way heavy rapid, but not very shoal. I now fully expected to lose that fish. I confess I would have given a V for a good canoeman for fifteen minutes. I knew the fish could not run the distance without stopping, and he did stop three times, keeping in the center of the river while I was closer to the bank. When he went, so did I, holding the canoe by the pole; when he turned up for a moment to get his wind I waited until he took another run. At last we reached the pool, and whether he was tired of the rapids or from what cause I don't know, but I tightened up on him in the eddy, out of which I would not let him go. We must have been fighting and running for at least fifteen minutes and it took ten more before I got the gaff in him. I dreaded his size to draw him out and would take no risk, particularly as it was now very dusky. This fish was a female with ova half ripe and weighed 29½lbs. I can assure you I did not feel like trying the white fly to-night. The edge had gone off the rod and settled in my stomach. I got the head and shoulders from my 12lb. fish and into the frying pan as soon as possible. Didn't I enjoy that meal? and when I lit my pipe I felt equal to forgiving my worst enemy.

Next morning I was up ahead of old Sol, just a little stiff, but it wore off after a drop out of the kettle. This was my last day on the river. The morning was fine, with wind still westerly. As I had some three more pools on my way down, I concluded to try for the fish I knew lay here, and did not much care to pole up the heavy water to the upper pool. About 8 in the morning I rolled up my blanket, dropping down to my former station. Having on the dose, I tried my best, but in vain; could not get a sign. Moving a couple of canoe lengths further down, my luck was no better; again moving down, the current being now very strong, it was no better. I decided to go on down. Looking over my goods, I found I had missed putting the gaff aboard where I had used it the night previous. Going back and obtaining it, on turning round I saw the back of a fish just where I had anchored my canoe when I began fishing. I at once saw I had been too low down for that fish. I now anchored opposite, about 50ft. from where I saw the break, and ran out the line, casting down stream when I had length to reach him. It went gently over his lair; it seemed hardly to touch the water when he had it solid, showing half his body with the rise. Away he went down stream through the rapid, getting into the shoaler bouldery rapid, following the deepest water he could find, heading up to get his wind, thus getting some slack at times, at other times more butt than was prudent, when all at once the strain went of and the hook came home with the point gone. I judged the hook may have struck the jawbone, or it may have been faulty.

Well, I did not cry over it; I never made a practice of doing that; but paddled down to McKeil's Pool, put on another, and went at it. This pool is very wide and of fair length. The water was too low for it. I did not raise a salmon, but got a nice 4lbs. grilse. Trout and smolt were both very troublesome in it. Fished an hour, then ran down three miles to the Prentice Pool. In quite a short time, with only one drop, I struck a nice fish. The river here is at least 70yds. wide, and of good depth and bottom. I got him so close I had to get up anchor for fear of fouling. I had this fish so close before I got to shore that I might have gaffed him, but if I lost him he would not count. I never did gaff one when alone in a canoe. To hold and gaff both and no one to steady the canoe is quite a feat.

It being now 11 A. M., with that kettle to boil and seventeen miles to reach home, I had to bid farewell to *Salmo ealer* until about May 24, 1896. As the wind was from the west and my course was east, I stood up a sapling for a mast, my pole for a yard, and I was just four hours running that seventeen miles, having current for eleven and a falling tide for six miles. My total for the two and a half days was seven salmon, average 20½lbs.; two grilse, and two large trout along with some smaller ones. I enjoyed this trip above any fishing I ever did—far ahead of the Patapedia Pool, where, in 1876, Mr. Curtis, of Boston, and myself killed and landed fifteen fish in four hours and a quarter; gaffed every fish from the canoe, and never lost or missed one or broke a leader. If I never cast another fly, the memory of that august trip will forever remain with

I. MOWAT.

Sebago Landlocked Salmon.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Kindly allow me to correct one of Special's items, in your issue of May 2, in regard to high line at Sebago Lake, etc. C. F. Jordan, of Portland, caught on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 21 and 22, seven fish weighing 34lbs. Fortunately his last fish was the biggest, weighing 9¾lbs., so that he did not violate the 25lb. limit law in making this fine catch. Billy Field also got four, one weighing 9lbs., another 7½lbs.; the writer took one weighing 9½lbs. twenty-four hours after he was caught, and E. W. Rounds, of East Baldwin, Me., caught several fish, one weighing 6½lbs. and another 5½lbs., which he hooked in the side while trolling and had a circus with. I think these records will show that Mr. Woodbury being "high line" must have been confined to his own boat. Mr. Eastman and Dr. Brock, both of Portland, beat the record quoted, fishing the 21st and 22d.

The largest fish I have known of being caught so far was one weighing 11½lbs., taken by George Fitch, of East Sebago; but probably the well-known Linc Daniels has caught the largest number up to date. He has a camp on the shore of the lake, where he spends the summer. It would take up too much valuable space to mention all the good catches, so I will close. THE DRUMMER.

The Castalia Brown Trout Record.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The other day at the upper Castalia Club waters John Zollinger, of Sandusky, took, on a No. 4 Parmachene Belle, a brown trout which showed a recorded weight of 10lbs. and 4oz. This is the heaviest fish ever taken from these waters, and after being exhibited in this city the monster was turned over to Mr. John W. Oswald, who has preserved its proportions in a plaster cast. Dating from the introduction of the brown trout into Castalia waters this fish cannot be more than 7 years of age, and its size would indicate that it is fully capable of destroying twice its weight of brook trout every year. It is an open secret that the Castalia people are very anxious to rid the stream of these brutes and that they regard them as utterly unfit for brook trout waters. If the experience at Castalia is worth anything whatever as a guide, no man who has any regard for *Salmo fontinalis* will hazard his welfare by introducing this overgrown cannibal into brook trout streams. It is infinitely easier to get them in than to get them out again. JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., May 2.

Maine Ice.

INDIAN ROCK, Rangeley, April 30.—I heard a yellowleg for the first time this season to-day. Ice quite strong on the lakes. Plenty of snow in the woods. Deer begin to show themselves in the fields. C. T. RICHARDSON.

Adirondacks.

CANTON, N. Y., April 27.—Some of the Stillwater Club were up to camp last Saturday, but found snow and no fishing. R.

AND LIVED HAPPY EVER AFTER.

Intent upon fishing, one fine summer's day,
With rod and with line a young man took his way;
When going that way there was, too, a fair maid,
Whom the young man saw, loved, and attentions soon paid.

When the streamlet was reached, where the fishes are found,
The maid found her heart in love's meshes fast bound;
The line being thrown (minus bait, minus hook),
The fond pair talked love in a nice cozy nook.

The fishes that day had the rarest of fun,
As they came to the line and they tugg'd one by one;
Till tugging at last made the rod leave the ground,
And swimming along with the fishes be found.

The owner of rod and of line heeded not,
For these things he now cared not one single jot;
Being caught, fairly landed, in love's silken net,
The charms of fair maid made him all else forget.

E'er after that day their true love grew more warm,
And the man who went fishing (when fish took no harm),
And the maiden together might often be seen,
And looking as happy as king and as queen.

They married, and crowds came to see the knot tied,
And say pleasant things of both bridegroom and bride;
The church bells were rung in their merriest style,
And sounded their joyousness many a mile.

'Mid shower of old slippers and handfuls of rice,
And such exclamations as "lovely" and "nice,"
They left for the "lakes," there that sweet time to spend,
Called honeymoon, which too soon came to an end.

They next settled down in a "neat little cot,"
On the banks of a stream near a beautiful spot;
("A nice cozy nook") and as husband and wife
Lived happily ever the rest of their life. —*Fishing Gazette.*

MASSACHUSETTS LOBSTER BILL.

Boston, April 27.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Here is what our Governor says and does about the proposed law to reduce the legal length of lobsters.

C. H. Morse.

Gov. Wolcott sent in a veto of the Short Lobster bill this afternoon, says the *Journal* of April 27. There was no surprise when the messenger came in. It had been gossiped about the Legislative halls for days that he would veto the measure. It had been said by some of the experts of the State that the passage of the bill would destroy the lobster fisheries and exterminate the lobster in the end. On the other hand, experts on the other side had said that the bill would do no harm whatever. Under this condition of conflicting evidence, it was urged by opponents of the measure that the only safe course, with a due regard to the interests of the Commonwealth, was to veto the measure, and this the Governor did. The veto was placed in the orders of the day for Tuesday. It was as follows:

To the Honorable the Senate and the House of Representatives:

I herewith return to the branch of the Legislature in which it originated a bill entitled "An Act Relative to the Protection of Lobsters," together with my objections thereto in writing. This act lessens the protection which our statutory laws for 22 years have afforded, by reducing the size at which lobsters may be taken and sold from 10½ to 9in. It does not require proof by statistics, but is a fact of common observation that during this period the average size of lobsters placed on the market for sale has diminished, while the price has advanced. This shows that under the conditions that have existed the supply of this important food has not kept pace with the increasing demand.

If it could be shown that the proposed legislation would prove of more than temporary benefit to those immediately occupied with this fishery, and that this benefit would not be offset by injury to the great body of our people, it would deserve and receive executive approval. But from the most careful examination which I have been able to give to this matter I am satisfied that this is not the case.

There is no unanimity in favor of this legislation even among those actually engaged in the industry. Not only from dealers in lobsters, but from numerous lobster fishermen as well, have come earnest protests against the change. Improvident and illegal methods employed by those beyond the jurisdiction of this Commonwealth have doubtless helped to make more difficult the livelihood of our citizens engaged in this fishery; in certain localities the condition of those who yield a ready obedience to the law, which in any Massachusetts community must always constitute the great majority, is without doubt one of diminishing profit and increasing hardship.

But the Executive must look to the effect of proposed legislation upon the people of the whole Commonwealth, and believing that the effect of this bill, if enacted, even if temporarily beneficial to a part of the State, must be finally a detriment to all, I am unable in the performance of the duty imposed upon me by the Constitution to approve it. (Signed) Roger Wolcott.

Boston, May 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I wrote you a couple of weeks since of the passage of the new lobster law, allowing the taking of 9in. crustaceans instead of 10½in., as for many years. The Fish and Game Association made a strong fight against the bill, and it was only by a margin of one vote that it passed the Senate. When it reached Gov. Wolcott there was a hearing at which both friends and opponents were present. President Clark continued his active work against the bill, and brought out a large array of testimony against the bill, both from lobster fishermen and dealers, so that the acting Governor, in sending in his veto two days after, was entirely justified in saying that there was no unanimity for the proposed legislation. His action was rather unexpected to the few advocates of the bill, and the fight was entirely knocked out of them. They tried hard to rally their forces, but on Friday last, when the vote was taken in the House, the veto was sustained by a vote of nearly three to one. It is another victory for those who are fighting for the proper protection of fish and game.

William B. Smart.

EARLY FISHING IN CANADA.

A Remarkable Change in the Outlook.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It is the unexpected, they say, that happens. On the 14th of April, when I wrote you last, sleighs were running here and I had worn a fur cap down town the previous day. My growl was apparently heard, for a remarkable spell of fine weather set in the next day, and so rapid was the thaw that in little more than ten days there was scarcely any snow to be seen. I wrote on the 14th ult., "The warm weather may come with quite a rush when it comes at all, and unless it does there will be very little May fishing this year in northern Canada, and none at all in the middle of the month." We have had the warm weather, rush and all, and now we may have the May fishing just as well as in any ordinary season, and perhaps even earlier than in some recent years. The snow water is even reported to be almost entirely out of the woods. So much of it came down at once upon the ice of the lakes that it grew rotten, and in many cases has disappeared already. That on Lake Beauport broke up yesterday. Lake Kiskisink is clear, and Lake Bouchette nearly so. On Lake Edward it was breaking up yesterday. If it has not already gone there, it will be in a couple of days. Bait fishing for trout, unless the weather keeps cold, usually commences some fifteen days after the disappearance of the ice from the lakes. It ought to be good in any case this year from the 20th to the 24th inst. in all the lakes along the line of the Quebec & Lake St. John R. R. It may be good somewhat earlier, but it would be questionable wisdom to come much earlier from a distance and to run the risk. I certainly do not expect to hear of much fly fishing in northern Canada before the 24th, and it may not be at its best until a few days later. The conclusions that I have arrived at as to these dates are the result of careful inquires, calculations and comparisons with the records of former years. The signs all point to a successful season, both in the lakes and also in Canadian salmon streams. In all of them exceptionally high water has been the rule this spring. This always means an abundance of fish. A new time table goes into force on the Quebec & Lake St. John Railway on Monday, May 4, and without wishing to write a railway advertisement, I may say that Forest and Stream will confer a favor upon anglers by stating that during the month of May three trains a week will leave Quebec for Lake St. John, namely, on Monday and Wednesday mornings at 7:30 and on Saturday night at 6:40. For want of this knowledge last year a party of anglers was locked up in Quebec nearly three days.

Ouananiche fishing with bait in Lake St. John ought to be good about May 20. The fly fishing in the Discharge will probably open about June 8 or 10; certainly not much, if any, earlier.

By the bye, I was pleased to notice in your issue of April 25 that your charming correspondent, G. de Montauban, urges the Provincial Government to establish a hatchery for trout and ouananiche. When in a few days now the new book entitled "The Ouananiche and its Canadian Environment" makes its appearance from a New York press, it will be seen that at page 107 and again at 149 I have already not only urged the same thing upon the authorities, but have announced the probability of some early action of the kind being taken here, of the development of which I will endeavor to keep you posted. E. T. D. Chambers.

Quebec, May 1.

The Whitefish Supply.

Detroit, Mich., April 24.—Detroit people are great lovers of the peerless whitefish, and it seems passing strange that, whereas the deep, cold, blue waters of the Detroit River formerly afforded the best whitefish, and the greatest abundance of them, sufficient to supply not only all local demands, but large numbers for shipment, now their supply largely comes from Winnipeg. Of 1,800 tons shipped from that point last winter 800 tons were taken for consumption by Detroit.

The supply of the lake whitefish is 5 per cent. of the demand from August to the close of the season. A Detroit firm has already sent to Winnipeg a boat and twenty-five men to commence fishing as soon as the ice is out of the lake. It is said that the fish there are exceedingly plentiful, and the catch as soon as made will be placed in loose ice, taken to West Selkirk, Manitoba, and hauled by the Canadian Pacific to Detroit in four days from the time they are taken out of the water. About thirty carloads a week will be brought to Detroit in this way.

Fishing for the festive perch is now at its height along the Detroit River, and every available spot along the entire river front as far as Delray is fully occupied by men and boys with fishing tackle of every conceivable description, while at the Sainte Claire Flats those who have taken advantage of the fine season thus far are enjoying great sport with perch, bullheads, pike and rock bass. B.

New Jersey Coast Fishing.

Asbury Park, N. J., May 2.—The first striped bass of the season was taken at Manasquan the present week, weight 3½lbs. This beats last year's record by nearly two weeks, and is a matter of delight to anglers who are prepared to give battle to his elusive majesty. Next in interest to the bass, during the early season, is the kingfish. I saw this week some magnificent specimens, which were taken in the vicinity of Cape May. This is unusually early and portends good sport in the near future. If the weather is favorable Decoration Day should find them with us, and hard to please must be the angler who cannot be content with the sport these game fellows afford.

The pickerel season opened with us yesterday and several have tried their hand on our lakes, but with indifferent success, the prevailing easterly winds not being favorable to that pastime. Sages may argue as they will, still it is an unquestionable fact that east winds take away the pickerel's appetite. Leonard Hulit.

The Michigan Lake Season.

Monroe, Mich., April 24.—The season for Lake Erie fishing is now open, and the catch of pickerel, herring, saugers and perch is better than for some seasons. We do not look for nor expect whitefish any longer. That magnificent food fish, through the ignorance, idiocy, lawlessness and devilment—or all combined—is now almost a thing of the past, "a memory and a reminiscence." More's the pity and more's the shame. The Ohio Legislature passed a law at its late session providing for a close season from Dec. 15 to March 15, and prohibits the setting of gill nets in water less than 50ft. deep. This will have the effect, if enforced, of preventing the taking of undersized fish, and, it is to be hoped, of giving the whitefish and all other varieties "a chance for their lives" to be prolonged until they are a proper size for use. The season on Lake Huron, the home of the trout and whitefish, on the east side of the State, is opening, but of course at this early date it is too soon to venture a prediction as to the probable catch. Keuka.

Spawn-Eating Habits of Fish.

Syracuse, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The members of the Anglers' Association of Syracuse are trying to investigate and to get all information they can pertaining to fish that eat the spawn of other fish. We would like to hear from Mr. Cheney and others their observations in this matter.

Thirty years ago four anglers caught a democrat wagon-box full of pike, bass and perch in one day's fishing at Oneida Lake. Were there not as many spawn eaters then as now? My claim is that the diminution is owing to the increased number of fishermen, and the better price of fish has increased the number, and of nets, and to the improvement of the nets now used. The decrease of bass is due to the fact that the bass season opens too soon; the fish are caught before they spawn. In Oneida Lake they do not spawn until the middle of June in localities where I have fished. Henry Lefler.

Forest and Stream Fishing Postals.

Drop us a line about the fishing.

Neversink (Fallsburgh), Sullivan county, N. Y., April 26.—A very large catch of trout was made in the Neversink, near Dean's Hotel, on April 22. The string showed eighty-eight fish, all of good size, the largest going 3¼lbs. The prospects for the season are good.

Henry W. Dean.

Canadensis, Pa., May 2.—Brodhead Brook is vigorously maintaining the high reputation it won in the days of Thad. Norris, and many creels of fine trout have been taken from its waters since the season opened. At Spruce Cabin House about twenty guests have been in constant attendance, and good luck has been very evenly divided. W. H. Schroder, of Elmira; E. C. Smith, of Hoboken; Geo. W. Shaw, of Philadelphia; Col. H. A. Babitt, of Pomfret, Conn., former U. S. Consul to Alexandria; W. P. Ketcham, of New York; Benj. Kent, of Paterson, and Kit Clarke, of New York, have each brought in fine creels of trout.

Kit Clarke caught a trout 18in. long and weighing 2lbs. This is one of the largest taken here in years, but a number weighing fully 1lb. have been taken this spring. P.

Rare Chance for Salmon Fisherman.

We have just learned of a fishing privilege for sale for one rod on the Grand Cascapedia. The most easily accessible and renowned salmon river in all Canada. Price moderate. Address Cascapedia, this office.—*Adv.*

Salmon Fishing for Sale.

Freehold, on the best fishing waters of the southwest Miramichi River (Burnt Hill). For terms and particulars apply to Thomas J. Conroy, 310 Broadway, New York city.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

May 13 to 16.—Seattle Kennel Club's third annual show. C. B. Yandell, Sec'y.

May 20 to 23.—Alameda County Sportsmen's Association's show Oakland, Cal. H. W. Newton, Sec'y.

Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.

Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee. W. W. Welch, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

Sept. 9.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.

Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.

Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.

Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.

Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.

Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.

Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

National Beagle Club.

An executive meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held at the rooms of the American Kennel Club, 55 Liberty street, Monday, April 13. Considerable business was transacted in connection with the club's coming field trials and the following committees were appointed by the president, to take charge of trials for 1896: Field trial committee: J. W. Appleton, Chairman; H. F. Shellhass, George B. Post, Jr., J. B. Lozier, George M. Rogers, George Laick, A. Wright Post, John Bateman, N. A. Baldwin, the above constituting the executive committee; and B. S. Turpin, George F. Reed, A. D. Lewis, W. S. Clark, D. F. Summers, Guy D. Welton and F. B. Zunner. Field trial sub committee—on judges: J. W. Appleton and G. B. Post, Jr.; on finance: G. Laick and G. W. Rogers; on arrangements during trial: G. W. Rogers, G. F. Reed, W. S. Clark, H. F. Schellhass; selecting grounds and hotel: A. D. Lewis, A. Wright Post and H. F. Schellhass; premium list and classes: J. W. Appleton, G. W. Rogers and G. Laick.

A quarterly meeting of the club will be held at the rooms of the American Kennel Club, 55 Liberty street, Thursday, April 30, at 3:30 P. M.

Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y.

250 West Twenty-second street, New York.

THE HANDLERS' CLUB.

THE handlers have quietly organized into a club on most commendable lines. The mission of the club, as set forth in Article II. of the club's constitution, embodies purposes worthy of all praise. It reads as follows: "The purposes of the club shall be to elevate, perpetuate and improve field trials; to enforce the conscientious performance and full completion of contracts between owners and members, if connected with dogs, and to promote good fellowship among the members of the club."

All these purposes contribute directly to the benefit of the handlers as individuals, as an organized body, and also to the interests of field trials, field sports and dog owners.

But the purposes of the handlers do not end in vague generalities, for in the by-laws is the following: "No member of the Handlers' Club shall become a member of any field trial club, and all members of this organization pledge themselves not to enter or handle any dog at any trial held by a field trial club of which a competing handler is a member."

That the handlers themselves should organize and so specifically legislate against an evil which was pointed out and condemned in no uncertain tones by FOREST AND STREAM years ago, bears testimony to-day to the soundness of FOREST AND STREAM'S position from the first. In passing it may now be mentioned that the strenuous efforts to pervert FOREST AND STREAM'S position from its true relation to the best interests of the sport—that is, the observance of the most scrupulous equity for all—were plainly unfair and insincere. The claim made by one handler that objecting to a handler being a member of a club was a social discrimination is too absurd to now seriously consider. Time has demonstrated that the issue has not even a remote relation to one's social standing; that it is entirely a question of equity, and that a professional handler who is also a club member and a competitor in the club trials has an advantage in the selection of judges, the selection of grounds, in determining the amount of stakes and entry fees, etc., which his non-member brother has not, and therefore the equity of the competition is marred. It is all plain now after so much experience and practical demonstration.

But, while as an abstract proposition, as a matter of theory, the purposes of the handlers in their new departure are most praiseworthy, there is other matter which is essential to the success of all reforms, and that is moral courage and energy, vulgarly called backbone. When the old handlers' organization found itself in a position where evasion of a reformatory issue was impossible, it dissolved like snow before a July sun. They were too timorous to take any genuine action. Groundless fears that this or that person might be offended and antagonized brought individual self-interest forward as the standard of value instead of the true standard, namely, the constitution and by-laws of the club and the right or wrong of the case.

Of course, times have greatly changed since the time the old handlers' club was tried and found wanting in 1886; the *personnel* of the new club is quite different and the conditions in general are greatly changed.

The new club contains nearly all the well-known handlers in its membership. The officers are: C. Tucker, president; Frank Richards, vice-president; W. W. Titus, secretary and treasurer. If the club has not the timorous nature of the old club, which was utterly devoid of moral courage as a club, and if it have force of character enough to carry out its true mission, it can do much for the good of all; if it have only a theory, and is courageous only in theory, or if each member approves action, but always desires that the other members shall do all the unpleasant work, it will only add one more wreck to the wrecks of history. In other words, a club must act as well as talk.

Open Letter to the Members of the Bull Terrier Club of America.

The attention of the members of the Bull Terrier Club of America is called to the following resolutions adopted by the advisory committee of the American Kennel Club at a meeting held April 11, 1896, in which it will be noticed that the Bull Terrier Club is requested to withdraw certain resolutions passed by their executive committee. The secretary requests members to express their views in the matter, that the executive committee may be guided by their voice. W. D. BRERETON, Sec'y.

[COPY.]

NEW YORK, April 15, 1896.—*Re* resolutions referring to the action of Messrs. Foote and Schellhass on the cropping question.

Whereas, Every member of the American Kennel Club has the right to be represented by a delegate, to voice its opinions upon all matters presented for discussion at American Kennel Club meetings, and

Whereas, It is not within the province of any member to pass resolutions reflecting upon the opinions of delegates of any other club, therefore be it

Resolved, That the resolutions of the Bull Terrier Club of America, in which reference is made to two delegates to the American Kennel Club, are of such a nature as to savor of intimidation, and if members are permitted to adopt this course many delegates will undoubtedly decline to express their views in open meeting, fearing that some member may subject them to attack similar to that of the Bull Terrier Club of America. And be it further

Resolved, That we recognize the right of the Bull Terrier Club to express its views through its delegate at any American Kennel Club meeting, by virtue of its membership therein, but hold it exceeded its rights when it passed and published the resolution under notice. It is therefore

Ordered, That the Bull Terrier Club of America be requested to withdraw said resolution, giving equal publicity to its withdrawal as was done in the case of the original resolutions, and to express to the delegates named therein, the regret of the Bull Terrier Club that the error was made of carrying a discussion of American Kennel Club matters beyond the limits which should govern members of the Club.

The above resolutions and order were unanimously adoped at a meeting of the advisory committee of the American Kennel Club, held on Saturday, April 11, the case having been referred for action to said committee by the American Kennel Club at its late meeting of Feb. 20.

AMERICAN KENNEL CLUB, A. P. Vredenburg, Sec'y.
To W. D. Brereton, Sec'y, Bull Terrier Club of America, Pittsburg, Pa.

The Cohoes Show.

THE Mohawk Kennel Club held its first annual bench show in the Opera House, Cohoes, N. Y., April 25, 27 and 28. Mr. Charles H. Mason judged all classes. Mr. E. M. Oldham superintended; Spratts Patent benched and fed the dogs.

Following is the list of awards:

MASTIFFS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. L. Winchell's Black Prince Brampton.

ST. BERNARDS.—CHALLENGE—(ROUGH OR SMOOTH): 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Eboracum.—ROUGH-COATED—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, E. Ravenscroft's Troy. *Bitches:* 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Artilla.—SMOOTH-COATED—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and 2d, Watervliet Kennels' Survivor and Ben Bolt. *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. J. M. Nicholson's Scottish Beauty; 2d and 3d, Watervliet Kennels' Belline II. and Peggy.

NEWFOUNDLANDS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 3d, J. W. Dickey's Rover.

CHESAPEAKE BAY DOGS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Deacon.—OPEN—*Bitches:* 1st, Oak Grove Kennels' Daisy.

BLOODHOUNDS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. L. Winchell's Jason. *Bitches:* 1st, J. L. Winchell's Sue.

RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Weeks & Turner's Svodka.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st and R., Weeks & Turner's Zem II. and Prince Gallatin; 2d, G. S. Keasbey's Optimist. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Weeks & Turner's Lady Deitz and Queen Catherine.

GREYHOUNDS.—*Dogs:* 1st, M. Barrymore's Davy Garrick; 2d and R., Weeks & Turner's Springhill Electric and Toronto. *Bitches:* 1st, Weeks & Turner's Springhill Laurel.

POINTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Glenrock Kennels' Molton Banner.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, G. W. Lovell's Shotaway; 2d, A. Robertson's Ross. *Bitches:* 1st, Mrs. R. K. Armstrong's Brighton Flossie; 2d, E. M. Beale's Alice Leslie.

ENGLISH SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Warwick Kennels' Sheldon. OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Warwick Kennels' Albert's Ranger. *Bitches:* 1st, W. F. Hastings's Albert's Moll; 2d and 3d, J. Fenleur's Mary F. Bondhu and Fanny C.

IRISH SETTERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, Mrs. W. Sutton's Kildare Malt; 2d, A. W. Fraser's Barney. *Bitches:* 1st, A. Van Gotshansen's Lady Finglas.

GORDON SETTERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, C. C. Hendee's Highland Yola.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, C. C. Hendee's Highland Boy; 3d, G. T. Owen's Laird. *Bitches:* 1st, C. C. Hendee's Highland Leola.

FIELD SPANIELS.—*Dogs:* 1st, R. P. Keasbey's Coleshill Rufus. *Bitches:* 1st, 2d and 3d, R. P. Keasbey's Moonlight Belle, The Shrew and Black Knight.

COCKER SPANIELS.—CHALLENGE—*Dogs:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Middy. *Bitches:* 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Gaiety Girl.—BLACK—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Brother S; 2d, Belle Isle Kennels' King Raven, Jr.; R., H. Baker's Don K.; R., J. Stanway's Nigger. *Bitches:* 1st, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Gabrielle; 3d, Belle Isle Kennels' Mrs. Diedain; 3d, W. T. Payne's June.—RED OR LIVER—*Dogs:* 1st, Belle Isle Kennels' Cherry Boy III.—*Bitches:* 1st, W. T. Payne's Trilby; 2d, Swiss Mountain Kennels' Zuleika; 3d, Belle Isle Kennels' Rachel.—ANY OTHER COLOR—*Dogs:* 1st, W. T. Payne's Lorraine.—*Bitches:* 1st, W. T. Payne's Tansy.

FOXHOUNDS.—1st, B. F. Lewis, Jr.'s, Friendly.

COLLIES.—CHALLENGE—1st, Wilford Kennels' Woodmanstern Trefoil.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, S. L. Stewart's Doctor David; 2d, V. Grenelle's Ford; 3d and 4th, Wilford Kennels' Hempstead Chief and Woodlawn Laddie; R., M. B. Smith, Jr.'s, Wilford Duffy. *Bitches:* 1st, 3d and 3d, Wilford Kennels' Scottish Gem, Flora May and Duchess of Fife; R., A. W. Lansing's Vannie. *Puppies:* 1st and 2d, Wilford Kennels' Wilford Trefoil and Woodlawn Laddie; 3d, Mrs. W. T. Ford's Woodlawn Princess; R., Albert Akin's Wilford Laddie.

BULL DOGS.—*Dogs:* 1st, B. Christy's Captain Kidd; 2d, T. Morse's Rustic Crib. *Bitches:* 1st, T. Morse's Rustic Dowager.

BULL TERRIERS.—*Dogs:* 1st, F. F. Dole's Masterpiece. *Bitches:* 1st, F. F. Dole's champion Starlight; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Havelock Daisy. *Puppies:* 1st, T. S. Bellin's Tommy Tickle.

DACHSHUNDE.—1st, H. Tiemann's Roy K.; 2d, A. Froembling's Blitz.

BEAGLES.—CHALLENGE—1st, J. Lewis's champion Ringleader.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, J. Lewis's Raffler. *Bitches:* 1st, Ruth Robinson's Miss Wonder; 3d, J. Lewis's Mollie L. R., M. S. Tyson's Actress.

BASSET HOUNDS.—1st and 2d, M. S. Tyson's Turk and Drayman.

FOX TERRIERS.—ROUGH OR SMOOTH-COATED—CHALLENGE—1st, G. W. H. Ritchie's Burlesque.—SMOOTH-COATED—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, R. S. Horne's Prisoner; 2d and 3d, C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Cavalier and Beverwyck Royalist; 4th, Toon & Thomas's Blemton Firebrand. R., J. Bennett's Larry. *Bitches:* 1st and 4th, W. Le Monier's Dudley Saunter and Richmond Victory; 3d, C. Rathbone's Beverwyck Dare; 3d, Weeks & Turner's Mystery.—PUPPIES—WIRE OR SMOOTH-COATED—1st, 3d and R., Weeks & Turner's Springhill Proof, Springfield Trixy and Springhill Daisy; 2d, Toon & Thomas's Lady.—WIRE-HAIRED—*Dogs:* 1st, H. T. Foote's White Topper; 2d, G. W. H. Ritchie's Mister Great Snap. *Bitches:* 1st, H. T. Foote's Brittle Bee.

BOSTON TERRIERS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, withheld; 2d, 2d, Tyler Morse's Rustic Jack.

IRISH TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, Toon & Thomas's Gesseler III.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Toon & Thomas's Red Hot; 2d, Dr. Cushman's Boomerlin. *Bitches:* 1st and 2d, Toon & Thomas's Brickdust and Endcliffe Fusee.

SKYE TERRIERS.—OPEN—1st, A. W. Powers's Noble.

PUGS.—OPEN—*Dogs:* 1st, Rookery Kennels' Finsbury Duke; 2d, C. Y. Ford's Otterburn Treasure. *Bitches:* 1st, Rookery Kennels' Princess Madge.

BLACK AND TAN TERRIERS.—CHALLENGE—1st, S. D. Ripley's Glenwood.—OPEN—1st, S. D. Ripley's Surrey Gem; 2d, H. T. Foote's Rochelle Ratrap.

YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—OPEN—1st, withheld; 2d, M. S. Tyson's Little Swell.

MISCELLANEOUS.—OPEN—Equal 1st's, Toon & Thomas's Blazer (schipperke), Mr. James's Hard Tack (Bedlington terrier), and G. T. Van Zandt's Blink Bonny (White English terrier).

New England Beagle Club.

THE quarterly meeting of the New England Beagle Club was held at Mechanics Hall, Boston, April 20, and called to order at 2:45 P. M., President Joslin in the chair. The following members were present: H. S. Joslin, A. D. Fisk, Thomas Shallcross, Henry Hanson, A. Parry, B. S. Turpin, George F. Reed, F. W. Cielfeld, Howard Almy, Harry Tallman, C. J. Prouty and W. S. Clark. The minutes of the last meeting read and approved. Secretary-Treasurer's report was read and approved. The following gentlemen were elected to membership: W. E. Deane, Somerset, Mass.; A. H. Willard, Chicago; W. W. Brown, Springfield, Vt.; G. A. Clark, Lowell, Mass.; P. Kennedy, Peabody, Mass.; Robert Hindle, Jr., Providence; C. O. Smith and Leon A. Bailey, Woonsocket, R. I.

It was moved that a vote of thanks be given to the gentleman owning the estate where the last field trials were held, at Oxford. Messrs. Turpin, Reed and Fisk were appointed a committee to draw up resolutions of regret on the death of Dr. N. Rowe. In regard to the fall field trials it was voted they be held at Oxford, Mass., beginning Monday, Nov. 2, and the field trial committee make all arrangements for the same. The field trial committee were elected as follows: H. S. Joslin, A. D. Fisk, Henry Hanson, Thomas Shallcross and W. S. Clark. It was voted that the entry blanks for the 1897 Futurity Stake be sent out as soon as possible and all arrangements left with field trial committee.

The secretary was given a vote of thanks for his work in behalf of the club. Adjourned at 3:55 P. M.

A meeting of the field trial committee of the N. E. B. C. was called at 4 P. M., President Joslin in the chair. The following members were present: Messrs. Joslin, Fisk, Hanson, Shallcross and Clark. It was voted that all puppies born on or after Jan. 1, 1896, be eligible in the 1897 Futurity Stake. Voted that a meeting be held early in June, at the residence of Mr. A. D. Fisk, Worcester, Mass., to select judges and make arrangements for fall field trials.

W. S. CLARK, Sec'y.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

Following are the winners of the National Field Trials, run at Shrewsbury, England: Pointer Puppy Stakes, six starters, £40 to first, £15 to second, £5 to third; 1st, F. C. Lowe's Dora of Kippen (Don of Bolcord—Dora of Bolcord); 2d, Elias Bishop's Tom Pedro (Señor Don Pedro—Jeannette); 3d, Col. C. J. Cotes's Pope (Prior of Bromfield—Polly Jones). Setter Puppy Stakes: 1st, J. Bishop's Duchess of Salop (Benbow—Maud S.); 2d, T. Lauder's Barton Charmer (Sybarite Sam—Charming Spot); 3d, S. Humphrey's Bonny Pat of Coldhill (Harlech—Bertha). Acton Regnald Stakes, for single-aged pointers and setters, each £20 to first; absolute winner £10 extra; second, best of either breed, £7 7s.: 1st, H. F. de Trafford's Irish setter Punchestown (Compton Ponto—Kerry Kate). Champion Stakes: 1st, B. J. Warwick's pointer Dolly of Budhill (Brag of Merelbeke—Devon Betty).

The Kennel Club trials resulted as follows: Field Trial Derby—1st, A. Morren's pointer Bendigo of Brussels; 2d, S. Humphrey's Irish setter Merry Jill of Coldhill; 3d, W. Arkwright's Star One; 4th, F. C. Lowe's Dora of Kippen; 5th, S. Humphrey's Irish setter Bonny Pat of Coldhill; 6th, Sir H. de Trafford's setter Barton Charmer. All-Age Stakes—1st, B. J. Warwick's pointer Dolly of Budhill; 2d, F. C. Lowe's setter Mabel of Kippen; 3d, R. Le P. Llewellin's setter Daphne; 4th, A. Morren's pointer Bendigo of Brussels.

The Continental Field Trials Club announces its second annual chicken trial, to be run this year at Kennedy, Minn. The sterling expert, Mr. W. S. Bell, has been engaged to judge. The particulars of the stake are given n full in the club's advertisement.

We deeply regret the painful accident which happened to Mr. P. T. Madison on April 20. Our sympathy is extended to him and our earnest wishes go forth for his speedy recovery. He relates the circumstances of the accident as follows: "Last Monday I was sitting talking with some friends, and on rising I stepped off with my right foot, then raised the left, which naturally threw my weight on the right leg. At that instant the ligaments of the right knee were fractured, and I was made a cripple. My physician says I am doing nicely and he expects to have me on crutches next week, yet he will not say that I will entirely recover. However, I will be able to attend to the business of the Continental Field Trials Club."

An eminent field trial handler writes us concerning the Manitoba field trial clubs, that "I think it would be much better, if they want patronage from the United States, to hustle and make some arrangement with the customs authorities so the boys can get their dogs in and out without so much expense."

The April number of the *American Kennel Gazette* gives in full the action of the advisory committee at its meeting in April. In addition to the disqualification of George Bell till May 1, 1897, for making entries at the Detroit show while not in good standing, the committee recommended that the case of the A. K. C. against the City of the Straits Kennel Club, Detroit, for accepting Mr. Bell's entries be referred to the quarterly meeting, May 21 next, and that the club be dealt with under Art. IX., sec. 1, of the Constitution, which provides that "the executive committee shall have power by a two-thirds vote to suspend for a stated period or to expel any club or delegate or individual whose membership it may deem prejudicial to the welfare of the association." The Omaha Kennel Club was given thirty days within which to pay the claims of Thomas Blake and T. A. Howard, in default of which the club shall stand suspended and the officers disqualified. Lewis H. Miller, Westchester, Pa., was disqualified. In respect to the suspension of Dr. W. S. Bigelow and B. Alton Smith, the former has written to the A. K. C. that he is willing to abide by the decision of the committee and would remit the price of the dog to Mr. H. Rieman. R. B. Morgan's protest against the pointers Furlough Mike and Prince's Lad for being under weight at the St. Louis show was sustained, and the decision of the club was reversed, and the dogs next in merit as placed by the judge moved up under the rules. It was ordered that the committee did not feel justified in entering into any agreement with the Canadian Kennel Club in the matter of reciprocity. The Mohawk Kennel Club was admitted to membership. The application of the R. S. S. F. Association was granted and the association reinstated. The secretary was directed to make a payment on legal account.

From the *Breeder and Sportsman* we learn that Dr. R. J. Withers, of Los Angeles, Cal., lost recently by poison a litter of choice Irish setters, the bull terrier Crisp and three fine greyhounds. The poison fiend seems to be universal. Dr. Withers is a famous veterinarian who moved to Los Angeles from Chicago a few years ago.

The programme of the Eastern Field Trials Club's Derby is given in our advertising columns. The forthcoming trial is in number the eighteenth, and bespeaks much praise for the club which has gone steadily on its mission while strong clubs have sprung up, had their existence and faded away. Entry blanks, rules, etc., may be obtained of the secretary, Mr. S. C. Bradley, Greenfield Hill, Conn., who writes: "The purposes of this club are the same to-day as when organized. Many of its charter members have passed away. New members have taken their places with the same purposes as those of the originators of the club eighteen years ago, namely: to improve the breed of sporting dogs, to test their field qualities and to increase the legitimate sport. To-day the name, Eastern Field Trials Club, is familiar to every sportsman in America and abroad. In sports like these are all our cares beguiled."

Concerning their new purchase, the Wanoosnac Gordon Kennels write us as follows: "We have purchased the Gordon setter Wanoosnac Prince, winner of first in the

open class at the Boston show, both in 1895 and 1896, and have added him to the string of good ones that we have at the Wanoosnac Kennels."

Dr. and Mrs. R. J. Withers recently celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedded life at Los Angeles, Cal. A silver sociable was given therewith; the gift contributed by each guest was donated to the church fund of the Plymouth Church. Flowers decorated their home profusely and there were pretty costumes in bewildering variety.

It is rumored that Messrs. J. H. Dew, A. M. Young and W. S. Bell have been invited to judge the U. S. F. T. C.'s trials at Newton this fall.

It is indisputable that in England, as in Belgium, some litters of schipperkes have had their tails carved out from their bodies. We know how this is done with surgeons' scissors. The operation is cruel and barbarous. Those who like their dogs so dare not practice it. From the first the *Chasse et Peche* has frankly declared that the schipperkes were born with tails, and that one born without was the exception. But the judges have never troubled themselves to try and discover whether a schipperke on exhibition was born without a tail or had had it cropped. Such are details quite neglected. It is quite useless to seek to cut the tail of the schipperke either a little more or a little less short when, as has just been said, the judges take no notice.

This is how the operation is performed. Ordinarily when the dog is two or three days old, one of the operators takes it by the tail and holds the dog suspended, while the assistant is ready to catch the puppy the moment it falls. He first takes the scissors and cuts the tail as close as possible. Occasionally the little thing howls, and occasionally it makes no noise. The mother licks the place and that is all.—*British Fancier.*

Hog-herding Dogs.

IT is claimed that the wild hog of Catahoula is second only in the matter of pugnacity and ferocity to the roaring tiger of the Bengal jungle. In order to get a drove of these hogs into a pen, the hog-dog of Catahoula, as Mr. Wiggins informs us, operates as follows:

Keeping always in mind the direction of the pen or corral, the dog goes into the woods and flushes a drove of hogs. Then keeping himself invariably in front of the hogs barks forth a challenge; the hogs accept the gage of battle and make a dash for the ememy, and the dog, tucking his tail, if fortunate enough to have one, which is seldom the case, skedaddles toward the pen, regulating his speed so as to save at all times a distance of about 50yds.

Should the hogs halt in their pursuit, the dog returns and renews his dare, and again he is charged, and again he slopes. In this way he lures the hogs on until in their mad chase they follow him through the open gate into the pen, when he immediately proceeds to jump the fence on the opposite side, while his master, who has been seated on the fence during the pursuit, hurriedly climbs down and closes the gate on the entrapped porcines. The faithful and intelligent dog, which is found nowhere else but in the languorous shades of the Catahoulan wilds, is rewarded with a pone of cornbread, and the next day there is a great hog-killing time, followed by feasting and revelry.—*New Orleans States.*

Information Wanted.

COLUMBIA, Pa.—Some five or six years ago I purchased through an advertisement in FOREST AND STREAM a black English setter dog. I have lost his pedigree. The seller was a man named Robinson, whose kennels were located in some Massachusetts town, but where I have forgotten. Can you supply the deficiency? W. H. FENDRICH.

(Perhaps some of our readers can furnish the desired information.)

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

BRED.

Mr. G. G. Williamson's Belle of Piedmont, Jr., English setter bitch, March 19, to champion Antonio.

Mr. S. Penfield's

Bayonne Nellie, Boston terrier bitch, April 17, to Monté.

Jessie, Boston terrier bitch, March 18, to Buster.

WHELPS.

Mr. E. W. Tynan's Ruby Glenmore II., Irish setter bitch, whelped, April 6, ten (four dogs), by champion Fingias.

Mr. R. L. Soper's Duchess, Gordon setter bitch, whelped, Oct. 20, six (four dogs), by Grouse.

Mr. Fred. C. Marsh's Duchess, Gordon setter bitch, whelped, Oct. 20, six (four dogs), by Grouse.

SALES.

Mr. Joseph McMurry has sold Norah, Boston terrier bitch, to Mr. Smith Penfield.

Bayonne Kennels have sold Bayonne Nellie, Boston terrier bitch, to Mr. Smith Penfield.

ONE day recently Henderson Mathews, a well-to-do negro farmer near Minden, La., went over in Black Lake Swamp to look for a little bunch of cattle that had not been up to pen for some weeks. After considerable search he found some of the cattle stranded on a little island in the swamp, formed by the sudden uprising of the lake since the recent rains. Henderson, with the assistance of some friends, constructed a rough bridge of brush, puncheons, etc., filling up a passageway whereby the cattle might cross over to dry land. This they lost no time in doing, bringing with them, to Henderson's intense amazement, a young fawn. Deer are getting to be quite scarce in this region, and this little one coming in so strange a manner created no small sensation. No trace of dam or buck was to be found, the fawn having evidently strayed from its parents weeks ago. The little fellow seemed perfectly at home with the cattle, tugging away at the bag of one of the cows in the most cheerful and trustful manner when found. In return, the old cow seemed quite as fond of her adopted child, and still takes the best possible care of the little deer, which may be seen comfortably penned in Mathews's cow lot.—*Correspondence Philadelphia Times.*

THE CUCKOOS.

In the early autumn day,
When the hoar frost holds its sway,
And the emerald of the sod
Is gilded by the golden-rod,
Then I wander through the glade
'Neath the overhanging shade,
Listening, lingering, listening long,
For the cuckoo's plaintive song:
Cuckoo! cuckoo!

Though I linger, 'tis in vain,
Once to hear that song again.
Why should I this loss repine,
Wandering through the groves of pine?
I remember, I have heard,
Years long dead, that forest bird:
Cuckoo! cuckoo!

PROBABLY there are few birds in the Northern States so common and yet so little known as the cuckoo. Of the six species comprising the family *Cuculidæ* found in North America, two occur in western New York, the yellow-billed cuckoo (*Coccyzus americanus*) and the black-billed cuckoo (*Coccyzus erythropthalmus*), which seem to be about equally divided in Niagara county, while the yellow-billed is reported as rare in the central part of the State, where the black-billed is common. They generally arrive here from the South about May 1 and remain until October. I have seen them as late as Oct. 7.

There is but little difference in the size and color of the two species. The upper parts are of a metallic greenish olive, tinged with ashy toward the bill; under parts white, with the exception of a brownish tinge on the throat of the black-billed. Tail feathers of the yellow-billed (except the two middle, which are like the back) black, tipped with white for about 1in. on the outer feathers, the external one with the outside edge almost entirely white. The tail feathers of the black-billed on the upper part are all of the same color of the back, on the under surface, of an ashy gray, all tipped with white (except the two central) for about ¼in. The black-billed has a naked red skin around the eye, which is lacking on the yellow-billed. The two species measure from 11.50 to 12in., black-billed longest; wings 5.50 to 6in., yellow-billed longest; tail 5.75 to 6.50in., black-billed longest.

Both species commence breeding between the middle of May and June 1. The nest is a very loose affair composed of twigs and rootlets nearly flat, indeed so flat that I have often wondered how the eggs remained on. It is generally placed in the forks of a horizontal limb well out from the trunk of the tree; I have found them in small bushes, and one I found in a burdock within 6in. of the ground. The eggs of the yellow-billed measure from 1.15 to 1.25in. in length, and from .90 to 1in. in breadth, their color a light bluish green; from two to four are found in a set. The eggs of the black-billed are more spherical and of a darker green than those of the other species. They measure 1.5 to 1 15in. in length by .80 to .90in. in breadth.

Although the black-billed sometimes deposits its eggs in the nest of other birds, I do not think it deserts them (as does the European species, to be incubated and the young reared by the foster parents). I have found nests containing the eggs of both species with the black-billed on the nest, and in one instance I am quite certain that I saw both species feeding four young in one nest. This I reported to FOREST AND STREAM at the time, and after the following observation I am more than ever convinced that it was so.

On June 17, 1882, I saw a black-billed cuckoo and a mourning dove sitting on a robin's nest together. I secured the nest and found that it contained two eggs of the mourning dove, two of the cuckoo, and one robin's egg. The robin had not finished the nest when the cuckoo took possession and filled it nearly full of rootlets, but the robin got in and laid one egg. Incubation was well advanced in the robin's and cuckoo's eggs, but the mourning dove's eggs were fresh, showing that it was the last to take possession, and also that it lays its eggs in other birds' nests. I have never found them in other than old nests of the robin except in this instance. I have this nest and the eggs of this trio of birds in my collection still in good order. Another peculiarity of the black-billed cuckoo is the long continuance of the laying season. Young of different ages will sometimes be found in the same nest with partly incubated and fresh eggs.

Audubon mentions an instance where he saw a nest containing two young cuckoos nearly able to fly that scrambled off their tenement among the branches of the tree and were caught. The nest still contained three young cuckoos, all of different sizes; the smallest apparently just hatched, the next in size probably several days old, while the largest, covered with pin feathers, would have been able to have left the nest in about a week. There was also in the nest two eggs, one containing a chick, the other fresh or lately laid. And another instance where eleven young cuckoos had been successively hatched and reared in the one nest by the same pair of birds in one season, and that young birds and eggs were to be seen in it at the same time for many weeks in succession.

I have observed the cuckoo more than any other species we have. During incubation the birds are loath to leave the nest; I have stood for minutes with my face within 3ft. of a nest of the black-billed when the bird was on it, and there was not a perceptible movement, but as soon as I raised my hand the bird was gone in an instant. On Sept. 10, 1888, I found the nest of a black-billed cuckoo containing two young birds not more than one day out of the shell; the two previous nights we had had severe frosts that destroyed vegetables. This is the latest date that I have ever found young birds of any kind, and Oct. 7 mentioned above is the latest date that I have observed the cuckoo. I was hunting grouse when I saw a bird fly into a small oak tree; I walked up within 10ft. of the tree, where I stood and watched it through my field glass for some moments. I then walked entirely around the tree and stopped directly under the bird and again looked at it through the glass, and although my eyes were within 7ft. of the cuckoo for some minutes I could not detect the least motion. I then backed away without removing the glass from my eyes, and not until I was at least 50ft. away was there the least motion, and then the bird was gone like a flash; it seemed as if it thought that its only safety was in remaining quiet.

I can say very little about the song of the cuckoo, not having heard it for at least twenty-five years, when I did not know that there was more than one species here, and had never heard but one call or song; but I remember it well, and always when I see a cuckoo I seem to hear it as distinctly as ever. I suppose that both species have a song or call and have often wondered if they were the same.

J. L. DAVISON.

Yachting.

THE *Marine Journal*, quoting some of our remarks on the Payne bill, comments as follows:

Rather a severe arraignment, this, of American yacht designers and builders, but they are not facts. There are many as capable steam yacht designers in the United States as there are in any part of the world, and the *Marine Journal* believes them more capable. Any one of these can be employed to design just such a yacht as an owner desires, and can furnish him with ideas for comfort and elegance wherein he may be lacking, and any one of our prominent yacht builders will gladly contract to build from these designs in as short a time as can be done abroad.

Our main contention in this matter is that there are, practically, no American designers of steam yachts, for the reason that, as was the case in sailing yachts prior to 1880, both owners and builders have failed to recognize the necessity for a trained and educated specialist—the yacht designer—but are content to delegate the work that he alone can do to some one who, whatever his special qualifications may be, is not familiar with this class of vessel. It is from this lack of encouragement that there are no American designers of steam yachts, and that American steam yachts float far below their designed lines, fail in appearance, accommodation and performance, and require expensive rebuilding immediately after launching. If we are so far astray in our contention, then the *Marine Journal* will find it an easy task to prove this to be the case by publishing a list of American designers and the steam yachts which they have designed, and also of American steam yachts and the names and nationalities of their designers. It must be remembered that the discussion relates to the class of yachts affected by the Payne bill, sea-going craft, and especially of the larger size. We do not deny that there are several firms that turn out a very serviceable type of river steam yacht of moderate size. By designer we mean the individual who has actual control of the drawing of the lines and the making of the calculations, if any are made, and not the firm which takes the contract and builds the yacht.

The practical result of the Payne bill, if passed, will be to create a monopoly for builders who have not shown a creditable amount of enterprise in encouraging the designer and improving the steam yacht, but have contented themselves with turning out anything that the owner or his captain will accept. The field for the improvement of the steam yacht in the direction of the development of a national type specially fitted for American conditions is quite as wide as that formerly existing in sailing yachts, and which has been filled, not by the builder, but by the American designer, in the construction of Volunteer, Lasca, Gloriana, Emerald, Ariel, Niagara and Defender. That the average British steam yacht of to-day is far ahead of the American is due solely to the fact that British owners have had a better appreciation of what was both desirable and possible, and have gone to the yacht designer, rather than to the builder of steamers and warships, to get it. As is the case in sailing yachts, the British craft is by no means as well suited for this side of the ocean and for American yachtsmen as for the other side and the different uses of British yachtsmen. When American owners have learned just what a steam yacht should and may be in appearance, accommodation, speed and economy of running, and when they and the builder are willing to pay to the professional designer a reasonable fee for the skill which enables him to give them what they want, we shall see a fleet of American steam yachts that will surpass anything that the other side can produce. That this day will be hastened by the passage of the Payne bill we very much doubt.

ASSUMING the right and justice of protection to American industry, the Payne bill deals solely with the builder and leaves the designer entirely out of the count. The efforts of the FOREST AND STREAM for many years have been for the full and complete recognition of the designer in all classes of marine work, and though this has come about in the case of the sailing yacht, but little has been done in steam yachts or in commercial work. Apart from the good work done by the United States Government within a dozen years in the encouragement of thorough technical education and systematic designing, for its own special benefit, this great country is still woefully astern, and the very ones who should do the most, the builders, are doing nothing at all. No encouragement or opportunity is offered to the ambitious young workman or draftsman in the yards, or to the scientist who devotes his time to investigation and the advancement of naval architecture, and the work of designing is intrusted largely to men whose first attention is necessarily given to the mechanical details of shop and yard management.

So much is this the case that the construction of two large passenger steamers from the designs of a professional designer entirely unconnected with building stands alone in the history of American shipbuilding. The remarkable success of these two boats has already produced a good effect, which is bound to increase with their further competition with other craft produced in the yards.

If the Payne bill is to become a law, at least a certain amount of good might be derived from it by a provision that all moneys collected under its operation shall be devoted to the establishment and maintenance of a national college of naval architecture.

APROPOS of the protection of the American workman, naturalized or otherwise, there is something instructive in the present condition of the boat-building industry. We hear from many quarters an urgent demand for skillful, intelligent and sober boat-builders to work on the smaller classes of sailing boats, such as the 15-footers, good workmen of this sort being difficult to obtain. The demand for this class of craft, which is something unprecedented this year, is due to the fact that these boats are now the fashion, which, like canoeing twenty years ago, was introduced from England, where the type originated. A year ago the half-rater and the one-rater were almost unheard of in America, and now they are all the rage, possibly only for a time; but we believe that the general type, handsome in appearance, shipshape in model and construction, moderately rigged, easily handled and withal fast, will largely displace the old types of catboats and sloops with short ends, big rigs and large crews. That they are known and appreciated here now is due to the importation of one English boat. As the type has been developed to a high degree of perfection on the other side, and as many fast boats are this year for sale there at a low price through the extinction of the class by the recent change of rule, it might be expected that many would be imported in spite of the duty; but thus far we have been able to learn of bu

one order for an American placed in England. So far as the interests of American builders and mechanics are concerned in these small classes, it would be an excellent thing if the duty were abolished and more English boats imported, to stimulate the competition.

In spite of a cold and backward spring, the building yards and basins are giving indications of a fairly early opening of the yachting season, and a very large number of yachts, both new and old, are being finished off to go into commission shortly. In spite of many rumors, it is hardly likely that either Defender or Valkyrie will be raced—either together in this country or each with her home fleet on opposite sides of the Atlantic; but it does not follow from this that the sport of yacht racing will suffer to any material degree. It is hard to conceive any other way in which such a vast sum of money could be expended to so little useful purpose in yachting as was accomplished by these two great craft last year. Defender sailed in al about a dozen races, all but two against her older sister, Vigilant; and while it was demonstrated that she is in all ways faster than the centerboard boat, the racing of the two was notable mainly for the ill feeling engendered and the very serious charges made. The races with Valkyrie III. were but two in number, and while they also demonstrated Defender's superiority, they fell far short of a thorough and conclusive test of the two costly machines. The final disputes attending these races also can only be considered as a misfortune to be regretted by yachtsmen of all nationalities. Much might yet be learned by the systematic racing together of all the big cutters—Defendant, Vigilant, Ailsa, Satanita, Britannia and the new Meteor; but this is manifestly impossible. In default of it, however, a great deal of uncertainty must always exist as to the exact relative merits of each yacht.

On this side of the ocean the prospects of racing in the larger classes are very poor indeed. There is little probability that the yachts now nominally in the largest single-stick class, Defender, Vigilant, Navahoe, Jubilee and Volunteer, will be raced at all. In the schooner division the principal interest centers in Emerald and the re-rigged Colonia, with possibly Ariel, though we understand she will not be raced. In the classes from 70 to 40ft. there are no new yachts, and it is still a question as to how many of the old ones may be tempted into racing.

From such an outlook as this, which is all that the circumstances justify, it might be anticipated that the season of 1896 would prove a remarkably dull one, but such is hardly likely to be the case. While there is nothing startling or sensational in view, there is a good prospect for the sport in all parts of the country, and of a sort that will do much to build up American yachting.

While the building of large craft has been almost entirely confined to the steam yacht division of the national fleet, there has been through the past winter a great activity in the building of small craft, most of them for local use only and many for cruising or all-round service, but none the less important on these accounts. With this building there has been a remarkable activity in several localities, such as New York, Boston and the ports of Lake Michigan, in the direction of union and inter-club organization, and in the former two localities in particular the results far exceed anything thus far known.

The new Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound has taken hold most energetically of the local racing between New London and New York, and under its rules and management as to dates, etc., the Sound racing promises to bring out a much larger fleet than has yet been seen, with more races and larger fields of starters in each. The work of the Union has made it far easier for the racing owner to lay out the season's programme in advance and to adhere to it through all the races, and with the increased competition the interest and excitement of racing will be trebled. The systematization of the racing and the non-clashing of dates will of itself tend to increase entries, as it offers a fair guarantee to a man that if he takes his yacht to a race he will find several competitors—something that he was never sure of when each club was a law to itself in the selection of dates and adoption of rules.

The same process of organization has been carried out this past winter about Massachusetts Bay, and equally good results may be looked for from the Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association. It is not to be expected that, where similar attempts have failed year after year, these two associations, neither much over a year old, will get along with no difficulties whatever; but each has started under more favorable circumstances and on a broader basis than in the past, and the results thus far are such as to encourage every hope of permanent success.

On the Lakes a similar work is under discussion, but has not advanced so far; there can be no doubt, however, that in spite of the notable apathy of some of the larger clubs, whose action might long ago have produced a union of all American clubs, a national association will be formed before many years. It would take comparatively little even now to bring together the Long Island Sound Union, the Massachusetts Association, and all the Lake clubs in the adoption of uniform rules and regulations, forming a body with which other clubs throughout the country would be glad to ally themselves.

The immediate result of such work as has already been done must be to stimulate yacht racing as a popular sport in which all who have access to navigable waters may participate. The numerous classes, from the very smallest upward, recognised and encouraged by these bodies, offer opportunities for men of limited means and of all possible tastes, as the 18-footer or the small cabin cat is accorded quite as much attention as the largest schooner—a very different state of affairs from that existing in the larger clubs that have hitherto dominated yachting.

In any complete system of national yachting the first place must always be accorded to the strictly racing class, with new boats added each year, that makes the racing of the larger clubs and in the principal ports, such as the 90ft. schooner class, the 70ft. cutter class, the 40-footer and 30-footers in this country, and the old 40, 30 and 10 tonners and later the 40, 30, 10 and smaller rating classes in England. It is through such yachts that improvements originate and international matches are made; while the fame of their racing serves to stimulate yachting among men in distant places and who never see them.

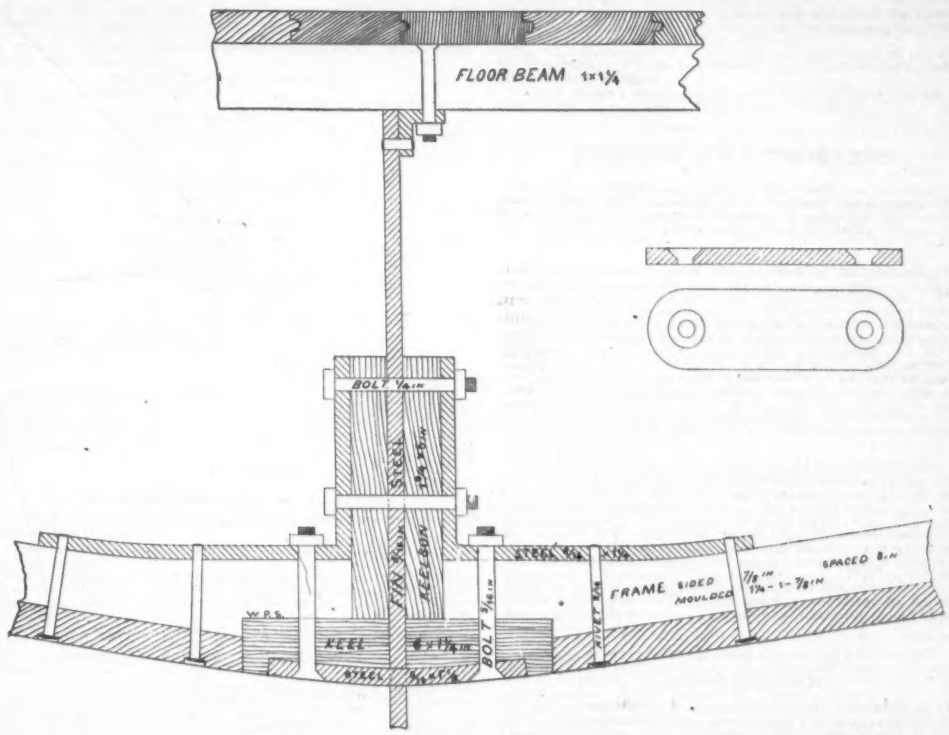
At the same time, what is really more important is the successful maintenance of a large local fleet, through which the sport shall be represented on every river and lake and harbor in the land. Such a fleet as this is rapidly taking form and strength throughout the country, on all of the Great Lakes, on the smaller and isolated inland waters on the Pacific coast, as in Puget Sound. In this national fleet the number and quality of the yachts are increasing rapidly and the racing is of greater interest and more systematically conducted each year.

Of strictly international racing there will be none this year, as the yachting and canoeing interests of the United States and Canada are so closely associated as to obliterate all boundary lines; but at the same time there will be two series of matches which will attract special attention from the fact that the two competitors in each will sail under different national ensigns.

The greater contest, as size goes, will be between two new yachts, one built at Racine, Wis., and representing the Lincoln Park Y. C., of Chicago, the challenger, and the other built in Toronto and representing the Royal Canadian Y. C., of that city, the race being sailed in neutral waters, presumably on Lake Erie. As both boats are ially designed and built for this race, it is creating an interest which will not only benefit yachting among Lake yachtsmen, but will attract general attention to the possibilities of the great fresh-water seas.

The other competition will be in the smallest class recognized by yacht clubs, the 15ft. racing length or ½-rating class, the challenger in this case being the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, while the defender will be selected from the fleet of small craft now building in the United States.

Taken altogether, in its probable results in the immediate future as well as its possibilities for sport and exciting racing throughout its length, the season of 1896 promises to be a notable one in spite of the absence of the syndicate machine.



KCKO—DETAILS OF KEEL AND FIN CONSTRUCTION.

Koko, Bulb-Fin Racing Yacht.

DESIGNED BY W. P. STEPHENS.

[Concluded from page 861, May 2.]

THE accompanying sail plan shows the rig of the fin-keel Koko, described last week. When first launched the yacht was rigged with a mast of the height of the present hounds and a 15ft. yard, making the same hoist as shown; but after a short time the yard was discarded and the mast was continued in one piece, as in the second rig of Scarecrow. The dimensions of spars and sails are as follows:

Mast, from end of l.w.l.		4ft. 6in.
deck to hounds		23ft.
sheave		30ft. 9in.
diam. at deck		5in.
hounds		4½in.
sheave		3in.
Bowsprit, over all		4ft. 6in.
outboard		2ft. 6in.
beyond end of l.w.l.		6ft. 6in.
diam. at gammon, oval		4½×3in.
Boom, from after side of mast		25ft. 3in.
diam., fore end		2½in.
slings		4½in.
after end		3½in.
Mainsail, luff		30ft.
foot		25ft.
leech		27ft. 4in.
Jib, luff		23ft.
foot		13ft.
leech		30ft.
Mainsail, area		375sq. ft.
Jib, area		180sq. ft.
Total		505sq. ft.
C. E. forward of C. L. R.		1ft.

The dimensions given are for hollow spars, mast and boom. The mast has one shroud on each side of ⅝in. steel wire rope, with forestay of ½in. and pendants of $^{9}/_{16}$in. The masthead stay is of $^{9}/_{16}$in. wire, running over a spreader at the hounds; like the main shrouds, being set up with turnbuckles. There are no bowsprit shrouds, the bobstay is a steel bar ⅜in.×1¼in. The mainsail is set on a railway on the mast, being hoisted by a single part of ½in. phosphor bronze wire rope, running over a 2¼in. sheave at the masthead. A tail block is spliced into the hauling end of the wire, and through it is rove a single part of manilla, with a thimble spliced into one end and the other rove through a block on deck beside the mast. Just forward of the mast is a stout hook in the deck, and in setting the sail the manilla line is hauled on until the tail block in the wire tye is near the deck; then the eye and thimble in the manilla part, which has been jammed in the tail block, is slipped over the hook in the deck, thus making a whip purchase by which the luff may be set as taut as desired.

The jib halyard is of $^{9}/_{16}$in. phosphor bronze wire rope and rigged in a similar manner. On the mast are two check blocks, one on each side, the sheils forming the saddles for the shrouds and runners. The halyard is double, with the jib block in the bight; in the end which is rove through the port block is an eye and thimble, with a light piece of line spliced in, and in the starboard end is a tail block and a manilla whip, as in the main halyard. After the block is hooked into the head cringle of the jib the port end of the halyard is hauled down and the eye hooked on deck; then the starboard part is hauled down, the end of the whip hooked on deck, and the sail set taut. The sails are of cotton, about 5½oz., double-bighted. With the jib shown, the yacht carries a lee helm in a light air, but steers well as the breeze increases. After several trials the main sheet was rigged with two bridles, as shown.

The construction is similar to that frequently described in the FOREST AND STREAM, except in the fastening of fin and hull, for which a somewhat novel method was adopted. The keel is of oak, moulded 1¼in. and sided 6in. amidships, tapering to 1¼in. at the ends. A stem-piece is necessary to form the short crook at the fore end and the keel is scarfed to it, the keel itself taking the necessary sweep without steam. The keelson is 5in. deep and 1¾in. thick, fitted to the sweep of the inner side of keel. It is set with canton flannel in the joint for the length of the fin, and very well through-bolted with ¾in iron through the keel at intervals of 6in. abreast the fin. The frames are steamed and bent, sided ⅞in. and moulded 1½in. at heels, 1in. at the bilge and ⅞in. at the heads; the chainplate frames are sided 1½in. The frames are spaced 8in. The clamps are in single lengths, 2 by 1in. amidships and tapering to 1¼ by ¾in. at ends. The deck beams are sided ½in., the portner beams sided 1¼in. and moulded 1¼in., the spacing being 8in. The deck is ¼in. thick. The planking is ⅝in. throughout.

The ordinary method of fastening the fin entirely outside the hull places a very severe strain on the keel and lower portions of the frames and planking, and strength is only obtained by means of many and strong cross floors and two or more keelsons. It will be plainly seen that the leverage on the lower portion of the bottom is vastly greater with this method than would be the case if the fin-plate were carried up well into the hull and braced there. The method here described was adopted in order to secure the necessary strength with a simpler floor construction, no greater weight, and to avoid the drag of the angle bars outside the keel. The keel and keelson are thoroughly bolted together, as already described, and a mortise of the full length of the fin-plate, which is made deeper than usual, is cut through both to make a snug fit for the $^{5}/_{16}$in. plate. The tendency of any strain on the fin would be to split the keel and keelson in two instead of twisting the keel out of the boat, as is the case with the usual method. To counteract this several slots are punched through the fin-plate, each about $^{5}/_{16}$ by 1½in., just above the line of the bottom of the keel, and through each slot a piece is passed, of the shape shown in the drawing, 5in. long, 1½in. wide and $^{5}/_{16}$in. thick, with a hole through each end countersunk to fit a $^{5}/_{16}$in. stove bolt. Each of these pieces is to be set into the keel so as to be flush with the bottom.

After hull and fin are completed, the fin is shored up in an upright position, and the upper part well painted with red lead and oil, a strip of cloth, also well painted, being laid over the top. The hull is then lifted and lowered carefully on the fin, which enters the mortise, drawing the painted cloth into the joints. The short pieces are slipped through the slots in the fin, and the hull is forced down until these pieces enter the gains cut for them in the bottom of the keel. These pieces are used in Koko, one in the center and one at each end of the fin, and on the frames immediately above them knees of flat steel or iron, ⅝in. by 1¼in., are placed with a couple of rivets through garboards and frames. When hull and fin are in place, $^{5}/_{16}$in. stove bolts, with countersunk head, are run through the cross pieces, the keel, heel of frame and steel knee, and set up with nuts. The vertical arms of each pair of knees are also united by ½in. carriage bolts, which go through both fin and keelson. Similar bolts are also run through the fin and keelson, close down to the keel, between the frames, spaced about 8in. apart. The three cross pieces, if properly fitted, will resist all strains that tend to split the keel, and also prevent the fin being driven into the hull by heavy pounding on the ground. They are well backed up by the knees inside and the bolts, which bind the fin to the frames. The bolts between the frames along the whole length of the fin are intended rather to prevent local leakage than to add to the general strength.

The upper edge of the fin-plate extends to the lower side of the floor beams, which are 1in. thick and 1¼in. deep, a small angle piece being riveted to the plate under each beam and bolted through the beam, as shown. In this way the fin is supported high up in the hull, making a very long leverage to resist all strains. In case any caulking should prove necessary, there is a good caulking seam between fin and keel outside, fin and keelson on top, and between keel and keelson. In order to reduce useless weight a number of large holes are punched in the plate above the keelson.

The three objections to this method are: a certain liability to leakage from the cutting through the keel, the inability to remove the fin, and the loss of a certain amount of space low in the boat. The first of these may be avoided by careful fitting and fastening of all parts; the second would in most cases be a serious objection, while in others it would make no difference, there being no occasion to remove the fin; and the third may be classed in the same way; in a fin-keel yacht of the larger size the room would be valuable, but in boats of 26ft. downward the floor is usually high and the space below it is practically worthless. In a boat of the sail plan and bulb of Koko the thickness of the keel for the length of the fin-plate might be increased to 2in. and the keelson to 2×6in.

Opinions still differ as to the value of a small metal scag with a rudder hung on it as opposed to the ordinary balance rudder. There is somewhat more frictional surface, it is true, but the C. L. R. may be shifted further aft, as is sometimes desirable in these small boats, and the rudder is free from all danger of picking up lines and grass. The fastening of such a plate is a very simple matter; it is cut out with two lugs about 4in. long and 2in. wide projecting from the upper edge; two mortises are cut through the keel to fit these lugs; they are painted and driven tightly home, and an iron wedge or key is driven through a hole in each lug on top of the keel.

The following is a record of Koko's wins in the two seasons she has been afloat:

Royal Canadian Y. C.—July 6, 1895, first prize; Sept. 3, 1895, first prize; Aug. —, 1894, first prize; Aug. —, 1894, first prize; Sept. 15, 1894, first prize; Sept. —, 1894, second prize.

Royal Toronto Skiff Sailing Club.—Sept. 8, 1894, first prize; June 8, 1895, first prize; July 13, 1895, first prize; Sept. 7, 1895, first prize.

Royal Hamilton Y. C.—Sept. 3, 1894, first prize.

Lake Y. R. A.—Aug. 28, 1894, first prize; July 16, 1895, first prize; July 18, 1895, first prize; at Hamilton, July 19, 1895, eighth place.*

* Report says lost bowsprit and came in with double-reefed main sail.

The Y. R. U. Numbers.

THE Yacht Racing Union has finally perfected its scheme of racing numbers for the large fleet which will sail in its races this season, and there is every reason to believe that it will prove successful. The Larchmont Y. C., which last year refused to act with the Union, has accepted the system of numbers, and some alterations have been made, the designation of classes being as follows:

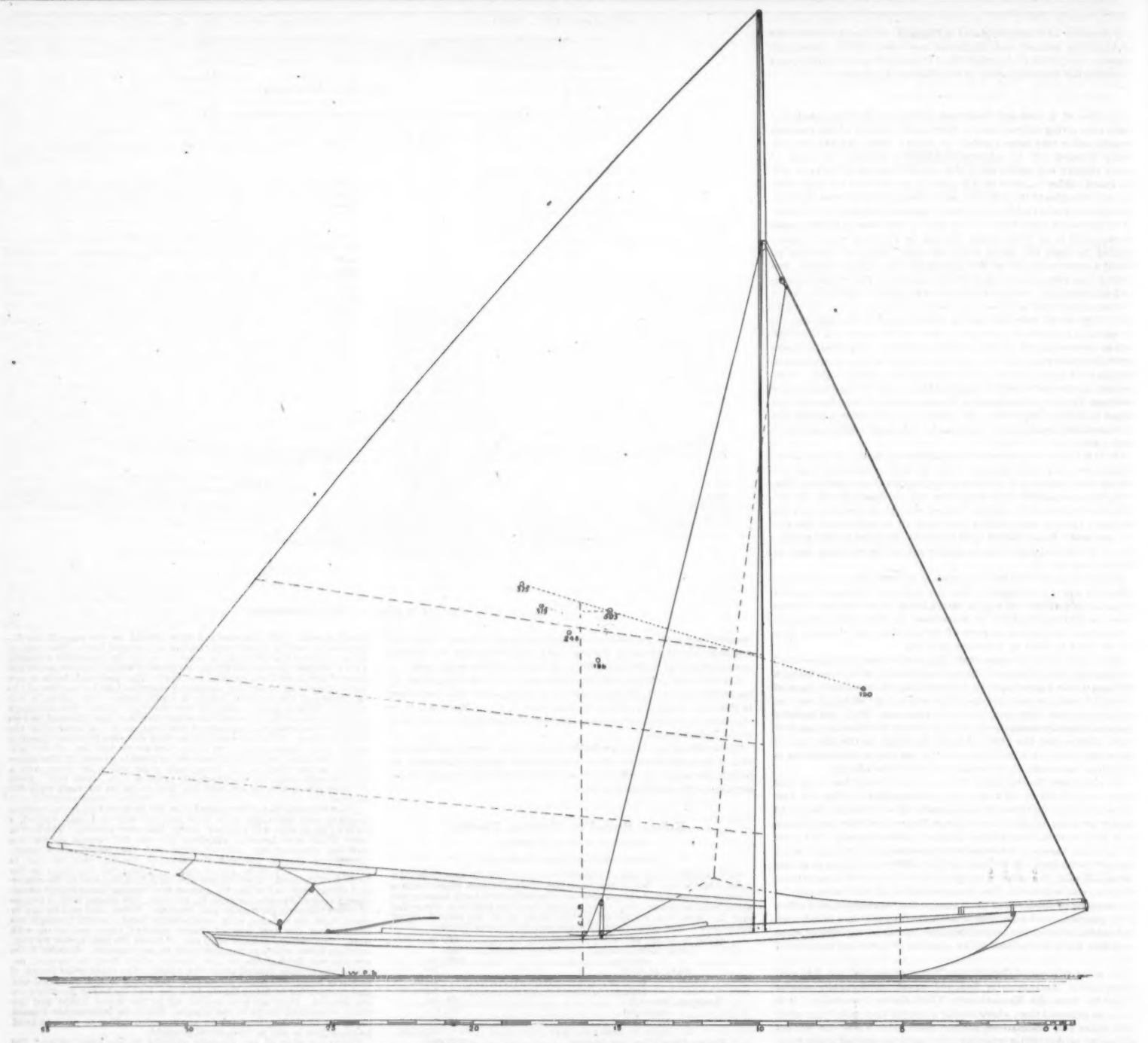
Schooners.—First class, A; 95ft. class, B; 85ft. class, C; 75ft. class, D; 65ft. class, E.

Single-Masted Vessels and Yawls—Cabin Yachts.—First class, H; 80ft. class, I; 70ft. class, J; 60ft. class, K; 51ft. class, L; 43ft. class, M; 36ft. class, N; 30ft. class, O; 28ft. class, P; special 34ft. class, V; special 30ft. class, W.

Open Yachts.—First or 30ft. class, R; 25ft. class, S; 20ft. class, T; 15ft. class, U; special jib and mainsail class, X; special 21ft. class, Y; special ½-rater class, Z.

Specials.—V, Larchmont class; W, New York class; X, Larchmont class; Y, Larchmont class; Z, Seawanhaka class.

The letters will be placed just above the numbers. For classes over 30ft. the figures will be 17in. high, and for the smaller classes 14in. The numbers will be so allotted that yachts of similar rig will have numbers of the same series.



SAIL PLAN OF KOKO—DESIGNED BY W. P. STEPHENS.

Hiawatha.

THE first of the yachts to go overboard at the yard of C. L. Seabury & Co., at Nyack, was the one designed and built by the firm for Charles Fleischmann, of Cincinnati, named Hiawatha. The launch, after the custom of the yard, took place at night, just before 12 o'clock on April 29, the yard and vessels being decorated with electric lights and Chinese lanterns. A number of friends of the owner were present to represent him in his absence. The Hiawatha is 135ft. over all, 110ft. l.w.l., 16ft. 9in. beam and 7ft. draft, with a Seabury triple compound and watertube boiler. The hull is single planked below the bilge and double planked above, with steel frames. The internal arrangement is very good and the saloon and staterooms are handsomely finished. The yacht is flush decked and schooner rigged. Capt. B. F. Smith will be in command. The steam yachts Kanawha and Mayita are nearly ready for launching at the same yard.

Ingomar.

EVEN since the smart schooner Quickstep, of 65ft. l.w.l. was built in 1889 yachtsmen have praised the class as a most useful and convenient one, and every fall several new boats have been confidently predicted for it. After a great deal of idle talk it has taken seven years to build a second boat for the class, the steel schooner Ingomar, launched at Lawley's yard on April 25. The new yacht, which is for Mr. John D. Barrett, of New York, former owner of the sloops Madcap and Swanhanoa, was designed by H. C. Wintringham, and is intended for general yachting about the Sound and coast. She is 85ft. over all, 63ft. l.w.l., 19ft. beam and 8ft. 2in. draft. As in Quickstep, the steel construction gives a strong and roomy craft, with trunk cabin and centerboard well out of the way. The yacht is not intended for racing, but will doubtless turn out quite fast. She is plated in lapstrake fashion.

Model Yachting.

THE model yacht Star, owned by G. W. Townley and G. F. Pigott, has been chosen to defend the American Model Y. C. perpetual challenge trophy against Ripple, owned by Wm. Wallen, Wave Crest M. Y. C., the race to take place on July 4 off the American Model Y. C. station, foot Thirty-fourth street, South Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. G. D. Casey, owner of Henrietta, A. M. Y. C., has withdrawn his challenge for the *Outing* cup in favor of Messrs. Cogswell and Thompson, owners of the Wave, Wave Crest M. Y. C., l.w.l. 48in.; beam 16in., the race to be sailed on May 17 over the course of the W. C. M. Y. C., foot Fifty-sixth street, South Brooklyn, N. Y. The present holder of the cup is John Smith's Dolphin.

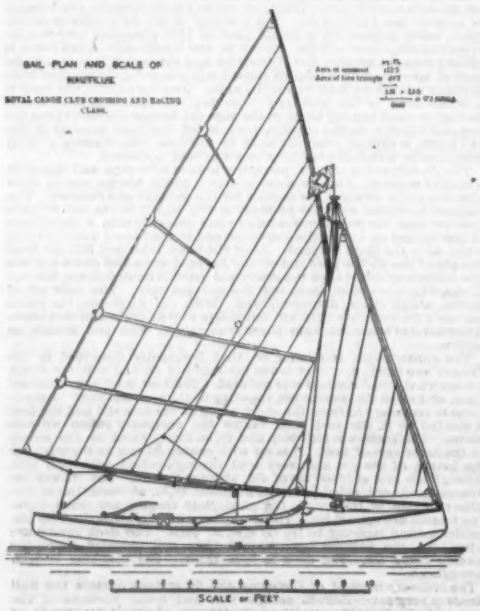
The Payne Bill.

ON May 4 the Payne yacht bill was passed unanimously by the House of Representatives under a suspension of the rules. In deference to pressure from yachtsmen, and contrary to the wishes of its introducer, the bill was previously amended to read as follows:

"SECTION 4,376.—Yachts belonging to a regularly organized yacht club of any foreign nation which shall extend like privileges to the yachts of the United States shall have the privilege of entering or leaving any port of the United States without entering or clearing at the Custom House thereof or paying tonnage tax, provided that the privileges of this section shall not extend to any yacht built outside of the United States, and owned, chartered or used by a citizen of the United States, unless such ownership or charter was acquired prior to the passage of this act.

"SECTION 2.—That section 11 of an act entitled 'An Act to Abolish Certain Fees for Official Services to American Vessels, and to Amend the Laws Relating to Shipping Commissioners, Seamen and Owners of Vessels and Other Purposes,' approved June 19, 1886, so far as the same exempts any yacht built outside of the United States, and owned, chartered or used by a citizen of the United States, from the payment of tonnage taxes, is hereby repealed."

As amended, the new law will not apply to foreign built yachts now in this country or at present building for American citizens.



NAUTILUS—CANOE YAWL—SAIL PLAN.

Free Yachts.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your article on "American and Foreign Steam Yachts," in the FOREST AND STREAM of April 25, commends itself entirely to my approval. I have for many years advocated free ships for the merchant service, and have adduced the same argument you employ; among many others that do not apply to yachts, that the free importation of vessels of all kinds from abroad, whether for the purposes of business or of pleasure, would be an incentive to our domestic shipbuilders to equal them, not only in speed and other desirable qualities, but in cost of construction. Some progress has already been made in this direction by the introduction of foreign built yachts, and its effect would by this time have been so complete, had our restrictive navigation laws been absolutely repealed, that we would have no occasion to go abroad for vessels of any description, whether propelled by sail or by steam. We observe that "The introduction of one little English boat, through the payment of a good round sum to the treasury of the United States by way of penalty, has brought work to the value of thousands of dollars to American builders this year, and will be the means of setting afloat probably 200 boats of home design and construction." So true it is that competition is the life of business. The monopoly possessed by our shipbuilders is a sedative, whereas competition would be a tonic. They stand in their own light and are entirely responsible for the almost total annihilation of our foreign carrying trade as well as for the impediments of which you so justly complain. Their influence over Congress in preventing any discussion of measures of relief from their dictation has been for many years unbounded, and until the true inwardness of it has been ascertained yachtsmen as well as merchant ship owners will continue to be powerless against them.

JOHN CODMAN.

ST. DENIS HOTEL, NEW YORK, May 3.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin returned to New York from Europe on April 29.

The mess dinner of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C. at the Arena on April 30 passed off very pleasantly, about forty members being present. The next dinner will be on May 21.

May, steam yacht, E. D. Morgan, arrived at Port Jefferson on May 4, after a voyage of 10½ days from Southampton.

The Payne bill will probably come before Congress early this week in a somewhat different form from that originally proposed; yachts now owned by Americans, and new yachts actually under construction, being exempted from its provisions.

The Royal St. Lawrence Y. C. has issued a very neat programme for the racing season.

Com. Brown has appointed Chester C. Griswold, for some years a member of the regatta committee, as Fleet Captain of the New York Y. C.

H. Maitland Kersey has tendered his resignation as a member of the New York Y. C.

Lewis Nixon, of the Crescent Shipyard, formerly naval constructor in the U. S. Navy, will deliver a lecture before the Corinthian fleet on Saturday, May 9, at 8 P. M., at the Murray Hill Hotel, New York. The subject, one with which Mr. Nixon is perfectly conversant, will be the building of the new navy.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Wm. H. Martin, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-28, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Nautilus Rig.

THE accompanying cut shows the sail plan of the canoe yawl Nautilus, from the *Field*. The rig is an unusual one for a canoe or canoe yawl.

CANOEING NEWS NOTES.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Atlantic Division was held on April 25, at which it was decided to hold a meet of the Atlantic Division on Lake Hopatcong during the week including July 4. The exact site will be selected shortly and full advice as to transportation, etc., will be sent to all members. The chairman of the camp site committee is W. C. Lawrence, Trenton, N. J., and of the regatta committee is H. H. Smythe, 121 Pearl street, New York.

W. H. Martin, purser of the Central Division, A. C. A., died very suddenly on April 4 at his home in Rochester. Mr. Martin was very popular among the Rochester canoeists, and made many friends by his genial manners at Croton Point and Bluff Point.

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.
COMPLETE machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

Texas Rifle Shoot.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., April 27.—The sixth annual meeting of the Texas Rifle Association took place six miles from the little city of New Braunfels in a beautiful valley, romantically punctuated with moss-laden live oak trees, under the auspices of the Green Valley Rifle Club, to-day and yesterday. There were team and individual contests and prizes given for the greatest number of flags. For two days the neighboring woods resounded with the crack of rifles. Scores:

Off-hand team shoot, conditions 125yds. off-hand, 5 shots:

San Antonio Team No. 1.

E Dreiss	6	6	7	8	8—35	O C Guessaz	10	10	10	7	10—47
G Altmann	7	8	10	6	8—39	C Hummel	8	6	6	5	8—33
E Seffel	7	9	7	8	7—38						
											109

San Antonio Team No. 2.

A Uhl	6	7	10	10	9—40	A Steves	7	8	4	7	5—31
A Guenther	7	9	6	6	7—35	G Heye	9	7	8	8	5—37
E Dosch	9	5	7	7	5—34						
											177

Green Valley Team.

G Reininger	9	5	10	8	8—40	W Trisch	0	7	0	4	9—20
H Syring	5	7	6	6	8—32	J Fey	4	4	8	5	8—29
W Kneuper	6	8	10	7	5—36						
											157

Rest Team Match—Conditions: 200yds, rest, 5 shots:

San Antonio Team No. 1.

A Steves	9	8	7	11	11—46	G Altmann	11	8	9	9	9—46
A Uhl	9	9	9	10	8—45	E Seffel	10	9	9	10	7—45
A Guenther	9	12	7	10	8—46						
											228

San Antonio Team No. 2.

E Dosch	8	9	9	7	9—42	C Hummel	12	10	6	12	8—48
G Heye	8	9	9	10	8—44	O Guessaz	9	7	9	9	8—43
E Dreiss	10	9	6	12	10—47						
											223

Deutsche Gebirgs-Verein Team.

A Toepperwein	7	0	8	9	6—30	W Weidner	10	7	11	9	8—45
F Voges	9	8	7	10	8—42	M Koch	7	9	7	10	6—39
O Voges	9	7	9	7	8—40						
											196

Green Valley Team.

Wm Kneuper	9	10	9	9	11—48	H Syring	9	7	9	11	9—45
W H Trisch	10	7	9	7	8—39	G Reininger	9	9	6	12	9—45
J Fey	8	10	6	7	7—38						
											215

Vogel's Valley Team.

H Vogel	8	7	6	7	11—39	L Hoag	7	7	7	7	8—36
C Necker	7	9	7	7	7—37	A Hoag	6	8	9	6	7—36
F Hoag	10	6	6	7	9—36						
											216

San Antonio Team No. 1 wins first money, San Antonio Team No. 2 the second, Deutsche Gebirgs-Verein Team the third, Green Valley Team the fourth, and Vogel's Valley Team the fifth.

Individual off-hand match, 10 shots per man, standard target, 125yds.:

O C Guessaz	10	10	10	7	8	8	8	10	9	9—89
A Uhl	10	8	10	7	10	6	8	10	10	9—88
A Toepperwein	8	8	9	9	9	7	8	9	9	9—85
A Guenther	6	10	9	9	8	9	10	6	10	7—84
H Sattler	9	8	9	9	10	6	9	6	8	8—83
C Hummel	7	7	8	9	7	8	5	8	10	10—79
W Conrads	8	6	8	8	9	8	6	6	10	9—78
G Reininger	9	8	7	8	7	9	6	9	10	5—78
J Schnabel	10	9	9	8	6	6	9	7	5	9—78
H Syring	6	4	8	8	8	7	10	7	8	10	10—78
Wm H Trisch	6	10	6	9	8	9	7	9	6	10	7—77
G Heye	10	7	4	5	9	8	8	9	7	7	7—76
W Kneuper	9	9	9	9	10	10	7	8	6	8	8—76
E Seffel	8	10	7	9	8	5	7	6	7	8	6—74
E Dreiss	9	10	7	6	5	10	8	5	7	6	6—73
O Forcke	7	10	4	5	9	9	8	6	9	6	6—73
E Dosch	6	5	6	6	8	6	8	7	9	8	6—69
J Fey	8	5	8	9	7	5	6	5	8	8	6—69
W Herpel	6	9	5	5	5	6	8	9	7	5	6—68

There were forty-four contestants in this match and we give the scores only of those who won prizes.

Rest match, 10 shots per man, standard target, 200yds.

A Uhl	12	9	12	10	9	11	10	7	10	12	—100
A Steves	9	11	11	10	9	12	10	9	10	9	—100
H Volgtlander	9	12	9	9	11	11	10	9	9	9	— 98
G Reininger	7	11	9	9	9	9	11	10	12	10	— 97
H Sattler	9	7	9	9	10	11	12	12	10	8	— 97
O Forcke	8	9	12	11	11	10	9	9	7	9	— 96
E Seffel	7	10	9	9	8	8	12	9	11	11	— 94
A Guenther	9	9	9	10	10	8	9	8	10	11	— 93
H Syring	8	10	9	9	9	9	9	9	12	9	— 93
O Heilig	8	11	12	11	8	9	9	8	7	9	— 92
H Adams	9	8	9	7	11	10	9	9	11	8	— 91
G Heye	9	12	9	9	10	7	7	8	10	10	— 91
A Toepperwein	11	10	11	10	9	6	11	9	9	6	— 91
W Weidner	9	10	9	9	10	9	7	8	8	10	— 89
Wm Kneuper	9	8	9	7	9	11	8	9	9	10	— 89
G Koch	9	8	6	7	8	12	9	8	11	9	— 89
A Hartman	12	9	7	8	8	9	9	8	9	11	— 89
C Necker	7	8	7	8	12	8	9	9	8	12	— 89
E Steves	8	9	7	8	12	9	10	7	8	11	— 89
J Hilbert	6	9	9	10	10	12	9	8	8	8	— 89
G Altmann	8	8	8	8	10	7	9	8	12	10	— 88
W H Trisch	12	9	12	7	9	8	8	7	9	7	— 88
J Schnabel	8	8	7	9	11	8	11	8	9	8	— 87
O C Guessaz	6	11	1	0	9	9	10	12	10	11	— 87
E Dreiss	9	10	10	7	8	9	11	8	5	10	— 87

There were forty-five contestants. Only the prize winners' scores are given.

TEXAS FIELD.

Massachusetts Rifle Association.

WALNUT HILL, Mass., April 25.—The regular weekly shoot of the Massachusetts Rifle Association was held here to-day. The strong easterly wind kept the scores down, but Coombs made a fine score of 86 off-hand and Blake did some excellent work to win the military medal. The scores were:

Military Bronze and Silver Medal.

Won on 10 scores of 40 or better.

F R Blake	43	43	43	41	44	44	43	41	41	45	

All-Comers' Rest Match.

T E Russell	12	12	11	9	10	9	11	12	10	12	—108
	12	9	11	9	12	9	12	12	11	11	—108
B E Hunter											—104
M T Day											—101

All-Comers' Off-hand Match.

C A Coombs	10	9	8	9	9	10	7	8	10	8	—88
A B Snow											—78

Military Medal Match.

J W Blake	4	5	4	4	4	5	5	—45	M T Day		—41
E de Barthe	4	4	4	5	5	4	4	—43	A W Hill		—39
A B Snow	4	4	4	5	4	4	4	—42			

Military Prize Cup Match—Standard Count.

J H Keough	9	7	9	5	9—39	E de Barthe	6	10	7	8	5—36
	6	9	8	6	9—38	A W Hill					—34
	9	7	8	6	8—38	B W James					—33
	10	10	6	4	8—38						

Thirty-shot pistol match, 50yds.:

J T Humphrey	7	8	9	10	8	9	10	10	9	10	—90
	8	10	8	10	8	10	9	9	9	7	—90
	10	8	10	7	8	8	10	8	10	10	—89—269

All-comers' pistol match, 50yds.:

H B Parks	10	8	9	9	7	7	8	8	9	7	—82
C F Fellows	7	9	9	8	10	6	9	7	6	7	—78
J Cooney, Jr.	10	9	8	10	6	6	9	8	4	8	—78
W A Wescott											—77

Revolver Shooting in England.

LONDON, England, April 18.—The following are the latest scores with the revolver in this city:

April 8.—North London Rifle Club. Revolver Series I., 20yds., stationary target:

Major H Palmer	776777—41	W Luff	755557—33
Lieut E F Varley	667768—38	Lieut Clemence	774654—33
Lieut J Howard	666767—38	R Chicken	775734—33
A W Carter	757766—38	T F Parker	536747—30
Denyer	547777—37	T H Howe	546447—30
Capt W Evans	746647—34	Latley	385556—27
Lieut Richardson	777256—34	Andrews	357345—27
Tilbury	667545—33		

April 15.—Revolver Series I., 20yds., stationary target. Walter Winans shot for the first time this season and made the first highest possible made at the club this year. Scores:

Walter Winans	777777—42	Lieut J Howard	675556—34
Lieut Clemence	677776—40	Ashby	467565—33
Major Palmer	765777—39	Tilbury	545737—31
W Luff	667774—37	Capt W Evans	474768—31
Knapp	756576—37	Andrews	367347—30
Lieut Varley	775756—37	Major R T Jones	443766—30
A W Carter	757665—36	W H Thompson	564536—29
Clementi-Smith	477675—36	T F Parkinson	444584—24

April 14.—This was the opening day of the South London Rifle Club. Twenty yards, revolver, stationary:

E Howe	777767—41	Clementi-Smith	557757—36
Capt T W Heath	767577—39	A Wilson	574553—29
C Knapp	667775—38	W B Read	475354—28

Fifty yards target:

C Knapp	377647—34	Capt T W Heath	745456—31
Clementi-Smith	476456—32		

A Tournament at Walnut Hill in June.

WALNUT HILL, Mass., April 25.—The Massachusetts Rifle Association will hold a two days' shoot on its range here on June 17-18. The association will add $600 as cash prizes for rifle and pistol competitions.

Rifle Club Constitutions.

WE would be obliged if secretaries of rifle clubs would favor us with copies of constitutions and shooting rules, that we may send them to other clubs seeking such information.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2,000 added money.

May 7.—SPRINGFIELD, O.—Tournament of the Home City Gun Club. Targets.

May 15-16.—HACKENSACK, N. J.—Tournament of the Oritani Field Club. Targets.

May 12-15 — MEMPHIS, Tenn. — Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club $2,000 added money.

May 19-20.—NEPONSETT, Ill.—Semi-annual tournament of the Neponsett Gun Club. E. H. Miller, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co.; $2,000 in cash added to the purses. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 19-23.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 22-24.—MISSOULA, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 26-28.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club; first two days, targets; third day, live birds.

May 28-30.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Twelfth annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club, on the club grounds, Lake Station, Adolph Gropper, Sec'y.

May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—BRANCHVILLE, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Branchville Gun Club. Henry R. Cahrs, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 2-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Galliard Sporting Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—FARGO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; $500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—URBANA, Ill.—Third annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club. Frank L. Bills, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; $770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; $500 added money.

June 30-July 2.—WORSONONOCK, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.

July 4.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Annual tournament of the Union Gun Club; live birds and targets. E. D. Miller, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Sept. 8-11.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. H. B. Shoop, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

October (second week).—BALTIMORE, Md.—Baltimore claims this week for her tournament. Dr. Samuel J. Fort, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 346 Broadway, New York.

We have received a copy of "Pigeon-Shooting," the work being from the pen of Blue Rock, the *nom de plume* of Captain A. W. Money. After giving the above information in regard to the author of this work, it is hard to add anything in commendation of the thorough and able manner in which Captain Money has covered the subject. The book is the first of its kind that we have come across, and it undoubtedly fills a vacancy in the library of the trap-shooter that has long needed such a work to occupy it. It is questionable whether the subject could have been handled satisfactorily by anybody of less experience than Captain Money, while it is certain that the many thousands of shots fired by the author on all the best-known pigeon grounds in the world have enabled him to give to shooters conclusions based on solid fact that are bound to be of help even to those who are not mere novices.

In our report of the Atchison tournament we stated that the empire traps and targets worked satisfactorily, or words to that effect. Our correspondent, Paul Litzke, was in no wise to blame for the error having written merely that the traps and targets worked well. As we remembered it, the programme called for empire traps and targets, and under that impression we inserted the little word "empire" and let 'er go. We now learn that the targets thrown, over 50,000 by the way, were half blue rock and half empire, while the traps were twenty blue rocks, not empires. This was the result of an agreement of which we were not aware; hence the mistake above alluded to. Jack Parker looked after the blue rocks at this shoot, while Airy Lou Hardt saw to it that the empires were thrown satisfactorily from two of the four sets of traps.

Mr. W. F. de Wolf writes us under date of May 1 as follows: "The second meeting of Cook County Trap-Shooters' League will be held May 16, on the grounds of the Eureka Gun Club, Seventy-ninth street and Vincennes avenue; reached by electric cars on Clark street line direct to grounds without charge, fare 5 cents. The grounds will be open for sweepstake shooting from 10 A. M.; all moneys divided on the jack-rabbit system, so as to encourage the young shooters, amateurs, etc., to go in. The Cleveland Target Co. has said, that if it was a possible thing to have a magautrap in Chicago on that date, it would do so and operate it as one set of traps; if so, this will give us three sets in use on that date. A large meeting and lively time may be looked for."

The annual meeting of the Baldwinville Gun Club was held in the Narragansett parlors on the evening of May 1. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Geo. S. Stoddard; Vice-President, H. A. Perkins; Treasurer, W. P. Lund; Secretary, F. L. Hager; Captain, H. A. Perkins; Directors: Albert E. Hager, W. P. Lund, A. W. Ladeau. The treasurer's report was very gratifying, showing a handsome little nest egg as a starter for the season's sport. A number of new members were initiated and the outlook for the coming season is very promising. Practice shoots every Wednesday afternoon on club grounds. Visiting shooters are always welcome.

The dinner tendered O. R. Dickey by his fellow members of the Boston, Mass., Shooting Association, on the evening of April 24, was a great success, and the winner of the Grand American Handicap of 1896 was toasted in great shape. In addition to being made the recipient of several nice verbal remarks, Dickey was made a present of a roll top desk and chair as a proof of how much his friends in the East think of him. We understand that the first use Dickey made of his desk was to figure out how much it would take to win the championship at the E. C. shoot this week.

In a personal letter just received from Tom Divine (no need to enter into further particulars as to who and what he is) the following occurs: "We are just going to simply turn ourselves loose from May 11-16, and have a week of fun. There will be at least twelve or fifteen of our club shooting through this tournament. Every effort will be made to entertain everybody that comes here, especially those people who come from a long distance." We will be there, and we are of the kind that "come from a long distance," and that are always willing to be enter tained.

There will be an open all-day shoot at the grounds of the Baltimore Shooting Association, Pimlico Road, Thursday, May 14, 1896, starting promptly at 9 o'clock. Nobody barred. Everything pertaining to a tournament will be at hand. Will adjourn at 1 o'clock sharp for dinner, at which time the annual meeting of the Maryland and District of Columbia Trap-Shooters' League will be held. All clubs of the State and District are invited to attend, as re-election of officers will take place and outlining of business of the League for 1896.

STANLEY BAKER, Secretary.

Tom Callender, of Nashville, Tenn., is just now busily engaged at Guttenburg smashing targets with a load of W-A powder. This may sound strange to some who only know Tom as "Troisdorf Callender." It will be news to them to learn that Laflin & Rand will handle the output of the plant of the American Smokeless Powder Co., and that W-A will now be placed on the market by the manufacturers of the famous Orange Extra, and will be known as Laflin & Rand's W-A powder.

The tournament squad pads issued by FOREST AND STREAM seem to have made their mark. That they are just the thing is proved by the number that have done their duty at tournaments this season. All managers of tournaments, and the secretaries of clubs that are contemplating holding shoots, should write to FOREST AND STREAM for sample and prices.

The first tournament of the Annapolis (Md.) Gun Club will be held on their grounds May 20 and 21. The first day the principal event will be a handicap race open to all, target allowance, price of targets. The second day the principal event will be a team race of six men, $75 guaranteed.

J. M. HAWKIN, Manager.

Correspondents must not forget that all matter intended for the trap department should be addressed to FOREST AND STREAM Publishing Company. If addressed personally to the editor of this department it is liable to serious delay, owing to his enforced absence from the city during the tournament season.

Paul Litzke has been doing good work for FOREST AND STREAM at the April circuit tournaments. Paul is a hustler and gets the news that's going, and puts it in a shape that takes the fancy of the shooters. When it comes to getting the scores to New York, there are few that can beat our Little Rock correspondent.

The Springfield, Mass., Gun Club, a recently organized club for promoting trap-shooting, has elected the following officers: President, Dr. J. T. Herrick; Vice-President, Colonel A. H. Goetting; Secretary-Treasurer, Harry L. Hawes.

Although we don't hear very much from Cincinnati, we understand that R. S. Waddell is not wasting his time, but is making preparations that are bound to make a success of the Hazard tournament the third week in May.

Irby Bennett wires under date of May 5: Charlie Hebbard will have charge of traps and Elmer Shaner the shooters at coming tournament Memphis Gun Club. The attendance promises to be enormous.

The Warren, O., Gun Club will hold its fourth tournament on May 14. One of the events on the programme is the team race between clubs composing the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun League.

The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, Ind., are going to handicap experts pretty severely, and give the under dog a show. See their programme, noted elsewhere.

The Newburgh, N. Y., shooters gave their guests a good time at the shoot last week, but we missed the genial face and hypnotic influence of secretary W. C. Gibb.

We shall hear more about the Binghamton, N. Y., tournament this week. Hobbie, Kendall and Brown can scarcely keep away from the E. C. tournament.

The twelfth annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club, of Milwaukee, will take place May 28-30.

MAY 4. EDWARD RAINES.

Added Money and Merchandise Prizes.

In another portion of these columns we have noted some of the contents of the programme issued by the Limited Gun Club of Indianapolis, Ind., for its second semi-annual tournament, May 26-28. We were unwilling, however, to pass without comment an important point touched upon in that programme, and, the matter being of general interest, we felt that it rightly belonged under a head of its own. We refer to the criticisms contained in the following extracts from the programme:

"The history of all reforms shows that the pioneers therein were for a time unpopular. Thus, when the Limited Gun Club settled—for itself—the vexed question of 10-gauge guns and black powder in tournaments by barring both, it was unfavorably criticised. Now those questions have ceased to cause trouble; our example is generally followed and creates no comment. The Limited Gun Club now goes on record as opposing the popular but pernicious practice of attracting a large attendance by offering added money.

"It is unjust to levy upon all shooters by making an exorbitant charge for targets, and give the excess over a reasonable profit to the winners. Nor is it fair to solicit donations of cash or merchandise from manufacturers and dealers, the value of which must ultimately be paid by the shooter. The holding of tournaments by manufacturers, with large added money attractions, is having a most depressing effect upon the energies of gun clubs. It deters many from holding tournaments, and begets a fear of failure in those which do. They cannot hope to offer competing attractions, and the friends from whom they would ordinarily receive support have been 'shot out' at one of these larger meetings, or they are saving themselves and their money for another one.

"These criticisms of other people's methods are offered in the kindliest spirit; their sole object is to awaken sentiment against growing evils which, in our judgment, were better abolished."

"THE POPULAR, BUT PERNICIOUS, PRACTICE."

In using the word "pernicious" as above, the Limited Gun Club is rather jumping at conclusions. Is it an assured fact that tournaments with a large amount of added money do "tend to injure" trap-shooting? Is it certain that "the holding of tournaments by manufacturers, with large added money attractions, is having a most depressing effect upon the energies of gun clubs?"

These questions are capable of argument, and we can conceive no better way of arriving at a correct solution than by asking those who have formed opinions upon the point to give us their ideas on the subject. There is sufficient diversity of opinion among men to make the discussion interesting, and probably instructive. We have a lurking suspicion that large tournaments do a certain amount of good in the way of booming trap-shooting. There are many causes that militate against the success of small tournaments, and we take it that the least of these causes is that quoted by the Limited Gun Club in its programme. In the first place there is the expense attached to a day's shooting at targets; next, the fact that really good shots are very scarce and consequently there are few winners but many losers all the time; third, hard times that keep a man chained to business, preventing him from getting off for a day at the traps; fourth, and probably the most important of all, the presence at such events of one or more of the professionals who may always be looked to for a big score and the major part of the money. Are not these the real causes of trouble at small shoots?

WHAT IS "A REASONABLE PROFIT"?

As quoted above, the programme says: "It is unjust to levy upon all shooters by making an exorbitant charge for targets and give the excess over a reasonable profit to the winners." The question of the justice or injustice of charging 3 cents a target, the amount we suppose to be specified by "exorbitant charge" when adding money to the purses, is rather a curious one. There is just the difference of $2 a day to a shooter when he attends a tournament where they charge 3 cents a target instead of 2 cents; that is of course basing the supposition on his shooting at 200 targets during the day—a fair calculation. If he attends the shoot it may be taken for granted that he is willing to pay that extra $2, well knowing that it will be taken to make up the added money. Remember, he is not compelled to attend, and also bear in mind the fact that if he does attend he does so with both eyes open. If the added money amounts to any considerable quantity it will take pretty nearly, if not quite, all the profit over and above the expense of trapping targets, price of same, and running the tournament, to come out anything like even. Take the Memphis shoot last year. The club broke just about even on the expenses of the shoot and the added money when balanced against the receipts for targets. The time devoted to getting up the shoot and the money spent by members of the club in entertaining its guests ought surely to count for something.

Paul North, getting tired of people asserting that his company made money out of its annual tournaments by the number of targets it threw, decided this year to put a stop to all such remarks, and has announced that binerocks will be thrown free of charge at the Cleveland tournament. In addition to free targets, added money will be given, derived from subscriptions by various manufacturing concerns who receive in return a certain amount of advertising in the programme.

The idea of 3 cents for targets, with added money, amounts to this: A shooter says to himself: "The added money will draw the boys and there'll be a good shoot. I think I'll go and try for some of that added money myself." There are lots of others who say the same thing, and the consequence is the shoot is a success in point of numbers at least.

Now, take the 2-cents-a-target shoot (and here's where the drawback of added money tournaments may come in): The inducements are small, the attendance bound to be small because it is limited naturally to shooters from the immediate vicinity; one or two local crackerjacks are present and swallow up the best parts of the purses. Is it to be wondered at that such tournaments never have a large entry list?

Looked at from a dollars-and-cents point of view, there is really more cash benefit to a club from a 3-cents-a-target-no-added-money tournament than from one at which 3 cents are charged for targets and a considerable amount of money divided. Where a club has its grounds and traps so arranged that shooting can be had without much additional outlay in preparing for a tournament, it is positively certain that a fraction over 1 cent apiece for targets will clear the club from all loss—provided there is an average entry of from twelve to eighteen shooters. The balance goes into the club's coffers.

WHO PAYS FOR MERCHANDISE PRIZES?

Another quotation from the programme must be made: "Nor is it fair to solicit donations of cash or merchandise from manufacturers and dealers, the value of which must ultimately be paid by the shooter." We might grant for the sake of argument that the club is right in its premises, but we must say it seems to us that it is wrong in its deduction. It is quite within the bounds of possibility that the manufacturer or dealer, when making his donation, does hope ultimately to receive his pay out of the pockets of the shooters; does he not do so when he advertises his goods in the pages of FOREST AND STREAM? It may not be fair to manufacturers and dealers to solicit such donations, and it may be *infra dig.* for a club to put itself on the basis of a pauper, but we cannot see that there is anything unfair to the shooter in offering merchandise prizes that may have been voluntarily offered by manufacturers and dealers who hope by such donations to reap the benefit of increased sales, *i. e.*, to get their pay out of the shooters' pockets ultimately.

CRITICISMS MADE IN A KINDLY SPIRIT.

When closing its introductory matter it will be noted that the club says: "These criticisms of other people's methods are offered in the kindliest spirit; their sole object is to awaken sentiment against growing evils which, in our judgment, were better abolished." Such being the spirit of the Limited Gun Club, we cannot do better than echo its sentiments when presenting our criticisms upon its assertions. The Limited Gun Club has always stood up for the purity of the trap, and the wording of the introductory matter in the programme above quoted shows that its officers have not departed one whit from the path it has always followed.

In New Jersey.

THE ELIZABETH BI-MONTHLY.

April 23.—The seventh bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club was not the success that previous similar gatherings of this club have been. The cause was not hard to find. The plethora of shooting fixtures for this part of the country for the past few weeks, the Newburgh tournament on the last three days of this week, and the E. C. tournament which will be in session all next week at the Guttenburg race track; all these had a depressing effect on the attendance at the Elizabeth bi-monthly. When only 8 shooters put in an appearance there must be some very strong counter attractions, and, in our opinion, the above is a strong list for any shoot to buck up against.

On the first day the programme was not carried out, events being shot to suit the few who were present. These events were mostly small team matches, the losing team to pay for the targets, and an optional sweep shot in connection with these races added enough spice to keep the boys shooting until every shell on the ground was emptied. Among those present was J. H. Robbins, of Chicago, now on a visit to the East for business purposes. With such a small attendance it was only natural that insufficient justice was done to Nate Astfalk's generous catering. Nate did not distinguish himself alone at the catering line, but with his gun he did himself and his club proud by breaking 20 straight, following it up with 19 out of his next 20. All events were at unknown angles, and the trappers did their best to keep scores down by lining the targets up and down the screen. As is customary, too, when there is a small but genial crowd, there was a good deal of jollying that played havoc with the percentages, but added much to the enjoyment of those taking part in the events. The scores in the target events of the first day were as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	10	10	15	10	20	15	20	20	10	10	10	10	20	15
Brentnall	7	7	11	7	17	14	16	17	6	5	8	8	14	7
Thomas	6	8	8	7	15	11	14	16	4	9	9	7	13	8
Sinnock	9	9	12	7	16	13	18	18	10	7	9	..	..	..
Astfalk	9	9	12	8	20	..	19	16	9	5	10	7	16	13
Parker	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	8	..	..	..
Woodruff	..	8	14	8	16	..	17	16	9	10	6	7	15	13
Edwards	..	..	13	8	14	9	16	17	9	8	9	9	17	9
Robbins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8	8	9	18	12

Second Day.

The second day was live-bird day, and nothing showed more plainly that the boys were laying off for the big event next week than the attendance here to-day. Some good shooting was the result of the efforts of the few present, Frank Class, of Morristown, killing his first 33 birds before letting one get away. The scores were as below:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Class	22221—5	12222—5	22122—5	2111122121—10	2211122201— 9
Timmons	01111—4	21011—4	11111—5	0111121212— 9	1211122111—10
Astfalk	20112—4	11021—4	21121—5	2211121012— 9	1101100111— 7
White	11112—5	21111—5	11121—5	1112112111—10	2011011111— 8
Hughes	.....	.....	.....	0111121211— 8	.....

	No. 6.	No. 7.	No 8.
Class	1111111—7	11111—5	01100—2
Timmons	0011111—5	01110—3	10110—3
Astfalk	1111110—6	11111—5	10000—1
White	0111111—6	.....	.....
Hughes	1111011—6	11101—4	000
Bunn	.....	01100—2	.....

SOUTH SIDE'S SATURDAY.

May 2.—The regular Saturday afternoon shoot of the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, took place to-day in very pleasant weather. The attendance was very small. Scores were:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Thomas	4	6	9	5	10	8	11	2	Jewell	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dawson	6	4	3	8	5	6	10	7	Hedden	..	..	..	6	..	..	..	..
I H Terrill	8	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	Smith	..	..	..	4	4	9	5	9	5
Whitehead	..	8	9	8	..	..	..	..									

Team Race—Terrill's team: Terrill 23, Dawson 17, Hedden 20; total 60. Thomas's team: Thomas 20, Jewell 18, Smith 12; total 50.

ENDEAVOR GUN CLUB.

May 2.—The semi-monthly shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, was held to-day at the club's grounds at Marion. All events were at unknown angles, and all were 10-target events except No. 13, which was an individual match between Collins and Piercy. Collins shot very well during the afternoon, breaking 80 out of 85. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Proctor	6	7	8	7	7	9	8	8	9	7	7	..
Mulrania	8	6	5	6	6	5	6	6	6	5	6	..
Folsom	5	6	6	7	7	8	5	6	8	8	7	..
L Piercy	9	9	..	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	7	..
Gilbert	5	7	..	..	7	6	..	..	..	..	7	..
Strader	6	9	8	8	9	8	8	6	8	6	7	..
G Piercy	7	8	8	8	8	6	9	9	9	9	8	20
Meyer	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Collins	..	..	10	10	..	..	10	9	10	8	..	23

Boiling Springs Gun Club.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., May 2.—Club shoot, 50 targets, handicap:

Hyde (0)	1111101111111111011111111	
	1111011111111111011111111	—46
Lancom (20)	1000001100101010110111011	
	0110111111111100100101011	
	1111111100101010111	—44
Simpson (0)	1111111111111111111111111	
	0011011100101111111111111	—48
Frank (0)	1011110111111110111011111	
	1110111011111111011111110	—42
Huck (0)	1111111101111011111110110	
	1101011101101111111111111	—42
Palmer (5)	0111101111101001011111101	
	1111010101111010111110110	
	11111	—41
Broshart (15)	1010001110110110011110101	
	1110011100100001111110011	
	1111010001100111	—39
James (5)	0011101110101010000110111	
	1011111010101011111111111	
	11111	—39
Richmond (0)	1111111111010111001111110	
	1110111101111111101101011	—39
Paul (0)	1011110110110101111111111	
	1101101311101100101111011	—38
Bowes (0)	0110010101111111110100111	
	1111101000001111011000111	—32
Jeannrette (25)	1101110110100101001111100	
	1000011101010001011001011	—27
Marvin (0)	1000011001010111111011010	
	1100000000010100001010101	—22

Sweepstakes, unknown angles, Nos. 2 and 4 at pairs:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	15	10	15	10	10	25	Targets:	15	10	15	10	10	25
Palmer	10	..	..	..	..	20	Bowes	11	..	..	6	..	14
Simpson	11	..	..	8	..		Brown	11	..	7	..	..	..
Richmond	12	7	12		6	..	James	12	..	..	..	6	..
Paul	11	7	13	7	6	23	Frank	..	8	..	..	8	..
Huck	15	8	12	9	8	20	Hyde	..	7	..	..	..	..
Jeannrette	8	6	..	..	8	..	Lancom	..	..	8	..	..	..
Hall	15	..	..	8	..	19	Broshart	..	..	..	5	..	..

Western Traps.

LIMITED GUN CLUB.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 2.—The Limited Gun Club, of Indianapolis, puts out a pretty programme for its shoot, May 26-28. As usual, this club takes positions of its own, without much consultation of the methods of others. It has been plucky in the past in this way, and has had mention at different times in this regard. This year its programme says that it goes on record as opposed to the "popular but pernicious practice of attracting a large attendance by offering added money." It goes on to mention several of the natural consequences of the practice, stating that the holding of some of these big shoots is "having a depressing effect on the gun clubs," etc., etc. I fear one would get himself disliked among the shooters if he raised his voice for a measure cutting off any of their income, but the funny thing about this is, all the shooters know that what this programme says is true, and sometimes in bursts of confidence they admit to each other that it is true. It is an easy inference that a sport which has to pay itself to hold itself together is not in a natural or healthy condition, and that some day its high-blown bubble is going to take a break unto itself. But to say this outright would be to evoke criticism as a croaker. The only thing to do is to let the natural bent of things determine the issue, and meantime to make all the hay possible while the sun shines. There is so much money invested in this sun that it is apt to shine for quite a while yet, even though it is only an artificial luminary.

The Limited Gun Club states that it "offers its criticisms of other people's methods in the kindliest spirit." And it goes on to show some attractions for those who would like to go to a quiet and pleasant affair, where sport and not money is the leading object. Nobody barred, but experts are handicapped. The new grounds are very handsome. Royal Robinson, secretary, will tell all about these things to inquirers.

CAN'T COME.

Mr. O. C. Guessaz, of San Antonio, Tex., who was announced as one of the Texas party coming to the Northern shooting circuit, writes me to-day that it will be impossible for him to get away at this time, but that he will be in St. Louis at the big rifle shoot in June, and expects to see many friends there. Mr. Guessaz adds that the dates of the next midwinter shoot at San Antonio will be Jan. 15 to 19, inclusive, and says that the Midwinter Shooting Association is in process of organization. E. HOUSE.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Marietta Gun Club.

MARIETTA, Ga., April 30.—The following scores were made to-day by members of the Marietta Gun Club:

Austin 11, Black 19, Bailey 6, Love 14, Glover 8, Gramling 16, Hilliard 15, Legg 18, Maury 11, Meinert 19, Mosher 14, Seine 11, Stephens 13, Thornton 9, Whitlock 14, Williams 18. B. J. BLACK, Sec'y.

The Opening of the E. C. Tournament.

PRELIMINARY PRACTICE ATTRACTS WELL.

GUTTENBURG, N. J., May 4.—Although the real business of the E. C. tournament does not commence until to-morrow, the attendance at the preliminary practice to-day tells plainly that we are going to have a big, big shoot. The weather is everything one could wish for, and if this tournament is not a success it will not, so far as can be seen now, be on account of bad weather conditions. It is like summer out here, and the shade of the grand stand is most grateful and comforting.

It is really impossible at present to give any accurate estimate of the probable number of entries in Event No. 1 to-morrow, but it looks as if the 100 mark will be very nearly erased. With such a lengthy programme ahead of them, very few attempted to do more than shoot in a few of the 10 events decided to-day. With only 12 entries in No. 1 and 8 in No. 10, the average for the 10 events crept up to the total of 21. All styles of shooting were tried—pairs, expert rule and unknown angles. This shows how the boys are working to try for the championship.

The winners in the ten events shot are given below:

No. 1, 15 targets, 12 entries: Byer, Leroy, Dickey and Budd, 15; Worthen, Trimble and Upson, 14.

No. 2, 15 targets, 18 entries: Gilbert 14, Byer, Glover, Collins and Fulford, 13.

No. 3, 15 pairs, 20 entries: Upson and Tippy, 24; Gilbert and Budd, 23; Wagner, Dickey and Trimble, 22; Merrill 21.

No. 4, 15 targets, 30 entries: Merrill, Wheeler, Fulford, Barrett and Hood, 15; Upson, Glover, Connor, Puck, Gilbert, Budd, Byer and Collins, 14.

No. 5, 20 targets, 30 entries: Leroy, Fulford and Dickey, 20; Bartlett, Connor, Byer, Gilbert and Sickley, 18.

No. 6, 12 pairs, 23 entries: Leroy and Dickey, 20; Grimm, Hood, Gilbert and Redwing, 19; Upson and Fulford, 18.

No. 7, 20 targets, expert rules, 26 entries: Gilbert 20, Leroy 19, Bartlett and Redwing, 18.

No 8, 20 targets, 28 entries: Dickey and Leroy, 20; Hood, Apgar and Easton, 19; Capt. Money, Grimm, Wheeler, Fulford, Claridge, Redwing and Sickley, 18.

No. 9, 20 targets, 21 entries: Wheeler and Dickey, 20; Fulford, Kenerson, Gilbert, Sickley and Easton, 19.

No. 10, 20 targets, expert rules, 8 entries: Budd, Upson and Dickey, 17; Easton and Schorty, 16.

From the above it will be gathered that the prospects for a great shoot are very promising.

THE OPENING DAY, MAY 5.

If a good, hot sun with a clear sky is desirable, we have it here this morning. The glare is trying in the early hours, the traps facing slightly to the south of east. However, by 9:30 o'clock, the hour at which the shoot really commenced, the sun was away up in the sky and considerably to the south, so that it was not as bad as might be imagined.

The shooters come from all over. The South is well represented, the East has many shooters here, and the West looms up big with a large contingent that contains within its elements several possibilities for championship honors. While the contest for the world's championship at inanimate targets is the prevailing topic of conversation, and while plenty of guesses are hazarded as to who may be the winner, everybody is agreed that it is a very open question, with every probability of a very pretty race.

THE MANAGEMENT.

In the cashier's office were W. R. Hobart, John B. Rogers, of Newburgh, N. Y., and H. M. Stevens, of the American E. C. Powder Company. A. P. Pope, of Olean, N. Y., also aided in running the cashier's department. Seth Clover as squad hustler seems to be the right man in the right place—he knows everybody, and everybody knows him, and the hotter the weather is the more his chest expands, adding to his lung power considerably. Managers Shaner and Parker, of course, had considerable work to get things started, but by noon everything was running as smoothly as could be desired. Paul North looked after the blue rock traps and targets, Al. and C. C. Hebbard looking after the empire traps and targets.

Shooters began to arrive at an early hour, among the number being many new faces, men who did not show up yesterday. With such a number on the grounds it is impossible to do more than mention a few: Heikes, Connor (of Knoxville), Jim Elliott, W. C. Collins ("Du Pont" Collins), Parmalee, Loomis, Col. Anthony, B. C. Worthen, Billy Wagner; Taylor, Wood and Stanbrough, of Newburgh, N. Y., and a whole lot of others, including, of course, those who shot here yesterday.

A LARGE ENTRY IN NO. 1.

Event No. 1, which commenced at 9:30, had the large number of 117 entries at 1 o'clock, with an outlook for 125 before the day is over. From that fact can be judged the chances for a big shoot. New Jersey is showing up well, while local New York has several representatives, but still not as many as one could have hoped for.

Of course we'll say something next week. EDWARD BANKS.

Oritani Defeats Princeton.

HACKENSACK, N. J., May 2.—The Oritani Field Club team defeated the Princeton University team to-day in a match under Inter-Collegiate rules, at 20 targets per man, unknown angles. A series of sweeps under A. S. A. rules at 10 targets was also shot. The scores follow:

Oritani Field Club.

Bell	1111111111011101111111111111	
	1111	—28
Conklin	0111011111111101110111111011	
	1111	—25
Greiff	1110101111010011111011111111	
	1111	—24
Ricardo	1111111110010101100100001111	
	11	—20
Griffiths	1001111111001001110001010111	
	1111	—18
Warner	1111101000011100111101100000	
	1—17	—133

Princeton University.

Farr	1111101100101111010101101111	
	01	—21
Paine	0111010111101010110011001111	
	10—19	
Canning	0010111110100110011101110110	
	01—18	
Hutchinson	1000101110010010111111000111	
	—18	
Kendall	1000100101101111110010101001	
	11—18	
Young	0110000100101001110000000111	
	01—13	—107

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Farr	9	10	10	8	..	..	8	Young	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Kendall	6	7	8	9	..	..	5	Hutchinson	..	7	..	..	..	..	..
Bell	10	9	8	8	10	8	9	Schneider	..	..	..	..	5	8	5
Greiff	9	10	10	9	9	9	9	Griffiths	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Willock	6	8	7	5	..	..	..	Paine	..	..	..	..	..	..	8
Banta	7	8	4	9	8	8	5								

I send you a summary of our tournament to be held at Hackensack, N. J., May 15 and 16:

We have ten events on the programme for each day. We intend, if time will permit, to arrange others, for which special prizes of Hazard powder, loaded shells, jewelry, etc., will be offered. If there should not be time for these they will be shot for on Monday, May 18.

Thursday, May 14, will be devoted to practice shoots, and birds will be thrown at 1 cent each. In the sweeps 2 cents will be deducted. We will use empire targets only, and A. S. A. rules will govern. Black powder and 10-gauge guns debarred. Everybody welcome. Shooting begins promptly at 9:30 A. M. Moneys will be divided according to the point system, which we believe to be the most equitable method yet introduced. We have made arrangements with the Morton House whereby our friends will be accorded the best of service and accommodations at reasonable rates.

Those intending to come to Hackensack will find in our programme announcement of train time tables of both the New York, Susquehanna & Western and the New Jersey & New York railroads.

The committee in charge have announced that $5 will be added in several events, and in a very few no added money is announced. We would like to see through FOREST AND STREAM that we are in hopes of offering $10 in each event, but of this we are not certain. Everything will be done to give the shooters a good time and to treat them so that they will yearn to see Hackensack again when another tournament comes around. Mr. John R. Banta, secretary, or Thomas Bell, chairman, will be glad to send fuller information to anyone on receipt of letter desiring same. Guns and ammunition may be sent to the Oritani Field Club, where their safety is guaranteed.

The following are the programme events, empire targets:

First day: No. 1, 15 targets, entry $1.50; No. 2, 20 targets, entry $2.50; No. 3, 20 targets, $5 added, entry $3.50; No. 3, 20 targets, $5 added, entry $3.50; No. 4, 20 targets, $5 added, entry $3.50; No. 5, 20 targets, $5 added, entry $3.50; No. 6, 15 targets, entry $1.50; No. 7, 20 targets, entry $3.50; No. 8, 20 targets, $5 added, entry $3.50; No. 9, 15 targets, entry $1.50; No. 10, 15 targets, entry $1.50.

Events Nos. 1, 6, 9 and 10 will be known angles and traps, others unknown angles.

Second day, Saturday, May 16: No. 1, 20 targets, $5 added, entry $3.50; No. 2, 20 targets, $10 added, entry $3.50; No. 3, 20 targets, $5 added, entry $3.50; No. 4, 15 targets, $5 added, entry $3; No. 5, 20 targets, $10 added, entry $3.50; No. 6, 20 targets, $5 added, entry $3.50; No. 7, 15 targets, $5 added, entry $3; No. 8, 20 targets, entry $3; No. 9, 20 targets, $10 added, entry $3; No. 10, 25 targets, $10 added, entry $3.

JOHN R. BANTA, Sec'y.

The Joplin Tournament.

Joplin, Mo., April 30.—The special car that left Omaha, Neb., for Joplin on Saturday morning, April 25, contained a delegation to the Joplin tournament that was both large and influential. Among the number on the car were: Tom Marshall, of Keithsburg, Ill., with Mrs. and Miss Maud Marshall; Milt and Mrs. M. F. Lindsley, Rolla Heikes, Fred Gilbert, C. W. Budd, Charlie Grimm, A. D. Linderman, W. G. Sergeant, S. A. Tucker, Col. A. G. Courtney, T. R. Kinmouth, G. M. Walden, C. A. Young and B. F. Wilson, agent of K. C., P. & G. R. R. at Joplin. Airy Lon Hardt joined the party at Atchison.

We arrived in Kansas City about 6 P. M., and stopped there all night. At Kansas City occurred the only thing that marred the pleasure of the trip: All guns and baggage were left in the car over night, as everybody imagined they would be safe. Mrs. Lindsley was uneasy about her gun and wanted Milt to take it along; this, however, was not done, Mrs. Lindsley being assured that the guns, etc., would be perfectly safe. During the night, however, some one broke into the car and stole both Milt's and Mrs. Lindsley's guns, the two guns being all that was taken. Wanda felt extremely badly on the loss of her pet weapon.

We left Kansas City on Sunday morning in lovely weather, a heavy rainstorm during the night having laid the dust. Our trip to Joplin was consequently a delightful one. Reaching Joplin at 5:30 P. M., we were met by a delegation headed by Mayor E. D. Porter, who, besides being chief executive of the city, is president of the local gun club. The Keystone Hotel was headquarters for shooters, and Manager G. H. Ruddy made things pleasant for us.

PRELIMINARY WORK.

On Monday, April 27, some preliminary work was done in the way of practice. The weather was extremely sultry and everybody complained of the heat. In the sweeps shot on this day Fred Gilbert carried off the honors.

Shooters kept arriving all day on Monday and all Monday night. By the time the shoot opened there were nearly three score shooters on hand. In addition to those already mentioned as coming to Joplin in the special car, the following were in evidence: F. S. Parmalee, J. A. R. Elliott, Dave Elliott; G. D. Parker and J. W. Bryant, Rogers, Ark.; G. W. and W. C. Beck, Pittsburg, Kan.; J. W. Sexton, Leavenworth, Kan.; F. E. Rogers, Hiawatha, Kan.; C. F. Ellis, George Harris and B. H. Blockson, Eureka Springs, Ark.; T. J. Lisle, Aurora, Mo.; E. L. Fay, J. W. Jones and G. P. Hostinger, Springfield, Mo.; Herbert Taylor, St. Louis, Mo.; E. D. Rike, W. S. McDonald and Charles Tippy, Dayton, O.; A. D. Linderman, Adams, Neb.; G. D. Chitwood, Carl Junction, Mo.; Joe Clinkenbeard, Lamar, Mo.; C. M. Sumner, Hugh Leeman, J. W. Carney and J. L. Horn, Galena, Kan.; Dr. L. E. Day, Nevada, Mo.; W. H. Allen, Pleasant Hill, Mo.; Dr. D. W. King, C. H. Calhoun and W. W. McIlhany, Weir City, Kan.; T. F. Norton, Kansas City, Mo.; O. J. Pease, Rose Hill, Kan.; Ben Best, Columbus, Kan.; J. P. Easton, Monroeville, O.; John J. Sumpter, Jr. (the only Arkansas Traveler), Hot Springs, Ark.; C. F. Reust, Frankfort, Kan.; George Peterson, Coon Rapids, Ia.; Hall, Waterville, Kan., etc.

EVERYTHING WELL ARRANGED.

The tournament was held on the club grounds, which are located about one mile from the center of the city, though within its limits. They are easy of access, electric cars running within about 100yds. of them. When I arrived on the grounds I was immediately struck by the complete manner in which everything was arranged. Manager Huntley had worked incessantly for ten days prior to the shoot to have everything in order, and had succeeded admirably. Not only were the arrangements complete, but his corps of assistants were about the best drilled I have ever seen. From the referees and scorer down to the trappers every one understood his business and attended to it strictly. The refereeing of Mr. Murphy on the lower set of traps was absolutely impartial, and he received many a well-deserved compliment. The cashier's department was well taken care of, being under the personal supervision of Mr. Tim Molloy. This department was conducted on a par with the rest of the shoot. The culinary department was also well taken care of, being also in charge of a member of the club, Mr. Taylor Cox, who knew what he was about and who looked after the boys well. In addition to seeing to it that the shooters got all they wanted at reasonable prices, the club kept open house, welcoming its guests in a most hospitable manner.

There were three sets of traps in position, all empires, and of course the same kind of targets were used. There were, however, but two of the three sets used, as the attendance was hardly what the club had a right to expect with the inducements that were offered. A very novel feature here was an arrangement for signaling to the shooter that the trap was ready after it had failed to go or the target had been broken by it. This consisted of a little bell placed in front of the score just opposite No. 3 trap, connected with a battery and with a wire running to each trap. When the boy reloaded he touched the button and set the bell ringing, thus telling the shooter that everything was ready. This did away with the yelling to the trapper and added much to the pleasure of the shoot. Taking everything into consideration, this was a little the best conducted shoot I have ever attended. The members of the club may well feel elated over the success of their maiden effort. It is too bad that the attendance was not large.

THE WEATHER AGAINST THEM.

The weather on the first day was about as bad as could be imagined. The warm, sultry air of Monday was changed to cold, blustery weather; overcoats were in demand and the big fire in the club house was well patronized. The wind blew an awful gale, while heavy showers at intervals drenched everything and drove everybody under shelter. With such conditions it is hardly to be wondered at that the targets took all sorts of flights and that averages were knocked sky high. Fred Gilbert's average of 93.1 was something most remarkable, Fred beating Rolla Heikes by 10 targets.

On Wednesday the weather was a repetition of that of Tuesday, but on this occasion Rolla beat Gilbert by 7 targets, leaving Gilbert 3 in the lead for the $50 cash given for first average. The E. C. cup shot for on this day is referred to elsewhere.

The third and last day of the shoot opened favorably, being bright and clear. It soon clouded up, however, with plenty of wind blowing. Fred Gilbert developed a most remarkable streak, losing only 4 targets out of 150 shot at, winding up the day with an average of 97.7 per cent. Sexton and Sergeant also struck their gaits, both men doing some splendid shooting. Sexton broke 152 out of 160, Sergeant breaking 151 out of the same number. Gilbert's work on this day gave him a cinch on first money in the averages. The following table gives the

GENERAL AVERAGES

of those who shot through the entire programme:

	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.		Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Gilbert	480	445	92.7	Young	480	389	81
Heikes	480	436	90.8	Marshall	480	382	79.5
Sexton	480	416	86.6	Rogers	480	377	78.5
Parmalee	480	412	85.8	Budd	480	376	78.3
McDonald	480	411	85.6	Tippy	480	374	77.9
Sergeant	480	403	83.9	Erhardt	480	359	74.7
Grimm	480	401	83.5	Sumpter	480	346	72.1
Easton	480	396	82.5	Sumner	480	345	71.8
Linderman	480	395	82.2	Kinmouth	480	332	69.1
Elliott	480	393	81.8	Rike	480	325	67.7
Calhoun	480	390	81.2				

THE OWL SHOOT.

The last event on the programme was the Owl trophy team contest. Conditions of this event were: Three-men teams; every man to be eligible must be a member of a regularly organized gun club of Kansas or Missouri, but all members of teams need not be members of same club. The trophy is a stuffed owl, its intrinsic value increasing $5 per annum. This year it was worth $55 to the winning team. Under the conditions of the race each man shoots at 30 targets—10 known angles, 10 unknown angles and 10 unknown traps and angles. Joplin team No. 1 captured the trophy with the score of 76 out of 90, as below:

Joplin Team No. 1.	Known angles.	Unknown angles.	Experts.	Galena.	Known angles.	Unknown angles.	Experts.
Sergeant	8	8	10—26	Horn	9	10	7—26
Kinmouth	9	9	7—25	Allen	7	10	7—24
Cox	8	8	9—25	Sumner	7	8	5—20
			76				70
Scratch Team.				**Joplin No. 2.**			
Sexton	9	9	10—28	Beck	8	7	8—23
Erhardt	9	8	7—24	A Dixon	6	8	9—23
Rogers	6	8	9—23	C Dixon	6	7	6—19
			75				65
Weir City.				**Scratch Team.**			
Calhoun	8	8	10—26	Murray	6	5	6—17
McIlhany	9	8	8—25	Querton	5	6	3—14
Leeman	5	6	8—19	Price	6	5	2—13
			70				44

The story of the shoot so far as relates to the scores in the programme events is best told by the tables given below:

FIRST DAY'S SCORES.

There were 57 shooters on the grounds to-day, but of that number only 29 shot through the entire programme. Fred Gilbert led with the very high average 93.1. No one was near him, Heikes being second with 86.8, a remarkably low average for him. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Gilbert	20	18	17	18	18	19	20	19	160	149	93.1
Heikes	14	17	17	20	19	17	16	19	160	139	86.8
Grimm	17	18	16	15	17	16	18	18	160	135	84.3
Easton	20	14	15	18	18	15	16	18	160	134	83.7
Sergeant	18	17	13	16	18	17	19	15	160	133	83.1
Sexton	17	16	16	18	16	18	13	18	160	132	82.5
Parmalee	12	19	18	14	19	19	18	17	160	131	81.7
McDonald	15	17	14	19	14	18	16	18	160	131	81.7
Linderman	17	13	16	16	15	16	16	19	160	128	80
Young	17	18	13	16	14	15	18	17	160	128	80
Elliott	18	18	17	15	15	14	18	11	160	126	78.7
Calhoun	16	18	13	16	13	18	14	17	160	125	78.1
Rogers	15	12	16	16	16	19	16	19	160	124	77.5
Liles	13	13	16	17	17	15	16	14	160	121	75.6
Tippy	15	17	16	15	15	9	13	19	160	119	74.3
Rike	17	14	10	11	14	18	13	18	160	115	71.8
Sumner	13	13	20	15	14	13	14	12	160	114	71.2
Marshall	10	14	18	13	11	16	15	16	160	113	70.6
Jones	12	18	18	20	12	16	16	16	160	128	80
Erhardt	13	13	15	16	15	15	15	18	160	120	75
Reust	12	13	15	15	14	15	13	13	160	110	68.7
Budd	11	16	14	13	13	12	18	18	160	105	65.6
Sumpter	13	14	9	13	10	15	11	16	160	103	64.3
Bryant	17	17	11	14	12	14	7	11	160	103	64.3
Kinmouth	14	13	10	14	10	15	13	14	160	102	63.7
Lindsley	12	16	12	10	10	15	10	12	160	97	60.6
Leeman	10	9	10	9	15	10	17	14	160	94	58.7
Best	9	9	10	15	13	10	5	10	160	81	50.6
Fay	11	14	11	10	9	14	10	13	160	92	57.5
Wilson	13	14	9	15	14	..	..	..	100	65	65
Carney	9	18	8	..	..	10	11	10	120	56	46.6
Cox	14	15	17	14	12	..	8	..	120	80	66.6
Peterson	14	15	12	15	12	..	..	17	120	85	70.8
C Dixon	12	10	..	..	..	17	..	..	60	39	65
Parks	9	12	13	11	10	..	..	..	100	55	55
Norton	10	13	5	15	7	..	..	..	100	50	50
Cragin	10	17	15	16	..	17	9	13	140	97	69.2
Ellis	12	..	11	..	13	..	14	..	80	50	62.5
Harris	6	..	8	..	9	..	7	..	80	30	37.5
Morgan	9	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	40	19	47.5
A Dixon	11	..	14	10	13	16	..	..	100	64	64
Tucker	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	15	75
Courtney	14	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	25	62.5
W C Beck	8	14	9	..	10	..	..	..	80	41	51.2
Molloy	11	..	10	15	..	..	..	..	60	36	60
Taylor	9	7	..	10	4	..	..	..	80	30	37.5
Bloxson	8	..	7	..	..	..	11	..	60	26	43.3
Thornton	..	15	10	11	..	12	..	..	80	48	60
W G Beck	..	..	13	..	8	..	..	..	40	21	52.5
Blackwell	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	20	3	15
Allen	..	..	15	11	14	15	8	14	120	77	64.1
Hall	..	..	..	15	..	13	15	15	80	58	72.5
Stevenson	..	..	..	8	16	..	17	12	80	53	66.2
Steinbach	..	..	..	..	..	14	14	11	60	39	65
Horn	..	..	..	..	..	17	10	13	60	40	66.6
Schmerhorn	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	20	8	40
Abbott	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	20	11	55

SECOND DAY, APRIL 29.

Notwithstanding the fact that the weather continued very unfavorable, the entry list ran a trifle higher than yesterday, 61 being the number of shooters that took part in the programme events, as against 57 yesterday. Heikes led in to-day's averages with a percentage of 91.8, Fred Gilbert being nearest to him with 87.5. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Heikes	20	18	18	18	20	16	19	18	160	147	91.8
Gilbert	16	17	20	16	18	17	18	18	160	140	87.5
McDonald	15	14	18	16	17	19	18	19	160	136	85
Parmalee	16	15	18	19	16	14	19	19	160	136	85
Budd	13	19	17	15	16	18	17	19	160	134	83.7
Grimm	15	20	17	17	17	15	15	17	160	133	83.1
Sexton	17	16	16	16	15	17	17	18	160	132	82.5
J A R Elliott	15	16	16	17	17	16	19	15	160	131	81.7
Hall	18	15	16	14	15	16	19	17	160	130	81.2
Tucker	14	15	14	17	13	16	12	18	160	129	80.6
Stevenson	12	14	15	15	18	19	17	18	160	128	80
Calhoun	15	14	16	15	16	16	18	16	160	126	78.7
Linderman	17	12	16	16	17	19	13	15	160	125	78.1
Courtney	13	16	19	16	17	14	15	15	160	125	78.1
Erhardt	17	16	15	14	18	14	13	17	160	124	77.5
Allen	17	18	15	12	14	18	16	14	160	124	77.5
Marshall	16	14	11	15	14	19	19	16	160	124	77.5
Easton	16	13	15	15	16	17	16	16	160	124	77.5
Tippy	13	13	18	15	19	14	16	14	160	122	76.2
Sumpter	12	14	13	17	16	16	15	18	160	121	75.6
Young	10	14	17	14	17	14	17	17	160	120	75
Sergeant	13	13	15	16	15	16	15	16	160	119	74.3
Dave Elliott	17	15	10	14	13	15	18	14	160	116	72.5
Kinmouth	10	14	16	9	16	16	20	14	160	115	71.8
Rogers	17	12	8	15	11	14	16	19	160	112	70
Sumner	15	9	8	18	14	15	17	14	160	110	68.7
Cox	14	15	10	10	12	17	14	18	160	110	68.7
Rike	14	12	10	15	14	13	15	16	160	109	68.1
Peterson	12	15	10	17	17	15	16	15	160	117	73.1
Leeman	11	12	16	11	14	15	13	14	160	106	66.2
Norton	12	14	14	..	17	12	13	14	140	96	68.5
Lindsley	15	12	13	8	13	14	15	13	160	103	64.3
Jones	16	15	14	11	13	16	14	18	160	119	74.3
Liles	11	7	12	..	..	..	..	17	80	47	58.7
Greene	12	9	11	11	..	..	..	..	80	43	53.7
Chitwood	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	11	55
W C Beck	13	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	40	25	62.5
Wilson	7	..	10	..	..	..	..	..	40	17	42.5
Chinkerbrand	5	..	..	..	..	7	..	..	40	12	30
Day	8	15	..	9	..	..	11	..	80	43	53.7
C Dixon	14	14	..	..	8	..	..	13	80	49	60.1
Cragin	11	13	10	14	14	12	..	..	120	74	61.6
Fay	10	14	9	..	12	13	5	14	140	77	55
Best	15	16	8	..	..	11	..	15	100	65	65
Molloy	10	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	40	18	45
Bryant	15	15	13	..	13	10	10	14	140	90	64.2
Parks	8	..	..	..	13	18	15	14	100	68	68
Harris	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	40	15	37.5
Pease	14	12	..	16	16	15	16	13	140	102	72.8
Dixon	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	11	55
W J Beck	13	..	..	14	..	..	..	..	40	27	67.5
Praim	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	6	30
Porter	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	..	20	9	45
Davidson	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	20	8	40
Taylor	..	..	..	..	11	13	14	..	60	38	63.3
Robinson	..	..	..	..	6	..	7	7	60	20	33.3
Horn	..	..	..	..	..	14	15	13	60	42	70
Redell	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	40	13	32.5
Ritter	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	20	13	65
Henderson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	20	13	65
Wetherill	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	20	8	40

THE E. C. CUP CONTEST.

The competition for the silver cup presented by the American E. C. Powder Company excited considerable interest. When the time came for the event this afternoon there were fully 400 spectators gathered in rear of the scores where it was to be decided. There was much speculation as to what would be the winning score, 45 being looked upon as an outside figure considering the gale that had been raging for the past two days, and playing havoc with the averages. However, just before the first shot in the E. C contest was fired, there came a lull, the gale moderating to a gentle breeze, which blew softly while the race was on. Scores improved in consequence, some exceedingly high figures being touched.

The conditions were: 50 targets, unknown angles, $10 entrance, $375 guaranteed, 6 moneys divided as follows: Cup and $100 to winner, $75 to second, $50 to third, $35 to fourth, $15 to fifth and $10 to sixth. To fill the guarantee the club had to add $35 and throw the targets for nothing.

CHARLIE BUDD WITH 50 STRAIGHT.

The winner was Charlie Budd, of Des Moines, Ia., who broke 50 straight. Charlie's gun was a Parker, while he shot E. C. powder in a rapid shell. There was no question about any of his breaks; he simply pounded each target into dust. Fred Gilbert and Charlie Young divided second with 48 each. Heikes, McDonald, Grimm and Sumpter broke 47 and divided third money. The scores below show how the other moneys were divided. Only 7 out of 25 entries failed to get a place. Cox is a one-armed shooter, a member of the local club; his landing in sixth place with 44 out of 50 was exceedingly popular. Scores:

C. W. Budd 50, Fred Gilbert and C. A. Young 48, Heikes, Grimm, McDonald and Sumpter 47, J. A. R. Elliott, Rike and Kinmouth 46, G. W. Sergeant, Linderman, Sexton and Hall 45, F. S. Parmalee, J. P. Easton, Tippy and Cox 44, Calhoun and Marshall 43, Rogers 42, Cragin, Stevenson and Sumner 37, Horn 36.

THIRD DAY, APRIL 30.

The list of entries fell off sadly to-day, only 38 shooters taking part in the regular programme events. Scores follow:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Per cent.
Gilbert	19	20	20	19	19	19	20	20	160	156	97.7
Sexton	20	20	18	20	20	19	18	17	160	152	95
Heikes	20	19	17	19	20	18	17	20	160	150	93.7
Marshall	19	17	17	18	19	19	19	17	160	145	90.6
Parmalee	13	20	18	19	20	18	19	18	160	145	90.6
McDonald	19	19	19	18	15	20	19	18	160	144	90
Linderman	17	18	19	18	15	19	20	16	160	142	88.7
McIlhany	18	15	18	18	20	18	18	16	160	141	88.1
Young	18	20	19	17	18	15	17	17	160	141	88.1
Rogers	19	18	18	18	17	19	16	16	160	141	88.1
Calhoun	20	16	17	17	16	19	16	18	160	139	86.8
Easton	16	17	15	20	16	17	18	19	160	138	86.2
Budd	18	16	17	17	20	19	16	14	160	137	85.6
Elliott	17	18	19	18	19	16	14	18	160	137	85.6
Tippy	17	17	18	16	17	15	16	17	160	133	83.1
Grimm	18	19	14	13	17	19	15	18	160	133	83.1
Rike	18	15	13	15	19	20	16	15	160	131	81.7
Sumpter	13	13	16	17	18	16	14	15	160	122	76.2
Sumner	13	12	14	18	16	17	14	17	160	121	75.6
Kinmouth	10	14	16	9	16	16	20	14	160	115	71.8
Erhardt	17	15	15	16	15	11	14	12	160	115	71.8
Cox	16	16	16	17	18	15	15	18	160	131	81.7
Sergeant	18	19	19	18	20	18	20	19	160	151	94.3
Courtney	15	16	17	18	20	17	18	17	160	138	86.2
Dave Elliott	14	14	11	16	12	16	..	..	120	83	67.5
Allen	19	15	18	16	17	18	17	..	140	118	84.2
Leeman	17	15	12	20	17	..	18	19	140	116	82.8
W C Beck	14	15	17	17	13	..	..	..	100	76	76
Cragin	14	11	16	12	..	..	..	..	80	53	66.2
Lindsley	..	15	15	13	15	16	11	7	140	92	65.7
S King	14	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	60	34	56.6
Best	18	16	15	13	..	..	..	..	80	62	77.5
Molloy	11	..	..	15	..	12	..	13	80	51	63.7
C Dixon	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	12	60
Steinbach	..	..	11	13	14	16	12	12	120	78	65
Price	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	20	12	60
Thornton	..	..	..	15	12	..	..	..	40	27	67.5
A Dixon	..	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	20	17	85

Paul R. Litzke.

On Long Island.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

April 25.—There was not a large attendance at the New Utrecht Gun Club's live bird grounds, Woodlawn, L. I., this afternoon. Nine shooters was the sum total that took part in the events, although the club shoot and the E. C. cup contest were scheduled for to-day. The club shoot was won by Cornelius Furgueson, Jr., after a tie on 9 out of 10 with Capt. Money and W. G. Clark; on the shoot-off Furgueson won by killing 5 straight. In the E. C. cup contest Capt. Money was on top, W. F. Sykes not being entered in the sweep, but shooting at 10 birds for practice. Several miss-and-out events were also shot off during the day. Scores follow:

	Club shoot.	Tie.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
C Furgueson, Jr (A, 30)	2101111212—9	22222—5	2222222—7	2220—3	1212—4
Capt Money (A, 30)	0112111112—9	21120—4	2222220—6	2122—4	2110—3
W G Clark (A, 30)	2122220212—9	0 —0	2222222—7	01 —1	210 —2
T W Morley (A, 30)	1112222020 8		1e —1	1211—4	2112—4
Jones (A, 28)	2ee20w	.....	....	....	....

	E. C. Cup	No. 4.	No. 5.
Capt Money (AA)	2122209121— 9	220 —2	20 —1
T W Morfey (AA)	12122e2022— 8	22221210—8	212222—6
C Furgueson, Jr. (AA)	0222022222— 8	22111120—9	121120—6
J N Meyer (B)	2221202202— 8	....	.....
C M Meyer (A)	222220e222— 7	....	.....
*W F Sykes (A)	2222112222—10	....	.....
*Frost (C)	2202201e22— 6	....	.....
W G Clark		22221222—9	222220—5

* Not in the sweep. Capt. Money won the cup.

	No. 6.	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.	No. 10.	No 11.
Morfey	21122—5	121222111—9	20 —1	220—2	12210—4	112—3
Money	120 —2	122111111—9	11e—2	10 —1	21112—5	220—2
Furgueson	22222—5	112211120—8	112—3	112—3	21121—5	10 —1
C M Meyer	22222—5	2220 —3	221—3	222—3	220 —2	...
J N Meyer	22e —2	222222222—9	210—2	...	.....	...

Shooters who missed their first birds in the miss-and-outs in the first round were allowed to re-enter. Under these conditions Clark re-entered in No. 1; Money in No. 5; Money and Furgueson in No. 6; Money and C. M. Meyer in No. 7; J. N. Meyer in No. 8, and Morfey in No. 11.

VERNON GUN CLUB.

April 25.—The regular Saturday afternoon shoot of the Vernon Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was held this afternoon on the club's target grounds, Liberty avenue and Enfield street, Brooklyn. There was a good attendance of members present, while several guests helped to make the shoot one of the best in point of numbers ever held by this club. A new departure has been made by the club in arranging a club shoot for prizes at the end of the year. Each man is handicapped by his previous record as shown by the score book; his percentage is figured out, and he is then allowed 25 targets, plus the proportionate number of targets it would take (figuring as above) to enable him to make 25 straight. No matter what number of targets a man shoots at, his percentage is figured at the end of the year upon the basis of 25 targets per shoot. Scores in this event were as follows:

H S Welles (31)	1111110111111011111110011111011	—26
Bishop (36)	111101111111101111100111010101101001	—26
T Baron (31)	0011111101111110101111101011110	—23
A A Hegeman (30)	110111111010011011111001011110111	—23
Thornton (33)	011101111110011010111010100111011	—22
John Wright (40)	1010010011100110001110001001100011101110	—20
F A Thompson (31)	1101111010100001111010010001111	—18
Dr Littlefield (33)	101010010011100101011001101111001	—17
Dr Allen (41)	10001100010000010001000001000101010100000	—11
*D Deacon	1011111011101110111111111	—21
*F S Edwards	1111101111111110011101011	—20
*Redbird	0101111111011110111100111	—19

* Guests.

Scores in the sweepstakes were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*15*	*15*	*10*	*10*
A A Hegeman	7	8	6	7	5	7	..	..	..	..
Thornton	5	5	8	7	7	5	..	..	..	..
Dr Allen	2	..	4	4	3	4	8	4	6	..
N Apgar	10	..	9	10	8	7	12	15	7	10
H S Welles	9	..	7	7	9	5	..	..	..	..
Redbird	6	7	8	8	7	6	..	..	..	..
F A Thompson	6	5	4	5	7	7	12	..	..	..
Edwards	7	8	8	..	9	8	..	11	7	8
J Gaughen	8	..	6	8	7	6	11	..	..	..
D Deacon	7	..	5	..	7	5	..	13	10	8
P Adams	7	..	6	8	8	7	9	12	7	5
Skidmore	6	..	6	5	5	4	9	6	2	..
Dr Little	10	..	6	5	4	9	..	..	..	..
Osterhout	6	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Baron	6	8	..	6	5	6	..	..	..	..
Wright	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7
Bishop	..	..	..	..	5	5	..	..	..	..

HELL GATE GUN CLUB.

April 23.—The regular shoot of the Hell Gate Gun Club was well attended to-day, thirty-two members taking part in the club event, which was at 10 live birds per man, all at 28yds. rise, the scores counting in the yearly averages for prizes. Those who made clean scores were Eugene Doeinck and Gus Nowak. The scores were as follows:

E Doeinck	10	C Lang	7	F W Richter	5
G Nowak	10	A Kiecheln	7	H Forster	5
J Schlicht	9	M Frost	7	J Sehm	4
S J Held	8	R Regan	7	C Weber	4
E Steffens	8	J Kreb	7	J Linck	4
E Metz	8	J Dannefelser	7	A Kreuter	4
L C Muench	8	P Woelfel	6	J Himmelsbach	3
H W Voss	8	A Knodel	5	L Steutzle	3
J Newman	7	C Rieger	5	A Marquandt	3
J H Voss	7	H Kohla	5	P Geipel	2
E Peterson	7	H Bloch	5		

Uxbridge Gun Club.

Uxbridge, Mass., April 25.—The first target shoot of the Uxbridge Gun Club took place to-day on the fair grounds. Those present shot from the 14yds. mark. Almost everybody was strange to the business of smashing targets, hence the low percentages made. The numbers in brackets after each man's name show the number of targets he shot at. The percentages were as follows:

Jerry Provo (20) 85 per cent.; E. A. Ford (20) 75; Dr. A. E. Jones (20) 51.5; Wm. Fleming (20) 42.5; W. S. Hobbs (20) 41.5; G. T. Hobbs (30) 38.3; Geo. F. Day (20) 22.5; J. W. Day (10) 20; Bernie Loughlin (30) 16.6; W. E. Rawson (20) 10.

Geo. F. Day, Sec'y.

Boston Shooting Association.

Boston, Mass., April 24.—The spring tournament of the Boston Shooting Association was attended with every success generally incident to such meetings of this organization. Of course the shooting was under the direction of Orrin R. Dickey, the club's manager, who kept things running every day with the smoothness of clockwork. The creature comforts of the shooters were looked after by Caterer Dill, who provided the usual Boston Shooting Association dinner—that means a great deal.

During the three days of this shoot there was some excellent work done by the shooters. Miskay, of the Boston Gun Club, who is probably as good a shot at targets as any lady in the world, and who can beat pretty nearly every male member of her club, was present on the second day and did some very good work, although it was not perhaps up to her usual standard. The scores of each day are given in order below:

FIRST DAY, APRIL 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Le Roy	5	10	10	8	9	10	12	8	10	11	8	9	10	8	8	10	8
Mills	5	10	10	9	9	8	12	8	6	10	7	8	..	10	8	8	9
Peabody	5	6	3	6	8	..	6	5	4	6	..	..	..	8	2	..	..
Barrett	..	10	8	9	6	8	10	10	9	12	10	7	..	8	6	..	..
Dickey	..	10	9	10	10	7	14	8	7	13	10	10	..	..	..	..	..
Bartlett	..	9	10	9	9	9	14	10	8	11	10	9	..	8	9	9	..
Herbert	..	9	9	9	9	8	11	10	10	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Rule	..	5	9	10	9	9	14	9	7	12	8	8	6	8	9	9	9
Sanborn	..	..	..	..	..	9	13	6	5	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Snow	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	4	..	..	5	..	9	10	..	..	..
Puck	..	..	..	..	..	5	11	6	9	14	5	8	5	9	7	10	7
Bates	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Thompson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	9	8	6	5	9	8	9

SECOND DAY, APRIL 23.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	10	15	10	20	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10
Le Roy	10	9	9	10	8	10	18	10	8	14	9	19	10	10	10	10	9	10	10	10	10
Puck	10	6	6	7	7	9	10	10	8	18	10	15	8	6	9	7	6	9	7	8	6
Bartlett	9	7	10	9	8	10	15	8	8	14	9	20	10	10	10	10	10	9	8	9	7
Herbert	9	8	10	8	8	9	10	7	10	13	7	17	9	9	6	8	8	8	9	7	..
Barrett	8	9	6	8	3	8	5	9	6	8	9	12	7	10	7	9	5	6	7	7	4
King	8	6	10	8	8	6	9	8	10	11	8	..	7	4	6	9	8	5	9	9	8
Mills	7	6	6	6	9	7	12	5	6	14	8	14	9	7	7	9	7	7	9	8	7
Strong	7	5	9	7	5	8	11	..	..	13	8	17	8	9	8	..	..	..	..	..	..
Davis	6	7	7	9	3	8	14	8	9	13	8	16	7	6	7	9	3	6	7	8	7
Kenerson	6	8	8	6	9	10	13	8	9	11	10	16	9	8	10	8	7	6	8	6	10
Thompe'n	6	7	5	7	6	7	12	8	4	12	6	19	8	9	8	6	6	8	7	5	6
Pike	..	5	7	8	5	9	..	7	6	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bond	..	..	7	6	6	9	..	4	7	12	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dickey	..	..	..	..	9	..	13	..	..	14	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sanborn	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	8	9	12	9	19	7	9	10	10	7	5	..	..	..
Blinn	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	6	6	13	8	19	5	6	5	2	4	7	..	..	..
Snow	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	7	12	7	18	6	5	7	7	5	6	..	..	..
Bates	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	4	9	8	16	..	10	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Curtis	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	9	8	..	..	8	..	8	8	..	..	..	..
Winn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	16	9	9	8	8	10	7	8	9	8
Mason	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	5	13	8	8	7	6	8	9	6	8	6
Adams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Short	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	6	8	6	4	..	..	..	..	..
Bennett	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	..	8	6	10	6	6	7	8	..
S Wood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	9	7	6	9	7	7	5	8
Pray	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	6	6	7	4	7	6	6	7
Gore	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	..	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Jack	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	9	7	9	9	..	..
Miskay	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	7	8	7	9	7
Ellsworth	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	9	6	7	6
Hastings	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	3

THIRD DAY, APRIL 24.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
Targets:	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	10	20	10	10	15	10	10	10	15	10	10	10	10	15
Davis	7	9	8	9	7	9	9	6	9	19	6	9	9	7	8	10	13	6	5	7	..	..
Mills	7	9	9	7	8	8	9	9	5	..	9	9	13	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Eager	7	8	8	10	9	8	7	6	9	18	10	8	11	9	9	8	11	8	6	5	7	12
Bartlett	7	10	8	9	8	9	9	10	10	17	7	9	14	9	8	8	13	8	8	8	..	12
Rowe	7	7	7	6	6	6	8	8	8	18	9	10	14	6	7	6	11	..	7	5	4	13
Barrett	7	8	8	8	8	8	8	6	7	..	8	8	11	8	7	6	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dickey	7	10	9	9	10	10	9	8	8	14	10	8	11	7	6	..	12	..	..	5	..	10
Strong	6	10	7	7	4	8	6	7	6	13	7	7	5	..	7	7	11	9	..	..	..	..
Dalton	6	8	7	9	7	4	8	9	8	18	7	8	9	5	9	8	11	9	..	6	7	12
Kenerson	5	7	8	9	9	6	8	5	9	16	10	10	10	8	6	9	12	8	..	..	..	..
Martin	..	10	7	7	8	8	8	7	6	15	7	6	11	6	9	9	15	8	8	3	8	12
Thompson	..	9	9	7	9	9	7	9	6	17	8	6	12	7	4	8	11	8	7	3	4	12
Puck	..	9	7	4	8	5	6	6	9	16	8	8	14	8	5	7	12	7	6	3	7	12
Le Roy	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	8	17	10	7	14	8	9	10	14	6	9	8	8	15
Climax	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	10	15	10	8	7	8	12
Pray	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	9	6	10
Winn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	10	5	6	5	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bond	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	6	12	4	..	..	..	..
Sanborn	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	12	6	..	..	..	..
Ellsworth	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	..
S Wood	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	8	13
Adams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	3	4	8

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, Mass., April 29.—The Boston Gun Club opened its new prize series on Wednesday last under favorable auspices as regards weather and attendance. The new prize list, together with handicap alterations, are posted in club house, and everything looks well for a pleasant series of 10 shoots. Five scores, selected as attendance decides, count for prizes and the prize score of 25 single targets, 15 known and 10 unknown from known traps, should enable good totals to appear each week. Mr. Sawyer certainly this week set a good example with a splendid 23. Tabulated shooting as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
Targets:	5	10	10	10	10	10	15	10	6	10	10	10	10	..
Avery (16)	3	5	6	7	4	5	7	4	3	5	..	..	..	..
Sawyer (15)	1	7	7	8	5	5	13	10	2	6	..	..	..	..
Sears (16)	1	4	5	7	7	4	6	8	3	8	9	6	5	..
Sheffield (15)	3	6	5	6	7	5	10	8	3	6	5	3	4	..
Pond (15)	1	5	6	3	3	2	7	5	1	5	..	..	..	..
Horace (16)	2	6	..	..	7	..	11	7	2	7	10	5	3	..
Kirkwood (16)	3	2	5	7	4	5	12	6	2	8	7	4	5	..
Spencer (17)	..	..	6	4	7	6	6	5	2	5	..	..	..	..
Miskay (18)	..	..	..	7	8	6	14	7	4	8	..	..	..	..
Trefery (15)	..	..	..	..	1	..	3	1	1	1	..	..	..	..
Johns (15)	..	..	..	..	..	10	8	9	0	3	..	..	..	..
Nickols (16)	..	..	..	..	..	5	10	6	2	..	..	..	..	..

Events 1, 2, 3, 6, 8 and 13 were known traps, unknown angles; Nos. 4, 5, 7, 10 and 11 were known angles; No. 12, unknown traps; No. 9, pairs.

Events 7 and 8 composed first contest in new prize series; 25 targets, 15 known and 10 unknown:

Sawyer (15)	110111111111101—13	1111111111—10—23
Miskay (18)	111011111111111—14	0111101011— 7—21
Sheffield (15)	110110111010110—10	0111111110— 8—18
Kirkwood (16)	110111111110011—12	1100110101— 6—18
Horace (16)	101111001101111—11	0111100111— 7—18
Johns (15)	101010010101110— 8	1111111101— 9—17
Nickols (16)	010111111110001—10	1010110110— 6—16
Sears (16)	001101010110000— 6	1111001111— 8—14
Spencer (17)	100001001011001— 6	1011000111— 6—12
Pond (15)	101100010110100— 7	0011010110— 5—12
Avery (16)	110001100000111— 7	0010111000— 4—11
Trefery (15)	100001000001000— 3	0001000000— 1— 4

The Limited Gun Club's Programme.

The programme for the Limited Gun Club's tournament, May 26-28, is modeled specially for amateurs. The classification of experts and amateurs is not explained, but we suppose that *known* 90 per cent. men will be the experts, the balance shooting as amateurs; or, it may be that all manufacturers' agents will be classed among the experts, regardless of their capabilities as shooters. The following from the programme describes how the classification will be worked:

"Shooters will be classified as they enter, and will be shifted only when it is clear that they are out of their class. Class A will shoot from traps pulled in reversed order—1 and 5 throwing known angles, and 2, 3 and 4 unknown angles. Class B will shoot known angles from traps pulled in regular order."

The programme for each day is the same: ten 15-target events, $2 entrance; targets at 2 cents each. All purses will be divided into four moneys, but not on the usual basis; the proportions are 35, 30, 20 and 15 per cent. This means that the poorer shots are to be protected as far as possible.

We have elsewhere drawn attention to the views of the Limited Gun Club on certain vexed points in regard to added money and merchandise prizes, the passages therein quoted being the main portion of the programme. It is not necessary, under the circumstances, to refer to them again.

The Newburgh Tournament.

The West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association's tournament of April 30-May 2 was, as usual, an enjoyable affair. The weather on the first two days was perfect in every respect for target shooting, the light being good, the air warm and the sky bright and clear. The background, too, at the club's grounds is excellent, and had it not been for the fact that the targets were thrown far and fast there would have been some very high scoring.

Of course David Brown, the president of the club, acted as cashier; John B. Rogers was squad hustler, while the other club members devoted themselves, as they invariably do, to looking after the comfort of their guests. As regards the first day we cannot say anything, not being on hand ourselves until May 1. On that day, however, it was well worth the trip from New York to Newburgh to sniff the fresh breezes that came directly off the Fishkill mountains on the far side of the Hudson River, while the view from the grounds of the club is as beautiful as any in the country. The West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association is a very fortunate organization in the matter of location of its grounds.

GOOD AND FAST COMPANY.

The list of those who were present will show that there was some very warm company at the shoot: Neaf Apgar and Dutchy Smith, of Plainfield, N. J.; John T. Mascroft and V. D. Kenerson, of Worcester, Mass.; E. D. Fulford, Utica, N. Y.; R. Hunter, Syracuse, N. Y.; Sim Glover, Rochester, N. Y.; B. A. Bartlett, Lakewood, N. Y.; H. M. Levengston, Saratoga, N. Y.; H. G. Wheeler, Marlboro', Mass.; Justus von Lengerke, New York; J. B. Sanders and Arnold, Albany, N. Y.; J. A. Ogden, Warwick, N. Y.; Perkins, Troy, N. Y.; Dowd, from Long Island; Drs. Horton and Mason, and Jack Halsted and H. P. Dain, all from the Peekskill Gun Club; Captain A. W. Money, Oakland, N. J., etc., etc. The home club was well represented, Doc. Stanbrough's score of 19 out of 20 (10 pairs) on the second day being quite sufficient of itself to show any strangers that might be present that the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association numbers some warm *tamales* among its members.

The club added $50 as average money to be divided into five moneys —$15, $12, $10, $8 and $5—the same to go to those making the best averages in the programme events on the first two days. As shown by the tables of scores given below, there were 23 shooters present on the first day, of whom 10 shot in every event on the programme. On the second day there were 25 shooters present, 11 shooting in the programme events.

Of those who shot through the programme on the first day, that is, the first 10 events in the table below, were the following, with the number broken out of 200 shot at:

Bartlett 183, Fulford 181, Glover 180, Hunter 178, Apgar 174, Levengston 173, Wheeler 172, Taylor 163, Dutchy 162, Kenerson 140.

The table of scores runs as below. Events Nos. 1, 4 and 8 were at known traps and angles; Nos. 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 9 and 10 at known traps, unknown angles. The table follows:

FIRST DAY'S SCORES.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	15	15	20	20	10
Apgar	20	14	18	16	18	16	17	19	18	18	13	15	15	18	6
Mascroft	17	16	17	17	13	13	..	13	..	..	12	13	..	12	8
Kenerson	15	16	15	13	16	13	11	14	13	14	12	..	..	15	10
Taylor	17	18	16	18	16	13	15	18	15	17	12	13	14	14	6
Fulford	18	20	19	19	18	17	15	20	19	16	13	13	8	18	9
Glover	19	15	17	16	15	19	18	20	20	18	15	13	15	..	..
Stanbrough	18	16	14	15	17	14	..	..	15	..	12	11	15	14	9
Bartlett	19	19	18	19	18	19	18	19	18	16	15	11	10	15	8
Dutchy	16	14	14	17	17	19	14	15	16	20	..	13	13	13	8
Levengston	19	15	15	20	16	18	18	19	16	17	10	..	..	..	..
Wheeler	18	17	16	18	19	18	16	20	15	15	15	13	14	12	7
Hunter	18	18	18	18	17	17	18	18	19	17	13	14	18	..	..
Horton	17	18	15	14	..	12	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Wood	17	13	15	14	15	16	13	..	13	13	11	12	..	..	5
Mason	15	17	11	16	12	15	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Likely	12	..	..	..	..	..	18	..	11	..	..	..	..	..	..
Von Lengerke	..	..	..	17	18	16	14	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Robbins	..	..	..	13	..	12	15	17	..	14	..	..	..	..	..
Dickson	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	14	13	..	..	..	7	..	..
H C H	..	..	..	..	..	14	11	17	16	..	..	..	14	10	5
Perkins	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sterns	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Dowd	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	15	..	..	..	12	8

Nos. 11 and 12 were at unknown angles; Nos. 13 and 14 were at 10 pairs; No. 15 at expert rule. The rest were programme events.

SECOND DAY, MAY 1.

The scores made by those shooting for average money in to-day's programme, *i. e.*, at 200 targets, were as follows: Levengston 183, Fulford 182, Glover 180, Taylor 179, Apgar 176, Bartlett 174, Wheeler 173, Dutchy 173, Hunter 167, Kenerson 162.

The above scores therefore give the average moneys for the two days' events to: 1st, Fulford 363, Glover 360, Bartlett 357, Levengston 356, Apgar 350. The other five finished with: Wheeler and Hunter 345, Taylor 342, Dutchy 335, Kenerson 302.

As in yesterday's programme, Nos. 1, 4 and 8 were at known angles; all the rest were at unknown angles, with exception of No. 15, which was at 10 pairs. Following is the table of the scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	20	15	15	15	15	20
Apgar	16	19	19	20	17	17	19	19	16	14	12	..	12	12	..
Bartlett	19	19	17	18	17	20	15	18	16	15	14	..	15	13	15
Kenerson	18	18	17	16	11	15	16	18	15	18	9	..	12	13	14
Levengston	19	19	18	19	20	18	18	18	15	19	..	..	..	..	..
Glover	18	19	19	19	17	19	16	17	18	18	..	..	13	14	..
Hunter	18	17	9	17	14	15	17	20	16	14	14	..	11	14	10
Fulford	18	18	17	18	20	18	19	18	17	19	14	..	13	11	15
Wheeler	19	18	14	20	17	16	15	15	19	19	14	14	14	11	15
Taylor	20	18	18	19	14	16	18	19	18	19	..	11	13	8	12
Smith	17	16	16	19	17	18	16	17	19	17	..	..	13	..	..
Sanders	16	17	14	18	17	15	15	17	16	12	..	..	13	..	..
Ogden	14	10	..	12	12	12	10	..	11	..	10	10	..	..	..
Stanbrough	19	15	16	18	16	11	..	..	..	..	7	13	..	..	19
Wood	..	18	17	17	16	15	15	18	17	15	..	..	10	12	..
Dain	..	..	17	16	16	15	18	14	17	18	..	..	14	13	12
Ball	..	..	10	15	16	10	..	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Covert	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	9	..
Perkins	12	..	..	14	11	..	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Money	..	..	..	15	18	15	15	18	14	17	..	..	18	14	11
Edwards	..	..	..	15	18	19	20	20	14	14	..	..	12	12	..
Arnold	..	..	..	..	..	..	16	..	15	..	..	..	11	..	..
Dowd	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	12	..	..	..	10	..
Bingham	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..	..	10	..
Mascroft	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	..	..
Jova	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	7	9

SCORES OF THE THIRD DAY.

The third day was taken up with live-bird events. About fifteen shooters took part in the various sweeps, Fulford doing the best work, scoring 41 out of 42, as shown by the scores given below. One or two sweeps were shot in addition to those referred to, but the copies we received were so illegible that it was impossible to decipher them with any degree of accuracy. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.
Taylor	02212—4	1220120—5	0022221112— 9	2122222222—10
Fulford	12111—5	1111122—7	1111111111—10	1122201221— 9
Kennerson	11011—4	1211021—6	20020w	....
Stockwell	10201—3	2121212—7	0012122120— 7	....
Dickson	21111—5	2222012—6	1121112210— 9	....
Rohr	00002—1	0211010—4	....	....
Mascroft	22111—5	2222111—7	2221001220— 7	....
Dain	20011—3	2111111—7	1222211210— 9	2121121110— 9
Taggart	12121—5	1121221—7	2110011101— 7	2101002000— 4
Halsted	22110—4	1210102—5	1222021222— 9	1011021112— 8
H C H	00002—1	2202022—5	2222022222— 9	2222020000— 5
Wheeler	21112—5	1112110—6	2110012110— 7	2121211111—10
Arnold		2211221—7	....	....
Myer		......	....	0210221202— 7
Dowd		......	....	1120222221— 9

Extra event, 10 birds: Stockwell, Fulford, Dain, 10; Mascroft, Wheeler, Stanbrough, Taylor, Arnold, H. C. H., Halsted, 9; Dickson, Taggart, 8.

Burnside Gun Club.

Burnside, La., April 25.—The following scores were made to day by the members of the Burnside Gun Club:

Events:	1	2	3
Targets:	15	25	10
Dr Miles	15	22	6
Tucker	13	19	8
Gentry	9	21	..
Bringier	..	12	5
Anderson	..	13	..
Brown	..	12	..
Boote	..	20	8
Stuart	..	12	6
Wise	..	16	..
Breaux	..	21	5
Dalferos	..	17	9
Saxon	..	..	5
Hunt	..	..	5
W Breaux	..	..	5

W. P. Miles, Jr.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

Missoula, Montana, April 26.—The scores of the shooters of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club made to-day in the medal shoot would indicate that they are improving rapidly backward. However, the medal shoot is only a part of the sport, and the practice work, both before and after the medal contest, showed that the boys could shoot all right except at such times as they really ought to do their best.

Thus far this season the gold medal has changed hands every week, and no one person has worn it the second time.

W. P. Brayton will wear it for a week as a result of his score of 18. F. H. Allinson secured the silver medal on a score of 11. Conditions: 20 targets, unknown angles:

A Class.

W Cave	11000101011111010101—12
Menard	11111011111011001101—16
J K Wood	00111111111001110101—14
J M Evans	10101110111111101111—16
R Rogers	11000111011111010101—13
Brayton	11110111011111111111—18
Thompson	01111001101111111111—16

B Class.

Allinson	10100111011100011010—11
E Mix	11000111011000000101— 9
L L Hunt	00011010011010000111— 9

W. C.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

F. W., New York.—1. Can you tell me of any place in New York or near by where I can give an imported German dachshund board and training? 2. Is it allowed in this year to hunt deer on Long Island or is this an off year? Ans. 1. We cannot inform you in respect to training. See our business columns in respect to boarding. 2. Deer may be hunted on Long Island this year every Wednesday in November.

H. B. S., Williamsburg, Va.—Will the Forest and Stream be kind enough to inform me if there is a bird of the heron family whose breast feathers emit at night a phosphorescent light? Ans. The heron's "lantern" has been much written of, and it is popularly believed that the "powder down tract" of feathers on the breast emit a phosphorescent light which either enables the bird to see its prey at night or attracts the prey to the water's surface. The great blue heron, bittern and night herons are supposed to carry this lantern.

J. C. B., Nevada, Ia.—I have a Colt's .44-40 repeating rifle, lever action. The gun is in excellent condition, but does not take as heavy a powder charge as I would like to use. As I intend taking a deer hunt in northern Minnesota next November, I have been seriously thinking of trying Du Pont's smokeless rifle powder in hopes of increasing the range and penetration of the gun. If I do use nitro powder I should like to commence using it soon at the target in order to become thoroughly acquainted with the new load before using it on game. I write to know the advisability of using nitro powder in the gun alluded to and what would be the proper charge, and would I gain anything in the way of longer range, greater penetration and flattened trajectory? Ans. The gain in penetration, range and velocity from using nitro powder in rifles designed for black powder is not great. The character of the rifling in such guns is not at all adapted for handling the bullet at the high velocities obtained by the strictly smokeless powder rifles, and neither is the mechanism or construction strong enough to withstand the high pressures. Consequently for these rifles charges of reduced strength are used, the object being to approximate the velocities given by black powder. The advantages gained are a comparative absence from smoke and fouling. Write Messrs. Du Pont for their loading instructions.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

The Grand Trunk Railway System

Has the most popular route to the West, combining every comfort and luxury. Pullman or Wagner sleepers on all trains. Solid vestibuled Pullman dining and sleeping car trains through from New York to Chicago without change. Choice of route from New York to Niagara Falls, Suspension Bridge, Toronto, Detroit, Port Huron, Chicago and the West. The celebrated St. Clair tunnel, which connects Canada and the United States, and is the greatest submarine tunnel in the world.

The Grand Trunk Railway System is justly celebrated for its fishing and hunting resorts, as on and contiguous to it are the greatest grounds in the world, among them being the Muskoka Lakes, St. Lawrence River, Thousand Islands, Lake St. John region, White Mountains, Androscoggin, and many others too numerous to mention. Chas. M. Hays, General Manager; Geo. B. Reeve, General Traffic Manager; W. E. Davis, General Passenger Agent, Montreal, P. Q.; Frank P. Dwyer, Eastern Passenger Agent, 273 Broadway, New York.

One More Opportunity.

LAST TOUR OF THE SEASON TO WASHINGTON, D. C., VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

A visit to Washington, the Nation's Capital, is an event full of interest and pleasure under any circumstances, but when made under the supervision of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's famous personally-conducted tourist system the trip is an ideal one. An experienced tourist agent and chaperon accompany the tour throughout to look after the comfort of the party. Those who have failed to take advantage of the tours already run should not miss the opportunity of participating in the last one of the season, leaving New York and Philadelphia May 14.

The rate, including transportation and two days' accommodations at Washington's best hotels, is $13.50 from New York, $11.50 from Philadelphia, $13.25 from Reading, and proportionate rates from other points; $14.50 from New York, including meals *en route*.

Detailed itineraries will be sent on application to Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York, or Room 411 Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.—*Adv.*

American Medical Association, Atlanta, Ga.

The South will have an army of physicians within its borders within the next few days. The American Medical Association of the United States convenes at Atlanta, Ga., on May 5; the attendance from the East will be very large. The Southern Railway, Piedmont Air Line, will run special cars from New York on their Limited Train, leaving at 4:30 P. M., May 2 and 3, to accommodate the heavy travel. The journey from New York being such a short one, and so comfortably made on Pullman vestibuled train of dining and sleeping cars, has induced many to make the trip. Atlanta is making great preparations for entertaining its guests. The Southern Railway, through its chief surgeon, Dr. C. M. Drake, has tendered complimentary excursions to members and their families to Lithia Springs, Ga., Lookout Mountain, Tate Epsom Springs, Tennessee, Hot Springs and Asheville and the Land of the Sky, western North Carolina. From New York a large number of prominent physicians will leave on 4:30 P. M. Limited of Saturday, May 2.—*Adv.*

Sunday Boats via Fall River Line.

The Sunday service of the Fall River Line will be resumed, commencing Sunday, May 3.

The Priscilla and Puritan are in commission and are being taxed to their capacity nightly, and no wonder, for the orchestras on board and many other delightful features afford all the comforts and luxuries that can be applied to steamboat navigation.

The Fall River Line is not only up to date, but ahead of the times.—*Adv.*

Smokeless Ammunition.

The Winchester Repeating Arms Company have issued a new list of smokeless powder rifle cartridges, which includes all new calibers manufactured by the company to date.

This list is very complete, and almost any cartridge that is likely to be called for can now be supplied. In many of these cartridges a choice of bullet, either soft point or metal patched, is offered.

Full particulars will be found in the Winchester catalogue No. 57.

Memphis Tournament.

A special Pullman car will leave for the Memphis tournament via the Royal Blue and Shenandoah Valley route from foot of Liberty street, New York city, on Saturday, May 9, at 5 P. M. Reduced rates have been secured. For information apply to J. E. Prindle, New York Passenger Agent, 317A Broadway, New York; or L. J. Ellis, Eastern Passenger Agent, 317A Broadway, New York.